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THE

THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XVIII.

43012

BROTHERS.
WEST INDIAN.
JEW.
FIRST LOVE.
WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

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E, PRINTER,
BURY.

THE BROTHERS

CAPT. IRONSIDES. WHAT ARE YOU TO THINK? WHY THAT IT IS A LIE.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Painted by Singleton. Published by Longman & C° 1816.

THE

BROTHERS;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

This comedy made its appearance at Covent Garden theatre, in 1769, and pleased the town so well, that it merely sunk into neglect, when the author, two seasons after, banished his own, and all other comedies, of that period, from the stage, by the splendid success of his "West Indian."

With all the merit which "The Brothers" possesses, and which is of no small account, it is instructive to observe, with how much judgment Mr. Cumberland corrected in his second play, all those faults he had committed in the first.

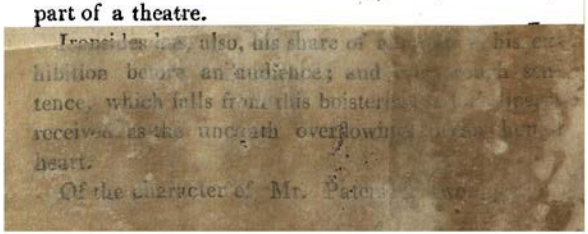
The language of "The West Indian" is wholly refined, and every idea it contains, perfectly delicate. The youthful parts are there rendered brilliant, as well as interesting; and wit and humour are not confined, as here, to the mean, or the vulgar; but skilfully bestowed on persons of pleasing forms and polite manners. Herein is the difficulty, which divides, like a gulf, the superior, from the inferior, dramatist.

To give blunt repartee, or other humorous dialogue, to characters in low life; to produce variety of comic accidents, by which a petty tradesman, a sailor, or a country clown, shall raise a peal of laughter, is

the easy attainment of every whimsical writer: But to exhibit the weak side of wisdom, the occasional foibles which impede the full exertion of good sense; the chance awkwardness of the elegant, and mistakes of the correct; to bestow wit on beauty, and to depict the passions, visible in the young, as well as in the aged;—these are efforts of intellect, required in the production of a good comedy, and can alone confer the title of a good comic author.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage under which this drama must be judged, in comparing it with one near perfection, by the same writer; "The Brothers" will always be read with infinite pleasure; and the moral which it conveys, in the remorse of Belfield senior, will always be considered as one, among the various obligations which the public owe to Mr. Cumberland, for having preserved, throughout all his numerous works, a strict sense of the dues of morality.

The characters which will amuse the most, in the reading of this play, are those, most deficient of entertainment on the stage. The love-stories of the Belfield family, are rather adapted to the closet, whilst Sir Benjamin Dove's cowardice, and ultimate victory, draw bursts of merriment and applause, from every part of a theatre.



may be fairly asked—what business has he in the play? and what business can be done there without him?

Though "The Brothers" is not the best comedy which the author has written; it is, nevertheless, acknowledged by all critics—a very good one.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE	*Mr. Yates.*
BELFIELD SENIOR	*Mr. Clarke.*
BELFIELD JUNIOR	*Mr. Smith.*
CAPTAIN IRONSIDES	*Mr. Woodward.*
SKIFF	*Mr. Quick.*
PATERSON	*Mr. Dyer.*
OLD GOODWIN	*Mr. Hull.*
PHILIP	*Mr. Bensley*
FRANCIS	*Mr. Perry.*
JONATHAN	*Mr. Dunstall.*
LADY DOVE	*Mrs. Green.*
SOPHIA	*Mrs. Yates.*
VIOLETTA	*Mrs. Bulkley.*
FANNY GOODWIN	*Miss Ward.*
LUCY WATERS	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
KITTY	*Miss Valois.*

SAILORS, *&c. &c.*

SCENE.—The Sea Coast of Cornwall.

THE

BROTHERS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A rocky Shore, with a Fisherman's Cabin in the Cliff: a violent Tempest, with Thunder and Lightning: a Ship discovered stranded on the Coast.—After having looked out of their Cabin, as if waiting for the abatement of the Storm,

Enter OLD GOODWIN, PHILIP, *and* FANNY.

Philip. It blows a rank storm; 'tis well, father, we hauled the boat ashore before the weather came on; she's safe bestowed, however, let what will happen.

O. Good. Ay, Philip, we had need be provident: except that poor skiff, my child, what have we left in this world that we can call our own?

Philip. To my thoughts, now, we live as happily in this poor hut, as we did yonder in the great house, when you was 'Squire Belfield's principal tenant, and as topping a farmer as any in the whole county of Cornwall.

O. Good. Ah, child!

Philip. Nay, never droop; to be sure, father, the 'squire has dealt hardly with you; and a mighty point truly he has gained—the ruin of an honest man! If those are to be the uses of a great estate, Heaven continue me what I am!

Fanny. Ay, ay, brother; a good conscience in a coarse drugget, is better than an aching heart in a silken gown.

O. Good. Well, children, well, if you can bear misfortunes patiently, 'twere an ill office for me to repine; we have long tilled the earth for a subsistence; now, Philip, we must plough the ocean: in those waves lies our harvest; there, my brave lad, we have an equal inheritance with the best.

Philip. True, father; the sea, that feeds us, provides us an habitation here in the hollow of the cliff; I trust, the 'squire will exact no rent for this dwelling.—Alas! that ever two brothers should have been so opposite, as our merciless landlord, and the poor young gentleman they say, is now dead.

O. Good. Sirrah, I charge you, name not that unhappy youth to me any more; I was endeavouring to forget him, and his misfortunes, when the sight of that vessel in distress brought him afresh to my remembrance; for, it seems, he perished by sea: the more shame upon him, whose cruelty and injustice drove him thither! but come—the wind lulls apace; let us launch the boat, and make a trip to yonder vessel: if we can assist in lightening her, perhaps she may ride it out.

Philip. 'Tis to no purpose; the crew are coming ashore in their boat—I saw them enter the creek.

O. Good. Did you so? Then do you and your sister step into the cabin; make a good fire, and provide such fish, and other stores, as you have within: I will go down, and meet them: whoever they may be, that have suffered this misfortune on

our coasts, let us remember, children, never to regard any man as an enemy, who stands in need of our protection. [*Exit.*

Philip. I am strongly tempted to go down to the creek too; if father should light on any mischief—well, for once in my life, I'll disobey him; sister, you can look to matters within doors; I'll go round by the point, and be there as soon as he.

Fanny. Do so, Philip; 'twill be best.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter OLD GOODWIN, *followed by* FRANCIS *and several* SAILORS, *carrying Goods and Chests from the Wreck.*

O. Good. This way, my friends, this way; there's stowage enough within for all your goods.

Francis. Come, bear a hand, my brave lads, there's no time to lose; follow that honest man, and set down your chests where he directs you.

Sailor. Troth, I care not how soon I'm quit of mine; 'tis plaguy heavy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SAILORS.

1 *Sailor.* Here's a pretty spot of work! plague on't, what a night has this been! I thought this damn'd lee-shore would catch us at last.

2 *Sailor.* Why, 'twas unpossible to claw her off; well, there's an end of her—the Charming Sally Privateer!—Poor soul; a better sea boat never swam upon the salt sea.

3 *Sailor.* I knew we should have no luck after we took up that woman there from the packet that sunk alongside us.

1 *Sailor.* What, Madam Violetta, as they call her? Why, 'tis like enough—But, hush, here comes our captain's nephew; he's a brave lad, and a seaman's

friend; and, between you and me—[*Boatswain's Whistle.*]—But hark, we are called—Come along.

[*Exeunt* SAILORS.

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR, *and* FRANCIS.

Belf. jun. That ever fortune should cast us upon this coast, Francis!

Francis. Sir!

Belf. jun. Have the people landed those chests we brought off with us in the boat?

Francis. They have, sir; an old fisherman, whom we met, has shown us here to a cavern in the cliff, where we have stowed them all in safety.

Belf. jun. That's well.—Where's my uncle?

Francis. On board; no persuasions can prevail on him to quit the ship, which, he swears, will lift with the tide; his old crony, the master, is with him, and they ply the casks so briskly, that it seems a moot point, which fills the fastest, they, or the wreck.

Belf. jun. Strange insensibility! but you must bring him off by force then, if there is no other way of saving him: I think, o'my conscience, he is as indifferent to danger as the plank he treads on; we are now thrown upon my unnatural brother's estate; that house, Francis, which you see to the left, is his; and what may be the consequence if he and my uncle should meet, I know not; for such has been Captain Ironside's resentment on my account, that he has declared war against the very name of Belfield; and, in one of his whimsical passions, you know, insisted on my laying it aside for ever; so that, hitherto, I have been known on board by no other name than that of Lewson.

Francis. 'Tis true, sir; and I think 'twill be advisable to continue the disguise as long as you can.—As for the old captain, from the life he always leads on shore, and his impatience to get on board again, I

think 'tis very possible an interview between him and your brother may be prevented.

Belf. jun. I think so, too. Go then, Francis, and conduct the old gentleman hither; I see Violetta coming. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] Sure, there is something in that woman's story uncommonly mysterious.——Of English parents—born in Lisbon—her family and fortune buried in the earthquake;—so much she freely tells; but more, I am convinced, remains untold, and of a melancholy sort: she has once or twice, as I thought, seemed disposed to unbosom herself to me; but it is so painful to be told of sorrows one has not power to relieve, that I have hitherto avoided the discourse.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Well, madam, melancholy still? still that face of sorrow and despair? twice shipwrecked, and twice rescued from the jaws of death, do you regret your preservation? and have I incurred your displeasure by prolonging your existence?

Vio. Not so, Mr. Lewson; such ingratitude be far from me: can I forget, when the vessel, in which I had sailed from Portugal, foundered by your side, with what noble, what benevolent ardour, you flew to my assistance? Regardful only of my safety, your own seemed no part of your care.

Belf. jun. Oh! no more of this; the preservation of a fellow creature is as natural as self defence: you now, for the first time in your life, breathe the air of England—a rough reception it has given you; but be not, therefore, discouraged; our hearts, Violetta, are more accessible than our shores; nor can you find inhospitality in Britain, save only in our climate.

Vio. These characteristics of the English may be just; I take my estimate from a less favourable example.

Belf. jun. Villany, madam, is the growth of every soil; nor can I, while yonder habitation is in my view, forget, that England has given birth to monsters, that disgrace humanity; but this I will say for my countrymen, that, where you can point out one rascal with a heart to wrong you, I will produce fifty honest fellows ready and resolute to redress you.

Vio. Ah!—But on what part of the English coast is it that we are now landed?

Belf. jun. On the coast of Cornwall.

Vio. Of Cornwall is it? You seem to know the owner of that house: are you well acquainted with the country hereabouts?

Belf. jun. Intimately; it has been the cradle of my infancy, and, with little interruption, my residence ever since.

Vio. You are amongst your friends, then, no doubt; how fortunate is it, that you will have their consolation and assistance in your distress!

Belf. jun. Madam!——

Vio. Every moment will bring them down to the very shores; this brave, humane, this hospitable people, will flock, in crowds, to your relief; your friends, Mr. Lewson—

Belf. jun. My friends, Violetta! must I confess it to you, I have no friends!—Those rocks, that have thus scattered my treasures—those waves, that have devoured them—to me are not so fatal, as hath been that man, whom Nature meant to be my nearest friend.

Vio. What, and are you a fellow sufferer, then? Is this the way you reconcile me to your nation? Are these the friends of human kind? Why don't we fly from this ungenerous, this ingrateful country?

Belf. jun. Hold, madam! one villain, however base, can no more involve a whole nation in his crimes, than one example, however dignified, can in-

spire it with his virtues.—Thank Heaven, the worthless owner of that mansion is yet without a rival.

Vio. You have twice directed my attention to that house; 'tis a lovely spot; what pity, that so delicious a retirement should be made the residence of so undeserving a being!

Belf. jun. It is, indeed, a charming place; and was once the seat of hospitality and honour; but its present possessor, Andrew Belfield—Madam! for Heaven's sake, what ails you?—You seem suddenly disordered. Have I said——

Vio. No, 'tis nothing; don't regard me, Mr. Lewson; I am weak, and subject to these surprises; I shall be glad, however, to retire.

Belf. jun. A little repose, I hope, will relieve you; within this hut some accommodation may be found: lean on my arm.

[*Leads her to the Door of the Cabin.*

Enter OLD GOODWIN.

O. Good. Heaven defend me! do my eyes deceive me? 'tis wondrous like his shape, his air, his look—

Belf. jun. What is your astonishment, friend? Do you know me? If it was not for that habit, I should say, your name is Goodwin.

O. Good. 'Tis he! he is alive! my dear young master, Mr. Belfield! Yes, Sir, my name is Goodwin: however changed my appearance, my heart is still the same, and overflows with joy at this unexpected meeting.

Belf. jun. Give me thy hand, my old, my honest friend: and is this sorry hole thy habitation?

O. Good. It is.

Belf. jun. The world, I see, has frowned on thee since we parted.

O. Good. Yes, sir: but what are my misfortunes? You must have undergone innumerable hardships; and now, at last, shipwrecked on your own coast!—

Well, but your vessel is not totally lost; and we will work night and day in saving your effects.

Belf. jun. Oh! as for that, the sea gave all, let it take back a part: I have enough on shore not to envy my brother his fortune. But there is one blessing, Master Goodwin, I own I should grudge him the possession of—There was a young lady——

O. Good. What, sir, haven't you forgot Miss Sophia?

Belf. jun. Forgot her! my heart trembles while I ask you, if she is, indeed, as you call her, Miss Sophia?

O. Good. She is yet unmarried, though every day we expect—

Belf. jun. 'Tis enough! Fortune, I acquit thee!—Happy be the winds that threw me on this coast, and blest the rocks that received me! Let my vessel go to pieces; she has done her part in bearing me hither; while I can cast myself at the feet of my Sophia, recount to her my unabating passion, and have one fair struggle for her heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Once more I am alone.—How my heart sunk when Lewson pronounced the name of Belfield! it must be he! it must be my false, cruel, yet (spite of all my wrongs) beloved, husband! Yes, there he lives —each circumstance confirms it:—Cornwall the county; here the sea coast, and these white craggy cliffs; there the disposition of his seat—the grove, lake, lawn; every feature of the landscape tallies with the descriptions he has given me of it. What shall I do, and to whom shall I complain? When Lewson spoke of him, it was with a bitterness that shocked me; I will not disclose myself to him; by what fell from him, I suspect he is related to Mr. Belfield.—But, hush! I talk to these rocks, and forget that they have ears!

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Are you any better, madam? Is the air of any service to you?

Vio. I am much relieved by it: the beauty of that place attracted my attention; and, if you please, we will walk further up the hill, to take a nearer view of it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Part of the CREW.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

1 *Sailor.* Long life to your honour! welcome ashore, noble captain!

2 *Sailor.* Avast there, Jack! stand clear, and let his old honour pass; bless his heart, he looks cheerly, howsomever; let the world wag as it will, he'll never flinch.

3 *Sailor.* Not he! he's true English oak to the heart of him; and a fine old seaman-like figure he is.

Enter IRONSIDES *and* SKIFF.

Ironsides. Ah, messmates, we're all aground; I have been taking a parting cup with the Charming Sally—she's gone; but the stoutest bark must have an end; Master here, and I, did all we could to lighten her; we took leave of her in an officer-like manner.

1 *Sailor.* Hang sorrow; we know the worst on't—'tis only taking a fresh cruize; and, for my part, I'll sail with Captain Ironsides as far as there's water to carry me.

Omnes. So we will all!

Ironsides. Say ye so, my hearts; if the wind sits that way, hoist sail, say I; old George will make one amongst you, if that be all; I hate an idle life.—So, so—away to your work; to-morrow we'll make a day on't. [*Exeunt* SAILORS.

Ironsides. Skiff!

Skiff. Here, your honour.

Ironsides. I told you, Skiff, how 'twould be; if you had luff'd up in time, as I would have had you, and not made so free with the land, this mishap had never come to pass.

Skiff. Lord love you, Captain Ironsides, 'twas a barrel of beef to a biscuit, the wind had not shifted so direct contrary as it did; who could have thought it?

Ironsides. Why, I could have thought it; every body could have thought it: do you consider whereabouts you are, mun? Upon the coast of England, as I take it. Every thing here goes contrary, both by sea and land—Every thing whips, and chops, and changes about, like mad, in this country; and the people, I think, are as full of vagaries as the climate.

Skiff. Well, I could have swore——

Ironsides. Ay, so you could, Skiff, and so you did, pretty roundly too; but for the good you did by it, you might as well have puff'd a whiff of tobacco in the wind's face.

Skiff. Well, Captain, though we have lost our ship, we haven't lost our all: thank the fates, we've saved treasure enough to make all our fortunes, notwithstanding.

Ironsides. Fortunes, quotha? What have two such old weatherbeaten fellows, as thee and I are, to do with fortune? or, indeed, what has fortune to do with us? Flip and tobacco is the only luxury we have any relish for: had we fine houses, could we live in them? a greasy hammock has been our birth for these fifty years; fine horses, could we ride them? and as for the fair sex there, that my nephew makes such a pother about, I don't know what thou may'st think of the matter, Skiff; but, for my own part, I should not care if there were no such animals in the creation.

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Uncle; what cheer, man?

Ironsides. Oh, Bob, is it thee? whither bound now, my dear boy?

Belf. jun. Why, how can you ask such a question? We have landed our treasure, saved all our friends, and set foot upon English ground; and what business, think you, can a young fellow like me have, but one?

Ironsides. Pshaw! you're a fool, Bob; these wenches will be the undoing of you; a plague of them altogether, say I! What are they good for, but to spoil company, and keep brave fellows from their duty? O' my conscience, they do more mischief to the king's navy, in one twelvemonth, than the French have done in ten; a pack of—but I ha' done with them; thank the stars, I ha' fairly washed my hands of them; I ha' nothing to say to none of them.

Skiff. Mercy be good unto us! that my wife could but hear your worship talk!

Belf. jun. Oh, my dear uncle——

Ironsides. But I'll veer away no more good advice after you; so even drive as you will, under your petticoat-sails;—black, brown, fair, or tawny, 'tis all fish that comes in your net: why, where's your reason, Bob, all this here while? Where's your religion, and be damned to you?

Belf. jun. Come, come, my dear uncle, a truce to your philosophy. Go, throw your dollars into yonder ocean, and bribe the tempest to be still; you shall as soon reverse the operations of nature, as wean my heart from my Sophia.

Ironsides. Hold, hold, take me right; if, by Sophia, you mean the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, I don't care if I make one with you: what say'st thou, boy? shall it be so?

Belf. jun. So, then you think there may be one good woman, however?

Ironsides. Just as I think there may be one honest Dutchman, one sober German, or one righteous methodist. Lookye, Bob, so I do but keep single, I have no objection to other people's marrying; but, on those occasions, I would manage myself as I would my ship; not by running her into every odd creek and cranny, in the smuggling fashion, as if I had no good credentials to produce; but play fairly, and in sight, d'ye see; and, whenever a safe harbour opens, stand boldly in, boy, and lay her up snug, in a good birth, once for all.

Belf. jun. Come then, uncle, let us about it; and you may greatly favour my enterprise, since you can keep the father and mother in play, while I——

Ironsides. Avast, young man, avast! the father, if you please, without the mother; Sir Benjamin's a passable good companion for a landman; but for my lady—I'll have nothing to say to my lady; she's his wife, thank the stars, and not mine.

Belf. jun. Be it as you will; I shall be glad of your company on any terms.

Ironsides. Say no more then. About ship; if you are bound for that port, I'm your mate: Master, look to the wreck; I'm for a fresh cruise. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Outside of SIR BENJAMIN DOVE'S *House.*

Enter BELFIELD SENIOR, *and* LUCY WATERS.

Lucy. What, don't I know you? haven't you been to me of all mankind the basest?

Belf. Not yet, Lucy.

Lucy. Sure, Mr. Belfield, you won't pretend to deny it to my face!

Belf. To thy face, child, I will not pretend that I can deny any thing; you are much too handsome to be contradicted.

Lucy. Pish!

Belf. So, so!

Lucy. Haven't you, faithless as you are, promised me marriage, over and over again?

Belf. Repeatedly.

Lucy. And you have now engaged yourself to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, have you not?

Belf. Assuredly.

Lucy. Let me demand of you, then, Mr. Belfield, since you have no honourable designs towards me yourself, why you prevented those of an humbler lover, young Philip, the son of your late tenant, poor Goodwin?

Belf. For the very reasons you state in your question; because I had no honourable designs, and he had: you disappointed my hopes, and I was resolved to defeat his.

Lucy. And this you thought reason sufficient to expel his father from your farm; to persecute him, and his innocent family, till you had accomplished their ruin, and driven them to the very brink of the ocean for their habitation and subsistence?

Belf. Your questions, Miss Lucy, begin to be impertinent.

Lucy. Oh, do they touch you, sir? But I'll waste no more time with you; my business is with your Sophia: here, in the very spot which you hope to make the scene of your guilty triumphs, will I expose you to her; set forth your inhuman conduct to your unhappy brother; and detect the mean artifices you have been driven to, in order to displace him in her affections.

Belf. You will?

Lucy. I will, be assured; so let them pass.

Belf. Stay, Lucy, understand yourself a little better: didn't you pretend to Sophia, that my brother paid his addresses to you; that he had pledged himself to marry you; nay, that he had——

Lucy. Hold, Mr. Belfield, nor further explain a transaction, which, though it reflects shame enough upon me, that was your instrument, ought to cover you, who was principal in the crime, with treble confusion and remorse.

Belf. True, child, it was rather a disreputable transaction; and 'tis therefore fit no part of it should rest with me: I shall disavow it altogether.

Lucy. Incredible confidence!

Belf. We shall see who will meet most belief in the world—you or I; chuse, therefore, your part: if you keep my secret, you make me your friend; if you betray it, you have me for your enemy; and a fatal one you shall find me. Now enter, if you think fit; there lies your way to Sophia. [*She goes into the House.*] So! how am I to parry this blow?—what plea shall I use with Sophia?—'twas the ardour of

my love——any thing will find pardon with a woman, that conveys flattery to her charms.—After all, if the worst should happen, and I should be defeated in this match, so shall I be saved from doing that, which, when done, 'tis probable I may repent of; and I have some intimations from within, which tell me that it will be so: I perceive that, in this life, he, who is checked by the rubs of compunction, can never arrive at the summit of prosperity.

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. What, melancholy, Mr. Belfield? So near your happiness, and so full of thought?

Belf. Happiness! what's that?

Paterson. I'll tell you, sir; the possession of a lovely girl, with fifty thousand pounds in her lap, and twice fifty thousand virtues in her mind: this I call happiness, as much as mortal man can merit; and this, as I take it, you are destined to enjoy.

Belf. That is not so certain, Mr. Paterson; would you believe it, that perverse hussy, Lucy Waters, who left me but this minute, threatens to transverse all my hopes, and is gone this instant to Sophia with that resolution?

Paterson. Impossible! how is Miss Waters provided or provoked to do this?

Belf. Why, 'tis a foolish story, and scarce worth relating to you; but you know, when your letters called me home from Portugal, I found my younger brother in close attendance on Miss Dove; and, indeed, such good use had the fellow made of his time in my absence, that I found it impossible to counterwork his operations by fair and open approaches; so, to make short of the story, I took this girl, Lucy Waters, into partnership; and, by a happy device, ruined him with Sophia.

Paterson. This, Mr. Belfield, I neither know, nor wish to know.

Belf. Let it pass, then: defeated in these views, my brother, as you know, betook himself to the desperate course of privateering, with that old tar-barrel, my uncle: what may have been his fate, I know not; but I have found it convenient to propagate a report of his death.

Paterson. I am sorry for it, Mr. Belfield; I wish nothing was convenient, that can be thought dishonourable.

Belf. Nature, Mr. Paterson, never put into a human composition more candour and credulity than she did into mine; but acquaintance with life has shown me how impracticable these principles are: to live with mankind, we must live like mankind; was it a world of honesty, I should blush to be a man of art.

Paterson. And do you dream of ever reaching your journey's end by such crooked paths as these are?

Belf. And yet, my most sage moralist, wonderful as it may seem to thee, true it is, notwithstanding, that, after having threaded all these by-ways and crooked alleys, which thy right-lined apprehension knows nothing of; after having driven my rival from the field, and being almost in possession of the spoil, still I feel a repugnance in me that almost tempts me to renounce my good fortune, and abandon a victory I have struggled so hard to obtain.

Paterson. I guessed as much; 'tis your Violetta, 'tis your fair Portuguese, that counterworks your good fortune; and I must own to you, it was principally to save you from that improvident attachment, that I wrote so pressingly for your return; but though I have got your body in safe holding, your heart is still at Lisbon; and if you marry Miss Dove, 'tis because Violetta's fortune was demolished by the earth-

quake; and Sir Benjamin's stands safe upon terra firma.

Belf. Pr'ythee, Paterson, don't be too hard upon me: sure you don't suspect that I am married to Violetta.

Paterson. Married to Violetta! Now you grow much too serious, and 'tis time to put an end to the discourse. [*Exit into the House.*

Belf. And you grow much too quick-sighted, Mr. Paterson, for my acquaintance. I think he does not quite suspect me of double dealing in this business; and yet I have my doubts: his reply to my question was equivocal, and his departure abrupt—I know not what to think—This I know, that love is a deity, and avarice a devil; that Violetta is my lawful wife; and that Andrew Belfield is a villain. [*Exit.*

PATERSON *passes over the Stage.*

Paterson. All abroad this fine day—not a creature within doors.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Mr. Paterson! hist! Mr. Paterson, a word in your ear, sweet sir.

Paterson. Curse on't, she has caught me—Well, Mrs. Kitty?

Kitty. Why, I have been hunting you all the house over; my lady's impatient to see you.

Paterson. Oh, I'm my Lady Dove's most obedient servant—And what are her ladyship's commands, pray?

Kitty. Fie, Mr. Paterson! how should I know what her ladyship wants with you? but a secret it is, no doubt, for she desires you to come to her immediately in the garden, at the bottom of the yew-tree walk, next the warren.

Paterson. The devil she does!—What a pity it is, Mrs. Kitty, we can't cure your lady of this turn for

solitude; I wish you would go with me; your company, probably, will divert her from her contemplations: besides, I shall certainly mistake the place.

Kitty. I go with you, Mr. Paterson! a fine thing truly! I'd have you to know that my character is not to be trusted with young fellows in yew-tree walks, whatever my lady may think of the matter—Besides, I've an assignation in another place. [*Exit.*

Paterson. What a devilish dilemma am I in! Why, this is a peremptory assignation—Certain it is, there are some ladies that no wise man should be commonly civil to—Here have I been flattering myself that I was stroaking a termagant into humour, and all the while have been betraying a tender victim into love. Love! love, did I say? her ladyship's passion is a disgrace to the name—But what s
pitiful thing to run away from a v
quently the case in precipitate suc
more than we have wit to keep, or

SCENE II.

The Yew-tree Walk.

Enter BELFIELD, JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Now, could I but meet my Sophia—Where can she have hid herself?—Hush! Lady Dove, as I live!

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. So, Mr. Paterson, you're a pretty gentleman, to keep a lady waiting here: why, how you stand? Come, come, I shall expect a very handsome atonement for this indecorum—Why, what! let me look—Ah! who have we here?

Belf. jun. A man, madam; and, though not your man, yet one as honest and as secret: come, come, my lady, I'm no tell-tale; be you but grateful, this goes no further.

Lady D. Lost and undone! young Belfield!

Belf. jun. The same; but be not alarmed; we both have our secrets; I am, like you, a votary to love: favour but my virtuous passion for Miss Dove, and take you your Paterson; I shall be silent as the grave.

Lady D. Humph!

Belf. jun. Nay, never hesitate; my brother, I know, had your wishes: but wherein has nature favoured him more than me? And, since fortune has now made my scale as heavy as his, why should you partially direct the beam?

Lady D. Well, if it is so, and that you promise not to betray me—But this accident has so discomposed me, (plague on't, say I!) don't press me any further, at present; I must leave you; remember the condition of our agreement, and expect my friendship——Oh, I could tear your eyes out! [*Exit.*

Belf. jun. Well, Sir Benjamin, keep your own council, if you are wise; I'll do as I would be done by; had I such a wife as Lady Dove, I should be very happy to have such a friend as Mr. Paterson. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter SOPHIA DOVE *and* LUCY WATERS.

Lucy. If there is faith in woman, I have seen young Belfield; I have beheld his apparition; for what else could it be?

Sophia. How? when? where? I shall faint with surprise!

Lucy. As I crossed the yew-tree walk, I saw him pass by the head of the canal, towards the house. Alas, poor youth! the injuries I have done him have called him from his grave.

Sophia. Injuries, Miss Waters! what injuries have you done him? Tell me; for therein, perhaps, I may be concerned.

Lucy. Deeply concerned you are; with the most penitent remorse I confess it to you, that his affections to you were pure, honest, and sincere. Yes, amiable Sophia, you was unrivalled in his esteem; and I, who persuaded you to the contrary, am the basest, the falsest of womankind; every syllable you of his engagements to me was a malicious tion: how could you be so blind to your own riority, to give credit to the imposition, and him to depart without an explanation? Oh villain, that villain, his brother, has undone us

Sophia. Villain, do you call him? Whither you transport my imagination? You hurry me such rapidity from one surprise to another, know not where to fix, how to act, or what to believe.

Lucy. Oh, madam, he is a villain—a most accomplished one; and, if I can but snatch you from the snare he has spread for you, I hope it will, in some measure, atone for the injuries I have done to you, and to that unhappy youth, who now——O, Heavens! I see him again; he comes this way; I cannot endure his sight; alive or dead, I must avoid him.

[*Runs out.*

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Adorable Sophia! this transport overpays my labours!

Sophia. Sir, Mr. Belfield, is it you? Oh, support me!——

Belf. jun. With my life, thou loveliest of women! Behold your poor adventurer is returned! happy past compute, if his fate is not indifferent to you; rich beyond measure, if his safety is worthy your concern.

Sophia. Release me, I beseech you: what have I done! Sure you are too generous to take advantage of my confusion!

Belf. jun. Pardon me, my Sophia; the advantages I take from your confusion are not to be purchased by the riches of the east: I would not forego the transport of holding you one minute in my arms for all that wealth and greatness have to give.

Enter LADY DOVE, *while* BELFIELD JUNIOR *is kneeling and embracing* SOPHIA.

Lady D. Heyday! what's here to do with you both?

Sophia. Ah!—— [*Shrieks.*

Belf. jun. Confusion! Lady Dove here!

Lady D. Yes, sir, Lady Dove is here, and will take care you shall have no more garden dialogues. On your knees too!——(The fellow was not half so civil to me.) Ridiculous! a poor, beggarly, swabber truly ——As for you, Mrs.——

Belf. jun. Hold, madam, as much of your fury and foul language as you please upon me; but not one hard word against that lady, or by Heavens!——

Lady D. Come, sir, none of your reprobate swearing, none of your sea-noises here; I would my first husband was alive, I would he was, for your sake. I am surpris'd, Miss Dove, you have no more regard for your reputation; a delicate swain truly you have chosen, just thrown ashore from a shipwreck'd privateer. Go, go, get you in, for shame; your father shall know of these goings on, depend on't: as for you, sir——

[*Exit* SOPHIA.—*As* LADY DOVE *is going out,* BELFIELD JUNIOR *stops her.*

Belf. jun. A word with you, madam; is this fair dealing? What would you have said, if I had broke in thus upon you and Mr. Paterson?

Lady D. Mr. Paterson! why you rave; what is it you mean?

Belf. jun. Come, come, this is too ridiculous; you know your reputation is in my keeping; call to mind what passed between us a while ago, and the engagement you are under on that account.

Lady D. Ha! ha! ha!

Belf. jun. Very well, truly; and you think to brave this matter out, do you?

Lady D. Most assuredly; and shall make Sir Benjamin call you to account, if you dare to breathe a word against my reputation: incorrigible [illegible] to think I would keep any terms with you [illegible] an event. Take my word for it, Belfield, yo[u] home no wiser than you went out; you only advantage you might have taken of th[e] ter, and now I set you at defiance: take [it] you say, or look to hear from Sir Benjam[in]

Belf. jun. Oh, no doubt on't: how c[an] min avoid fighting for your sake, when you[r] has so liberally equipped him with weapons?

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall.

JONATHAN *and* FRANCIS.

Jon. And so, sir, 'tis just as I tell you; every thing in this family goes according to the will of the lady: for my own part, I am one of those that hate trouble;

I swim with the stream, and make my place as easy as I can.

Francis. Your looks, Mr. Jonathan, convince me that you live at your ease.

Jon. I do so; and therefore, (in spite of the old proverb, "Like master, like man") you never saw two people more different than I and Sir Benjamin Dove. He, Lord help him! is a little, peaking, puling thing; I am a jolly, portable man, as you see. It so happened, that we both became widowers at the same time; I knew when I was well, and have continued single ever since. He fell into the clutches of—Hark, sure I hear my lady——

Francis. No, it was nothing. When did the poor gentleman light upon this termagant?

Jon. Lackaday, 'twas here at the borough of Knavestown, when master had the great contest with 'Squire Belfield, about three years ago: her first husband, Mr. Searcher, was a king's messenger, as they call it, and came down express from a great man about court during the poll; he caught a surfeit, as ill-luck would have it, at the election-dinner: and, before he died, his wife, that's now my lady, came down to see him; then it was master fell in love with her: egad, 'twas the unluckiest job of all his life.

Sir Benjamin. [*Without.*] Jonathan! why Jonathan!

Francis. Hark, you are called!

Jon. Ay, ay, 'tis only my master; my lady tells the servants not to mind what Sir Benjamin says, and I love to do as I am bid.

Francis. Well, honest Jonathan, if you won't move, I must; by this time I hope my young master is happy with your young mistress. [*Exit* FRANCIS.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Sir Benj. Why, Jonathan, I say. Oh, are you here? Why couldn't you come, when I called you?

Jon. Lackaday, sir, you don't consider how much easier it is for you to call, than for me to come.

Sir Benj. I think, honest Jonathan, when I first knew you, you was a parish orphan; I 'prentic'd you out; you run away from your master; I took you into my family; you married; I set you up in a farm of my own, stocked it; you paid me no rent; I received you again into my service, or rather, I should say, my lady's. Are these things so, or does my memory fail me, Jonathan?

Jon. Why, to be sure, I partly remember somewhat of what your worship mentions.

Sir Benj. If you partly remember something of all this, Jonathan, don't entirely forget to come when I call.

Ironsides. [*Without.*] Hoy there! within! body stirring! all hands asleep; all under t

Sir Benj. Heyday, who the dickens here? Old Captain Ironsides, as I am a could have thought of this? Run to the Jonathan—nay, hold, there's no escaping will become of me?—he'll ruin every thi the whole house into confusion.

Enter IRONSIDES.

Ironsides. What, Sir Ben! my little knight of Malta! give me a buss, my boy. Hold, hold, sure I'm out of my reckoning! let me look a little nearer; why, what mishap has befallen you, that you heave out these signals of distress?

Sir Benj. I'm heartily glad to see thee, my old friend; but a truce to your sea-phrases, for I don't understand them: what signals of distress have I about me?

Ironsides. Why that white flag there, at your main-top-mast head: in plain English, what dost do with that clout about thy pate?

Sir Benj. Clout, do you call it? 'Tis a little *en dishabille* indeed; but there's nothing extraordinary, I take it, in a man's wearing his gown and cap in a morning; 'tis the dress I usually chuse to study in.

Ironsides. And this hall is your library, is it? Ah my old friend! my old friend! But come, I want to have a little chat with you, and thought to have dropped in at pudding time, as they say; for though it may be morning with thee, Sir Ben, 'tis mid-day with the rest of the world.

Sir Benj. Indeed, is it so late?—But I was fallen upon an agreeable *tête à tête* with Lady Dove, and hardly knew how the time passed.

Ironsides. Come, come, 'tis very clear how your time has passed; but what occasion is there for this fellow's being privy to our conversation?—Why don't the lubber stir? What does the fat, lazy oaf stand staring at?

Sir Benj. What shall I say now? Was ever any thing so distressing?——Why, that's Jonathan, Captain; don't you remember your old friend, Jonathan?

Jon. I hope your honour's in good health; I'm glad to see your honour come home again.

Ironsides. Honest Jonathan, I came to visit your master, and not you; if you'll go and hasten dinner, and bring Sir Benjamin his perriwig and clothes, you'll do me a very acceptable piece of service; for, to tell you the truth, my friend, I haven't had a comfortable meal of fresh provision this many a day.

[*Exit* JONATHAN.

Sir Benj. 'Foregad, you're come to the wrong house to find one! [*Aside.*

Ironsides. And so, Sir Knight, knowing I was welcome, and having met with a mishap here, upon your coast I am come to taste your good cheer, and pass an evening with you over a tiff of punch.

Sir Benj. The devil you are! [*Aside.*]—This is very kind of you: there is no man in England, Captain

Ironsides, better pleased to see his friends about him than I am.

Ironsides. Ay, ay, if I didn't think I was welcome, I shouldn't ha' come.

Sir Benj. You may be assured you are welcome.

Ironsides. I am assured.

Sir Benj. You are, by my soul: take my word for it, you are.

Ironsides. Well, well, what need of all this ceremony about a meal's meat? who do

Sir Benj. You need not do only step out, and ask my lady dered dinner; or whether she ment I'm not apprized of.

Ironsides. No, no; engageme and you in this pickle? Come ner won't come the quicker now tell me, how does my g

Sir Benj. Thank you, hea ter's well in health.

Ironsides. That's well; ar wife? How goes on matrim little amorous Dove; always billing, always cooing.

Sir Benj. No, Captain, no; we are totally alter'd in that respect; we show no fondness now before company; my lady is so delicate in that particular, that from the little notice she takes of me in public, you would scarce believe we were man and wife.

Ironsides. Ha! ha! ha! why 'tis the very circumstance would confirm it; but I'm glad to hear it for of all things under the sun I most nauseate your nuptial familiarities; and, though you remember I was fool enough to dissuade you from this match, I rejoiced to hear you manage so well and so wisely.

Sir Benj. No man happier in this life, Captain; no man happier; one thing only is wanting; had the kind stars but crowned our endearments——

Ironsides. What, my lady don't breed, then?

Sir Benj. Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake, don't speak so loud; should my lady overhear you, it might put strange things into her head; oh! she is a lady of delicate spirits, tender nerves, quite weak and tender nerves; a small matter throws her down; gentle as a lamb; starts at a straw; speak loud, and it destroys her: oh! my friend, you are not used to deal with women's constitutions; these hypochondriac cases require a deal of management; 'tis but charity to humour them; and you cannot think what pains it requires to keep them always quiet and in temper.

Ironsides. Ay, like enough.

Lady D. [*Without.*] Heyday! Sir Benjamin!

Ironsides. But here comes my lady, and in excellent temper, if her looks don't belie her.

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. What's to do now, Sir Benjamin? What's the matter that you send for your clothes in such a hurry? Can't you be contented to remain as you are? Your present dress is well enough to stay at home in; and I don't know that you have any call out of doors.

Ironsides. Gentle as a lamb, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. This attention of yours, my dear, is beyond measure flattering! I am infinitely beholden to you; but you are so taken up with your concern on my account, that you overlook our old friend and neighbour, Captain Ironsides.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin, you make yourself quite ridiculous: this folly is not to be endured; you are enough to tire the patience of any woman living.

Sir Benj. She's quite discomposed, all in a flutter for fear I should take cold by changing my dress.

Ironsides. Yes, I perceive she has exceeding weak nerves. You are much in the right to humour her.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin Dove, if you mean that I should stay a minute longer in this house, I insist up-

on your turning that old porpoise out of it: is it not enough to bring your nauseous sea companions within these doors, but must I be compelled to entertain them! Poh! I shan't get the scent of his tar-jacket out of my nostrils this fortnight.

Sir Benj. Hush, my dear Lady Dove! for Heaven's sake, don't shame and expose me in this manner! How can I possibly turn an honest gentleman out of my doors, who has given me no offence in life?

Lady D. Marry, but he has offence too; I tell you fool of.

Sir Benj. Nay, no

Lady D. Yes, fo raking prodigal run

Sir Benj. How! w

Lady D. A fine th

Ironsides. Who is it a design?

Lady D. Who, sir? Robert? You flattered dead; but, to our sorro turned: and now you a unthinking man, while yo there, is making off with his daughter.

Sir Benj. Mercy on us! what am I to think of all this?

Ironsides. What are you to think?—Why, that it is a lie—that you are an ass—and that your wife is a termagant. My nephew is a lad of honour, and scorns to run away with any man's daughter, or wife either; though, I think, there's little danger of that here.—As for me, sooner than mess with such a vixen, I'd starve, and so, Sir Benjamin, I wish you a good stomach to your dinner. [*Exit.*

Lady D. Insolent, unmannerly brute! was ever the like heard?—And you to stand tamely by!—I declare, I've a great mind to raise the servants upon

him, since I have no other defenders.—Thus am I for ever treated by your scurvy companions!

Sir Benj. Be pacified, my dear, am I in fault? But, for Heaven's sake, what is become of my daughter?

Lady D. Yes, you can think of your daughter, but she is safe enough for this turn; I have taken care of her for one while, and thus I am rewarded for it.—Am I a vixen?—am I a termagant? Oh, had my first husband—had my poor, dear, dead, Mr. Searcher heard such a word, he would have rattled him!—But he—What do I talk of? he was a man:—yes, yes, he was, indeed, a man.—As for you——

Sir Benj. Strain the comparison no farther, Lady Dove; there are particulars, I dare say, in which I fall short of Mr. Searcher.

Lady D. Short of him! I'll tell you what, Sir Benjamin, I valued the dear greyhound that hung at his button hole more than I do all the foolish trinkets your vanity has lavished on me.

Sir Benj. Your ladyship, doubtless, was the paragon of wives: I well remember, when the poor man laid ill, at my borough of Knavestown, how you came flying on the wings of love, by the Exeter waggon, to visit him before he died.

Lady D. I understand your sneer, sir, and I despise it—there is one condition only, upon which you may regain my forfeited opinion; young Belfield, who, with this old fellow, has designs in hand of a dangerous nature, has treated me with an indignity still greater, than what you have been a witness to. Show yourself a man upon this occasion, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. Any thing, dearest, for peace sake.

Lady D. Peace sake! It is war, and not peace, which I require—But come, if you will walk this way, I'll lay the matter open to you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Sea Shore b

Enter Vio

Vio. And when is
field's to be?

Fanny. Alas, madam
day.

Vio. You seem to
misfortune to your
fected by Mr. Belfield
I conceive, it must be

Fanny. I have been
event as matter of indi
people are made unha
young lady living—Mr. Belfield is——

Vio. Hold, Fanny, do step into the house—in my writing-box you will find a letter, sealed, but without a direction; bring it to me. [*Exit* FANNY.] I have been writing to this base man, for I want fortitude to support an interview. What, if I unbosomed myself to this girl, and intrusted the letter to her conveyance? She seems exceedingly honest, and, for one of so mean a condition, uncommonly sensible; I think I may safely confide in her.—Well, Fanny?

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Here is your letter, madam.

Vio. I thank you—I trouble you too much; but

thou art a goodnatured girl, and your attention to me shall not go unrewarded.

Fanny. I am happy to wait upon you—I wish I could do or say any thing to divert you; but my discourse can't be very amusing to a lady of your sort; and talking of this wedding seems to have made you more melancholy than you was before.

Vio. Come hither, child; you have remarked my disquietude, I will now disclose to you the occasion of it—you seem interested for Miss Dove—I too, am touched with her situation—you tell me, she is the best young lady living.

Fanny. Oh, madam, if it were possible for an angel to take a human shape, she must be one.

Vio. 'Tis very well—I commend your zeal; you are speaking now of the qualities of her mind?

Fanny. Not of them alone; she has not only the virtues, but the beauties, of an angel.

Vio. Indeed! may I ask me, is she so very handsome?

Fanny. As fine a person, as you could wish to see.

Vio. Tall?

Fanny. About your size.

Vio. Fair, or dark complexioned?

Fanny. Of a most lovely complexion—'tis her greatest beauty, and all pure nature, I'll be answerable;—then her eyes are so soft, and so smiling! and as for her hair——

Vio. Heyday! why, where are you rambling, child? I am satisfied; I make no doubt she is a consummate beauty, and that Mr. Belfield loves her to distraction. [*Aside.*] I don't like this girl so well as I did; she is a great talker; I am glad I did not disclose my mind to her—I'll go in, and determine on some expedient. [*Exit.*

Fanny. Alas, poor lady! as sure as can be, she has been crossed in love; nothing in this world besides, could make her so miserable—but, sure, I see Mr.

Francis!—if falling in love, leads to such misfortunes, 'tis fit I should get out of his way. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANCIS *and* PHILIP.

Francis. Wasn't that your sister, Philip, that ran into the cabin?

Philip. I think it was.

Francis. You've made a good day's work, on't, the weather coming about so fair, I think you lost any thing of value, but the ship[illegible] meet the old captain, as you came d[illegible]

Philip. I did; he has been at S[illegible] here, at Cropley Castle, and is [illegible] rious humour.

Francis. So, so! I attende[illegible] ther at the same time—how [illegible] together?

Philip. That I can't tell.—C[illegible] refresh ourselves.

SCENE II.

A Garden.

SOPHIA DOVE *and* LUCY WATERS.

Sophia. Indeed, and indeed, Miss Lucy Waters, these are strong facts which you tell me; and I do believe, no prudent woman would engage with a man of Mr. Andrew Belfield's disposition—but what course am I to follow? and how am I to extricate myself from the embarrassments of my situation?

Lucy. Truly, madam, you have but one refuge that I know of.

Sophia. And that lies in the arms of a young adventurer! O Lucy, Lucy! this is a flattering prescription, calculated rather to humour the patient, than to remove the disease.

Lucy. Nay, but if there is a necessity for your taking this step——

Sophia. Ay, necessity is grown strangely commodious of late, and always compells us to do the very thing, we have most a mind to.

Lucy. Well, madam, but common humanity to young Mr. [illegible]——You must allow, he has been hardly trea[illegible]

Sophia. [illegible]cy?

Lucy. M[illegible]o, madam, not by you; but 'tis charity [illegible] wounded, though you have not been a[illegible] fray.

Sophia. [illegible] You are a true female philosopher; you [illegible]arity recommend you a husband, an[illegible]ommend you to charity—But I won't reason upon the matter, at least, not in the humour I am now, nor at this particular time:—no, Lucy, nor in this particular spot; for here it was, at this very hour, yesterday evening, young Belfield surprised me.

Lucy. And see, madam, punctual to the same lucky moment, he comes again—let him plead his own cause; you need fear no interruption—my lady has too agreeable an engagement of her own, to endeavour at disturbing those of other people. [*Exit.*

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. Have I then found thee, loveliest of women? O Sophia! report has struck me to the heart! if, as I am told, to-morrow gives you to my brother, this is the last time I am ever to behold you.

Sophia. Why so, Mr. Belfield? Why should our separation be a necessary consequence of our alliance?

Belf. jun. Because I have been ambitious, and cannot survive the pangs of disappointment.

Sophia. Alas, poor man! but you know where to bury your disappointments; the sea is still open to you, and take my word for it, Mr. Belfield, the man who can live for three years, ay, or three months, in separation from the woman of his heart, need be under no apprehensions for his life, let what will befall her.

Belf. jun. Cruel, insulting Sophia! when I last parted from you, I flattered myself [illegible] impression on your heart—But [illegible] my life, I meet a base, injurious [illegible] lasting bar to my happiness— [illegible] longer, and Mr. Belfield, [illegible] shall, be yours.

Sophia. How, sir! [illegible] you tell me? There is [illegible] with whom I can be happy [illegible] that he is never to be [illegible] tains, will for ever after [illegible]

Belf. jun. I have he[illegible]

Sophia. Farewell, sa[illegible] he next fond female, who thus openly [illegible] to you, will, I hope, meet with a more gallant reception than I have done.

Belf. jun. How—what! Is't possible? O Heavens!

Sophia. What, you've discovered it at last? Oh, fie upon you!

Belf. jun. Thus, thus, let me embrace my unexpected blessing! come to my heart, my fond, o'erflowing, heart, and tell me, once again, that my Sophia will be only mine!

Sophia. O man, man! all despondency one moment, all rapture the next. No question now but you conceive every difficulty surmounted, and, that we have nothing to do but to run into each other's arms, make

a fashionable elopement, and be happy for life; and I must own to you, Mr. Belfield, was there no other condition of our union, even this project should not deter me; but I have better hopes, provided you will be piloted by me; for believe me, my good friend, I am better acquainted with this coast than you are.

Belf. jun. I doubt not your discretion, and shall implicitly surrender myself to your guidance.

Sophia. Give me a proof of it then, by retreating from this place immediately—'tis my father's hour for walking, and I would not have you meet; besides, your brother is expected.

Belf. jun. Ay, that brother, my Sophia, that brother brings vexation and regret whenever he is named; but I hope I need not dread a second injury in your esteem; and yet, I know not how it is, but if I was addicted to superstition——

Sophia. And if I was addicted to anger, I should quarrel with you, for not obeying my injunctions with more readiness.

Belf. jun. I will obey thee, and yet, 'tis difficult—Those lips, which thus have blest me, cannot dismiss me without——

Sophia. Nay, Mr. Belfield, don't you—well, then—mercy upon us! who's coming here?

Belf. jun. How? oh, yes, never fear; 'tis a friend; —'tis Violetta;—'tis a lady, that I——

Sophia. That you what, Mr. Belfield?—What lady is it?—I never saw her in my life before.

Belf. jun. No, she is a foreigner, born in Portugal, though of an English family: the packet, in which she was coming to England, foundered alongside of our ship, and I was the instrument of saving her life:—I interest myself much in her happiness, and I beseech you, for my sake, to be kind to her. [*Exit.*

Sophia. He interests himself much in her happiness—he beseeches me, for his sake, to be kind to her—What am I to judge of all this?

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Madam, I ask pardon for this intrusion, but I have business with you of a nature that—I presume I'm not mistaken, you are the young lady I have been directed to, the daughter of Sir Be[illegible] Dove?

Sophia. I am, madam, but wo[illegible]se to repose yourself in the house?—I [illegible]e a stranger in this country.—May [illegible] commands you have for me?

[illegible] me acquainted with some [illegible] your story, and for his sake, [illegible] to render you any service in [illegible]

Vio. For Mr. Belfield! [illegible] —Has Mr. Belfield nam[illegible]

Sophia. Is there any [illegible]

Vio. No, none at all[illegible]nfidence would surprise [illegible]s natural—there is no wond[illegible]

Sophia. You must pardon [illegible]k differently of Mr. Belfield: He le[illegible]s minute, and, in the kindest terms, recommended [illegible]u to my friendship.

Vio. 'Twas he then, that parted from you as I came up—I thought so, but I was too much agitated to observe him, and, I am confident, he is too guilty to dare to look upon me.

Sophia. Why so, madam? For Heaven's sake, inform me what injuries you have received from Mr. Belfield! I must own to you, I am much interested in finding him to be a man of honour.

Vio. I know your situation, madam, and I pity it; Providence has sent me here, in time, to save you, and to tell you——

Sophia. What!—To tell me what? Oh, speak! or I shall sink with apprehension.

Vio. To tell you, that he is—my husband.

Sophia. Husband! your husband? What do I hear

ungenerous, base, deceitful, Belfield! I thought he seemed confounded at your appearance—every thing confirms his treachery, and I cannot doubt the truth of what you tell me.

Vio. A truth it is, madam, that I must ever reflect on with the most sorrowful regret.

Sophia. Come, let me beg you to walk towards the house. I ask no account of this transaction of Mr. Belfield's: I would fain banish his name from my memory for ever, and you shall, this instant, be a witness to his peremptory dismission. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR, *and* PATERSON.

Belf. jun. And so, sir, these are her ladyship's commands, are they?

Paterson. This is what I am commissioned by Lady Dove to tell you—what report shall I make to her?

Belf. jun. Even what you please, Mr. Paterson—mould it, and model it to your liking—put as many palliatives, as you think proper, to sweeten it to her ladyship's taste, so you do but give her to understand that I neither can, nor will, abandon my Sophia. Cease to think of her, indeed! What earthly power can exclude her idea from my thoughts? I am surprised Lady Dove should think of sending me such a message; and I wonder, sir, that you should consent to bring it.

Paterson. Sir!——

Belf. jun. Nay, Mr. Paterson, don't assume such a menacing air, nor practise on my temper too far in

this business. I know both your situation and my own—consider, sir, mine is a cause that would animate the most dastardly spirit; yours is enough to damp the most courageous. [*Exit.*

Paterson. A very short and sententious gentleman! but there is truth in this remark; mine is but a sorry commission, after all—the man's in the right to fight for his mistress—she's worth the venture, and, if there was no way else to be quit of mine, I should be in the right to fight too:—egad, I don't see why aversion shouldn't make me as desperate, as love makes him. Hell and fury! here comes my Venus!

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. Well, Paterson, what says [illegible] to my message?

Paterson. Says, madam? I'm a[illegible] you what he says—he's the arrantest boatswa[illegible] ever I conversed with.

Lady D. But tell me what he says.

Paterson. Every thing, tha[illegible] rility can utter against you.

Lady D. Against me? W[illegible] gainst me?

Paterson. Modesty forbids [illegible]

Lady D. Oh, the vile rep[illegible] e been so guarded in my conduct, [illegible] artialities, as to keep them secret, even from my own husband; but, I hope, he didn't venture to abuse my person?

Paterson. No, madam, no; had he proceeded to such lengths, I couldn't, in honour, have put up with it; I hope I have more spirit, than to suffer any reflections upon your ladyship's personal accomplishments.

Lady D. Well, but did you say nothing in defence of my reputation?

Paterson. Nothing.

Lady D. No?

Paterson. Not a syllable; Trust me for that—'tis the wisest way upon all tender topics to be silent; for he, who takes upon him to defend a lady's reputation, only publishes her favours to the world; and, therefore, I would always leave that office to a husband.

Lady D. 'Tis true; and, if Sir Benjamin had any heart——

Paterson. Come, come, my dear lady, don't be too severe upon Sir Benjamin: many men of no better appearance than Sir Benjamin, have shown themselves perfect heroes: I know a whole family, that, with the limbs of ladies, have the hearts of lions. Who can tell but your husband may be one of this sort?

Lady D. Ah!—

Paterson. Well, but try him; tell him how you have been used, and see what his spirit will prompt him to do. Apropos! here the little gentleman comes; if he won't fight, 'tis but what you expect; if he will, who can tell where a lucky arrow may hit? [*Exit.*

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin, I want to have a little discourse in private with you.

Sir Benj. With me, my Lady?

Lady D. With you, Sir Benjamin; 'tis upon a matter of a very serious nature—pray sit down by me—I don't know how it is, my dear, but I have observed of late, with much concern, a great abatement in your regard for me.

Sir Benj. Oh, fie, my lady! why do you think so? What reason have you for so unkind a suspicion?

Lady D. 'Tis in vain for you to deny it—I am convinced you have done loving me.

Sir Benj. Well, now, I vow, my dear, as I am a sinner, you do me wrong.

Lady D. Lookye, Sir Benjamin, love, like mine, is

apt to be quick-sighted, and, I am persuaded, I am not deceived in my observations.

Sir Benj. Indeed, and indeed, my Lady Dove, you accuse me wrongfully.

Lady D. Mistake me not, my dear, I do not accuse you, I accuse myself; I am sensible there are faults and imperfections in my temper.

Sir Benj. Oh, trifles, my dear! mere trifles!

Lady D. Come, come, I know you have led but an uncomfortable life of late, and, I am afraid, I have been innocently, in some degree, the cause of it.

Sir Benj. Far be it from me to contradict your ladyship, if you are pleased to say so.

Lady D. I am sure it has been as I say—my over fondness for you has been troublesome and vexatious; you hate confinement, I know you do—you are a man of spirit, and formed to figure in the world.

Sir Benj. Oh, you flatter

Lady D. Nay, nay, there you sigh for action—your looks d ion in your habit and appearance there is a certain quickness i first symptom that attracted m mistaken, Sir Benjamin, if you do courage as any man.

Sir Benj. Your ladyship does n

Lady D. I do you justice, Sir B

Sir Benj. Why, I believe, for the I have as much as my neighbou strange perverse quality; for, as some the difficulties they have to encounte on the contrary, is always greatest whe call for it.

Lady D. Oh, you shall never make me believe this, Sir Benjamin! you cou'dn't bear to see me ill used, I'm positive you cou'dn't.

Sir Benj. 'Tis as well, however, not to be too sure of that! [*Aside.*

Lady D. You cou'dn't be so mean-spirited, as to stand by and hear your poor dear wife abused and insulted, and——

Sir Benj. Oh, no, by no means! 'twould break my heart—but who has abused you, and insulted you, and——

Lady D. Who? why, this young Belfield, that I told you of.

Sir Benj. Oh, never listen to him! a woman of your years should have more sense than to mind what such idle young fleers can say of you.

Lady D. [*Rising.*] My years, Sir Benjamin! Why, you are more intolerable than he is—but let him take his course; let him run away with your daughter; it shall be no further concern of mine to prevent him.

Sir Benj. No, my dear, I've done that effectually.

Lady D. How so, pray?

Sir Benj. By taking care she shan't run away with my estate at the same time. Some people lock their daughters up, to prevent their eloping—I've gone a wiser way to work with mine, let her go loose, and locked up her fortune.

Lady D. And, o' my conscience, I believe you mean to do the same by your wife; turn her loose upon the world, as you do your daughter—leave her to the mercy of every freebooter—let her be vilified and abused—her honour, her reputation, mangled and torn by every paltry, privateering fellow, that fortune casts upon your coast.

Sir Benj. Hold, my lady, hold! young Belfield did not glance at your reputation, I hope—did he?

Lady D. Indeed, but he did though—and therein I think every wife has a title to her husband's protection.

Sir Benj. True, my dear; 'tis our duty to plead, but yours to provide us with the brief.

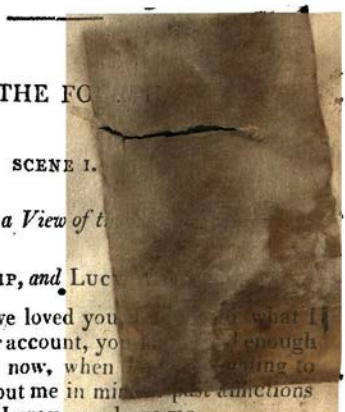
Lady D. There are some insults, Sir Benjamin, that no man of spirit ought to put up with—and the imputation of being made a wittol of, is the most unpardonable of any.

Sir Benj. Right, my dear, even truth, you know, is not to be spoke at all times.

Lady D. How, sir, would you insinuate any thing to the disparagement of my fidelity?—But chuse your side, quarrel you must—either with him or with me.

Sir Benj. Oh, if that is the alternative, what a deal of time have we wasted!—Step with me into the library, and I'll pen him a challenge immediately.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FO

SCENE I.

The Cabin, with a View of t

Enter PHILIP, *and* Luc

Philip. How I have loved you … what I have suffered on your account, yo … enough —and you shou'dn't now, when … ing to forget you, come to put me in mi… ctions —go, go, leave me—I pray you, leave me.

Lucy. Nay, Philip, but hear me.

Philip. Hear you, ungrateful girl! you know it has been all my delight to hear you, to see you, and to sit by your side—for hours I have done it—for whole

days together. But those days are past! I must labour now for my livelihood; and, if you rob me of my time, you wrong me of my subsistence.

Lucy. O, Philip! I am undone if you don't protect me!

Philip. Ah, Lucy! that, I fear, is past prevention.

Lucy. No, Philip, no, I am innocent, and therefore persecuted by the most criminal of men.—— I have disclosed all Mr. Belfield's artifices to Miss Sophia, and now am terrified to death—I saw him follow me out of the Park, as I was coming hither, and I dare not return home alone; indeed, Philip, I dare not.

Philip. Well, Lucy, step in with me, and fear nothing—I see the 'squire is coming.—He, who can refuse his protection to a woman, may he never taste the blessings a woman can bestow! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELFIELD SENIOR.

Belf. Ay, 'tis she!—confusion follow her!—How perversely has she traversed my projects with Sophia! —By all that's resolute, I'll be revenged!—My brother too returned——Vexatious circumstance! there am I foiled again.—Since first I stepped out of the path of honour, what have I obtained?—O treachery! treachery! if thou canst not in this world make us happy, better have remained that dull, formal thing—an honest man, and trusted to what the future might produce.

Enter PHILIP.

So, fellow, who are you?

Philip. A man, sir—an honest man.

Belf. A saucy one, methinks.

Philip. The injurious are apt to think so—however, I ask pardon—as your riches make you too proud, my honesty, perhaps, makes me too bold.

Belf. O, I know you now! you are son to that old fellow I thought proper to discharge from my farm.—Please to betake yourself from the door of your cabin, there's a young woman within, I must have a word with.

Philip. If 'tis Lucy Waters you would speak with—

Belf. If, rascal! it is Lucy Waters, that I would speak with—that I will speak with—and, spite of your insolence, compell to answer whatever I please to ask, and go with me wherever I please to carry her.

Philip. Then, sir, I must tell you, poor as I am, she is under my protection.—You see, sir, I am armed—you have no right to force an entrance here; and, while I have life, you never shall.

Belf. Then be it at your peril, villain, if you oppose me.

They fight.

Enter PATERSON, *who beats down their Swords.*

Paterson. For shame, Mr. Belfield! what are you about—Tilting with this peasant

Belf. Paterson, stand off.

Paterson. Come, come, put u

Belf. Damnation, sir! what d turn against me? Give way, o you through!

Enter CAPTAIN IRONSID

Ironsides. Heyday, what the d I thought the whole ship's com mutiny. Master and I were taking good fellowship; and you made clattering and clashing, there's no for you.

Belf. Come, Mr. Paterson, will you please to bear me company, or stay with your new acquaintance?

Ironsides. Oh, ho, my righteous nephew! is it you that are kicking up this riot? Why, you ungracious

profligate, would you murder an honest lad at the door of his own house?—his castle—his castellum—Are these your fresh-water tricks?

Belf. Your language, Captain Ironsides, savours strongly of your profession; and I hold both you, your occupation, and opinion, equally vulgar and contemptible.

Ironsides. My profession! Why, what have you to say to my profession, you unsanctified whelp, you? I hope 'tis an honest vocation to fight the enemies of one's country—you, it seems, are for murdering the friends: I trust, it is not for such a skip-jack, as thee art, to fleer at my profession.—Master, didst ever hear the like?

Skiff. Never, Captain, never—for my own part, I am one of few words, but, for my own part, I always thought, that to be a brave seaman, like your honour, was the greatest title an Englishman can wear.

Ironsides. Why, so it is, Skiff—ahem!

Belf. Well, sir, I leave you to the enjoyment of your honours; so, your servant.—Sirrah, I shall find a time for you. [BELFIELD *is going out.*

Ironsides. Harkye, sir, come back—one more word with you.

Belf. Well, sir——

Ironsides. Your father was an honest gentleman: your mother, though I say it, that should not say it, was an angel; my eyes ache when I speak of her—ar'n't you ashamed, sirrah, to disgrace such parents?—My nephew, Bob, your brother, is an honest lad, and as brave, as ever stepped between stem and stern—a' has a few faults, indeed, as who is free? But you, Andrew, you are as false as a quick-sand, and as full of mischief as a fireship.

Paterson. Come, Mr. Belfield, for Heaven's sake, let us go home. [*Exit, with* BELFIELD.

Ironsides. Harkye, Philip, I forgot to ask you what all this stir was about.

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Philip. Sir, if you please to walk in, I will inform you.

Ironsides. With all my heart—A pragmatical, impertinent coxcomb!—Come, Master, we'll fill a pipe, and hear the lad's story within doors.—I never yet was ashamed of my profession, and I'll take care my profession shall have no reason to be ashamed of me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Gar

Enter BELFIELD JU

Belf. jun. Madam! ma
to give me a hearing?

Sophia. Unless you co
power can cancel all at

Belf. jun. Yet, befor
inexorable Sophia, tell

Sophia. Answer you
—consult your own heart,

Belf. jun. Now, on my life, she
of Violetta—that grateful woman has been
her commendations of me, and her distempered fancy
turns that candour into criminality.

Sophia. Hah! he seems confounded!—guilty beyond all doubt.

Belf. jun. By Heaven, I'll no longer be the dupe to these bad humours!—Lucy Waters, Violetta, every woman she sees or hears, alarms her jealousy, overthrows my hopes, and rouses every passion into fury.—Well, madam, at length I see what you allude to; I shall follow your advice, and consult my Violetta;

nay, more, consult my happiness—for, with her, at least, I shall find repose;—with you, I plainly see, there can be none.

Sophia. 'Tis very well, sir; the only favour you can now grant me, is, never to see you again;—for after what has passed between us, every time you intrude into my company, you will commit an insult upon good breeding and humanity.

Belf. jun. Madam, I'll take care to give you no further offence. [*Exit.*

Sophia. Oh, my poor heart will break!

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Sir Benj. Heyday, Sophia, what's the matter?—What ails my child?—Who has offended you? Did not I see the young Belfield part from you just now?

Sophia. O, sir! if you have any love for me, don't name that base, treacherous wretch to me any more. [*Exit.*

Sir Benj. Upon my word, I am young Mr. Belfield's most obsequious servant—a very notable confusion truly he has been pleased to make in my family! Lady Dove raves, Sophia cries; my wife calls him a saucy impudent fellow; my daughter says, he's a base treacherous wretch;—from all which I am to conclude, that he has spoke too plain truths to the one, and told too many lies to the other.—Lady Dove has peremptorily insisted upon my giving him a challenge, but, to say the truth, I had no great stomach to the business, till this fresh provocation—I perceive now, I am growing into a most unaccountable rage; 'tis something so different from what I ever felt before, that, for what I know, it may be courage, and I mistake it for anger—I never did quarrel with any man, and hitherto no man ever quarrelled with me—Egad, if I once break the ice, it shan't stop here—if young Belfield does not prove me a coward, Lady Dove

shall see, that I am a man of spirit.—Sure I see my gentleman coming hither again! [*Steps aside*

Enter BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Belf. jun. What meanness, what infatuation possesses me, that I should resolve to throw myself once more in her way!—but she's gone, and yet I may escape with credit.

Sir Benj. Ay, there he is, sure enough—By the mass, I don't like him—I'll listen a while, and discover what sort of a humour he is in.

Belf. jun. I am ashamed of this weakness—I am determined to assume a proper spirit, and act as becomes a man upon this occasio

Sir Benj. Upon my soul, I'

Belf. jun. Now am I so distra and disappointment, that I co sacrifice her, myself, and all

Sir Benj. Lord ha' mercy off, and leave him to himself

Belf. jun. And yet, pe from an excess of fondness

Sir Benj. Upon my wo most happy assurance.

Belf. jun. Something m letta, to alarm her jealou exquisite sensibility of he brought my sincerity int

Sir Benj. I don't understan

Belf. jun. Now could I fall at her fe though I know not in what I have offended—h not the heart to move. Fie upon it! What an arrant coward has love made me!

Sir Benj. A coward, does he say? I am heartily rejoiced to hear it: if I must needs come to action, 'pray Heaven it be with a coward! I'll even take him

while he is in the humour, for fear he should recover his courage, and I lose mine.——So, sir! your humble servant, Mr. Belfield! I'm glad I have found you, sir!

Belf. jun. Sir Benjamin, your most obedient.—Pray, what are your commands, now you have found me?

Sir Benj. Hold! hold! don't come any nearer:—Don't you see I am in a most prodigious passion? Fire and fury, what's the reason you have made all this disorder in my house? my daughter in tears; my wife in fits; every thing in an uproar; and all your doing. Do you think I'll put up with this treatment? If you suppose you have a coward to deal with, you'll find yourself mistaken—greatly mistaken, let me tell you, sir! Mercy upon me, what a passion I am in! In short, Mr. Belfield, the honour of my house is concerned, and I must, and will have satisfaction.—I think this is pretty well to set in with; I'm horribly out of breath.—What great fatigue do men of courage undergo!

Belf. jun. Lookye, Sir Benjamin, I don't rightly comprehend what you would be at; but, if you think I have injured you, few words are best; disputes between men of honour are soon adjusted—I'm at your service, in any way you think fit.

Sir Benj. How you fly out, now! Is that giving me the satisfaction I require? I am the person injured in this matter, and, as such, have a right to be in a passion; but I see neither right nor reason why you, who have done the wrong, should be as angry as I, who have received it.

Belf. jun. I suspect I have totally mistaken this honest gentleman; he only wants to build some reputation with his wife upon this rencounter, and 'twould be inhuman not to gratify him.

Sir Benj. What shall I do now? Egad, I seem to have pos'd him: this plaguy sword sticks so hard in

the scabbard—Well, come forth, rapier—'tis but one thrust; and what should a man fear that has Lady Dove for his wife?

Belf. jun. Heyday! Is the man mad? Put up your sword, Sir Benjamin: put it up, and don't expose yourself in this manner.

Sir Benj. You shall excuse me, sir; I have had some difficulty in drawing it, and am determined now to try what metal it's made of. So come on, sir.

Belf. jun. Really, this is too ridiculous:—I tell you, Sir Benjamin, I am in no humour for these follies. I've done no wrong to you or yours: on the contrary, great wrong h[illegible] I have no quarrel with y[illegible]ur sword.

Sir Benj. And I tell y[illegible]ain to excuse yourself.—The less re[illegible], so much the more resolution I feel.

Belf. jun. Well, Sir Knight, if such is your humour, I will spoil your longing. So have at you.

Enter LADY DOVE.

Lady D. Ah! [S[illegible]

Belf. jun. Hold, hold, Sir Benjamin! I neve[illegible] in lady's company.

Sir Benj. Oh, my Lady! is it you? D[illegible] alarmed, my dear; 'tis all over: a small fr[illegible] tween this gentleman and myself; that's al[illegible] be under any surprise; I believe the gentle[illegible] had enough; I believe he is perfectly satis[illegible] my behaviour, and, I persuade myself, you no cause for the future to complain of his. [illegible] field, this is Lady Dove!

Belf. jun. Madam, to a generous enemy, 'tis mean to deny justice, or withhold applause. You are happy in the most valiant of defenders; gentle as you may find him in the tender passions—to a man, ma-

dam, he acquits himself like a man. Sir Benjamin Dove, in justice to your merit, I am ready to make any submission to this lady you shall please to impose.—If you suffer her to bully you after this, you deserve to be henpecked all the days of your life.

Sir Benj. Say no more, my dear Bob; I shall love you for this the longest hour I have to live.

Belf. jun. If I have done you any service, promise me only one hour's conversation with your lovely daughter, and make what use of me you please.

Sir Benj. Here's my hand—you shall have it;—leave us. [*Exit* BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Lady D. What am I to think of all this? It can't well be a contrivance; and yet 'tis strange, that yon little animal should have the assurance to face a man, and be so bashful at a rencounter with a woman.

Sir Benj. Well, Lady Dove, what are you musing upon?—You see you are obeyed; the honour of your family is vindicated: slow to enter into these affairs; being once engaged, I pertinaciously conduct them to an issue.

Lady D. Sir Benjamin,—I—I—

Sir Benj. Here, Jonathan, do you hear—set my things ready in the library; make haste.

Lady D. I say, Sir Benjamin, I think——

Sir Benj. Well, let's hear what it is you think.

Lady D. Bless us all, why, you snap one up so—I say, I think, my dear, you have acquitted yourself tolerably well, and I am perfectly satisfied.

Sir Benj. Humph! you think I have done tolerably well—I think so too; do you apprehend me? Tolerably! for this business, that you think tolerably well done, is but half concluded, let me tell you: nay, what some would call the toughest part of the undertaking, remains unfinished; but, I dare say, with your concurrence, I shall find it easy enough.

Lady D. What is it you mean to do with my con-

currence? what mighty project does your wise brain teem with?

Sir Benj. Nay, now I reflect on't again, I don't think there'll be any need of your concurrence; for, nolens or volens, I'm determined it shall be done.—In short, this it is;—I am unalterably resolved, from this time forward, Lady Dove, to be sole and absolute in this house—master of my own servants, father to my own child, and sovereign lord and governor, madam, over my own wife!

Lady D. You are?

Sir Benj. I am.—Gods! Gods! what a pitiful, contemptible, figure, does a man make under petticoat government!—I am determined [illegible]

Enter PATERSON, [illegible]

Hah! how's this, Mr. [illegible]re these you take with my [illegible]—No more of these freedoms, I beseech you, sir, as you expect to answer it to a husband, who will have no secrets whispered to his wife, to which he is not privy; nor any appointments made, in which he is not a party.

Paterson. Heyday! what a change of government is here! Egad, I'm very glad on't. Sir Benjamin, I see you are busy about family affairs; so I'll wait on you some other time. [*Exit.*

Lady Dove. What insolence is this, Sir Benjamin; what ribaldry do you shock my ears with? Let me pass, sir, I'll stay no longer in the same room with you.

Sir Benj. Not in the same room, nor under the same roof, shall you long abide, unless you reform your manners; however, for the present, you must be content to stay where you are.

Lady D. What, sir, will you imprison me in my own house?—I'm sick; I'm ill: I'm suffocated; I want air; I must, and will, walk into the garden.

Sir Benj. Then, madam, you must find some better weapon than your fan to parry my sword with: this pass I defend: what, dost think, after having encountered a man, I shall turn my back upon a woman! No, madam, I have ventured my life to defend your honour; 'twould be hard if I wanted spirit to protect my own.—To-morrow, madam, you leave this house for ever.

Lady D. Will you break my heart, you tyrant?—Will you turn me out of doors to starve, you barbarous man?

Sir Benj. Oh! never fear; you will fare, to the full, as well as you did in your first husband's time; in your poor, dear, dead Mr. Searcher's time. You told me once, you prized the paltry greyhound that hung at his buttonhole, more than all the jewels my folly had lavished upon you. I take you at your word; you shall have your bawble, and I will take back all mine; they'll be of no use to you hereafter.

Lady D. O, Sir Benjamin! Sir Benjamin! for mercy's sake turn me not out of your doors! I will be obedient, gentle, and complying, for the future; don't shame me; on my knees, I beseech you, don't.

Enter BELFIELD SENIOR.

Sir Benj. Mr. Belfield, I am heartily glad to see you; don't go back, sir; you catch us, indeed, a little unawares; but these situations are not uncommon in well-ordered families; rewards and punishments are the life of government; and the authority of a husband must be upheld.

Belf. I confess, Sir Benjamin, I was greatly surprised at finding Lady Dove in that attitude: but I never pry into family secrets; I had much rather your lady was on her knees to intercede in my behalf, than be told she was reduced

to that humble posture for any reason that affects herself.

Sir Benj. Sir, you are free to suppose what you please for Lady Dove; I'm willing to spare you that trouble on my account; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, if you will sign and seal your articles this night, to-morrow morning Sophia shall be yours.—I'm resolved, that the self-same day which consecrates the redemption of my liberty, shall confirm the surrender of yours.

Lady D. O, Mr. Belfield! I beseech you, intercede with this dear cruel man in my behalf; would you believe, that he harbours a design of expelling me his house, on the very day, too, [illegible] purposes celebrating the nuptials of h[illegible]

Belf. Come, Sir Benjamin, [illegible] you now as a friend in the neares[illegible]g you will not damp our happiness [illegible] melancholy an event: I will venture to pledge myself for her ladyship.

Sir Benj. Well, for your sake, perhaps, I may prolong her departure for one day; but I'm determined, if she does stay to-morrow, she shall not preside at table; if 'tis only to show the company what a refractory wife, in the hands of a man of spirit, may be brought to submit to. Our wives, Mr. Belfield, may tease us, and vex us, and still escape with impunity; but, if once they thoroughly provoke us, the charm breaks, and they are lost for ever. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Sea Coast.

Enter OLD GOODWIN *and* FANNY.

O. Good. What you tell me, Fanny, gives me great concern;—that Mr. Francis should think to seduce the innocence of my child, for a paltry bribe! What can have passed to encourage him to put such an affront upon you?

Fanny. Till this proposal, which I tell you of, I always took Mr. Francis for one of the best behaved, modestest young men, I had ever met with.

O. Good. To say the truth, Fanny, so did I; but the world is full of hypocrisy, and our acquaintance with him has been very short.—

Enter FRANCIS.

Harkye, young man, a word with you: What is it I or my children have done to offend you?

Francis. Offend me! what is it you mean?

O. Good. When your vessel was stranded upon our coast, did we take advantage of your distress? On wasn't this poor hut thrown open to a receptacle for your treasures, and a refatigues? Have either those treasures, been invaded? Whom amongst you ed, or defrauded?

one, none; your honesty has been as s your hospitality.

Why, then, having received no injury, do

you seek to do one? an injury of the basest nature. You see there a poor girl, whose only portion in this world is her innocence; and of that you have sought to——

Francis. Hold; nor impute designs to me which I abhor: you say your daughter has no portion but her innocence; assured of that, I ask none else:—And, if she can forgive the stratagem I have made use of, I am ready to atone for it by a life devoted to her service.

O. Good. Well, sir, I am happy to find you are the man I took you for, and cannot discommend your caution; so, that, if you like my daughter, and Fanny is consenting——But, soft! who have we got here?

Fanny. I wish Mr. Paterson was further for interrupting us just now!

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. Pray, good people, isn't there a lady with you of the name of Violetta?

O. Good. There is.

Paterson. Can you direct me to her! I have business with her of the utmost consequence.

O. Good. Fanny, you and Mr. Francis step in, and let the lady know. [*Exit* FANNY *and* FRANCIS. If it's no offence, Mr. Paterson, allow me to ask you, whether there is any hope of our young gentleman here, who is just returned, succeeding in his addresses to Miss Dove?

Paterson. Certainly none, Master Goodwin.

O. Good. I'm heartily sorry for it.

Paterson. I find you are a stranger to the reason which make against it: but how are you interested in his success?

O. Good. I am a witness of his virtues; and, consequently, not indifferent to his success. [*Exit.*

Enter VIOLETTA.

Paterson. Madam, I presume your name is Violetta?

Vio. It is, sir.

Paterson. I wait upon you, madam, at Miss Dove's desire, and as a particular friend of Mr. Andrew Belfield's.

Vio. Sir!—

Paterson. Madam!—

Vio. Pray, proceed.

Paterson. To entreat the favour of your company at Cropley Castle, upon business, wherein that lady and gentleman are intimately concerned: I presume, madam, you guess what I mean?

Vio. Indeed, sir, I cannot easily guess how I can possibly be a party in any business between Miss Dove and Mr. Belfield. I thought all intercourse between those persons was now entirely at an end.

Paterson. Oh, no, madam! by no means! the affair is far from being at an end.

Vio. How, sir! not at an end?

Paterson. No, madam; on the contrary, from Sir Benjamin's great anxiety for the match, and, above all, from the very seasonable intelligence you was so good to communicate to Miss Sophia, I am not without hopes that Mr. Andrew Belfield will be happy enough to conquer all her scruples, and engage her to consent to marry him.

Vio. Indeed! but pray, sir, those scruples of Miss Dove's, which you flatter yourself Mr. Belfield will so happily conquer, how is it that ladies in this country reconcile themselves to such matters? I should have thought such an obstacle utterly insurmountable.

Paterson. Why, to be sure, madam, Miss Dove has had some doubts and difficulties to contend with;

but duty, you know——and, as I said before, you, madam, you have been a great friend to Mr. Belfield; you have forwarded matters surprisingly.

Vio. It is very surprising, truly, if I have!

Paterson. You seem greatly staggered at what I tell you: I see you are a stranger to the principles upon which young ladies frequently act in this country: I believe, madam, in England, as many, or more, matches are made from pique, than for love; and, to say the truth, I take this of Miss Dove's, to be one of that sort. There is a certain person, you know, who will feel upon this occasion.

Vio. Yes: I well know there is a certain person who will feel upon this occasion; but, are the sufferings of that unhappy one to be converted into raillery and amusement?

Paterson. Oh, madam, the ladies will tell you, that therein consists the very luxury of revenge!—But, I beseech you, have the goodness to make haste; my friend, Mr. Belfield, may stand in need of your support.

Vio. Thus insulted, I can contain myself no longer. Upon what infernal shore am I cast? Into what society of demons am I fallen! that a woman, whom, by an act of honour, I would have redeemed from misery and ruin, should have the insolence, the inhumanity, to invite me to be a spectatress of her marriage with my own husband!

Paterson. With your husband! What do I hear?—Is Mr. Andrew Belfield your husband?

Vio. Ay; do you doubt it? 'Would I could say he was not!

Paterson. Just Heaven! you then are the Violetta, you are the Portuguese lady I have heard so much of, and married to Mr. Belfield: base and perfidious!—Why, madam, both Miss Dove and myself conceived that 'twas the young adventurer with whom you suffered shipwreck, that——

Vio. What, Lewson? the brave, generous, honourable Lewson!

Paterson. Lewson! Lewson! as sure as can be, you mean young Belfield; for now the recollection strikes me, that I've heard he took that name before he quitted England. That Lewson, madam, whom we believed you married to, is Robert Belfield, the younger brother to your husband.

Vio. Mercy defend me! into what distress had this mutual mistake nearly involved us?

Paterson. Come then, madam, let us lose no time, but fly, with all despatch, to Cropley Castle; I have a postchaise waiting, which will convey us thither in a few minutes: but, before we go, I'll step in and direct these good people to find young Belfield, and send him after us.—Old Ironsides and all must be there. [*Exit.*

Vio. Let me reflect upon my fate—wedded, betrayed, abandoned! at once a widow and a wife—all that my soul held dear, in the same hour obtained and lost. O false, false Belfield!—Strong, indeed, must be that passion, and deeply seated in my heart, which even thy treachery could not eradicate!—Twice shipwrecked! twice rescued from the jaws of death!—Just Heaven! I do not, dare not, murmur; nor can I doubt but that thy hand invisibly is stretched forth to save me; and, through this labyrinth of sorrow, to conduct me to repose.

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. Now, madam, if you will trust yourself to my convoy, I'll bring you into harbour, where you shall never suffer shipwreck more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE'S *House.*

Enter SIR BENJAMIN *and* LADY DOVE.

Sir Benj. Upon these terms and stipulations, Lady Dove, I consent to your remaining at Cropley Castle. Enjoy you your own prerogative, and leave me in possession of mine; above all things, my dear, I must insist that Mr. Paterson be henceforward considered as my friend and companion, and not your ladyship's.

Lady D. Nay, but indeed and indeed, my dear Sir Benjamin, this is being too hard with me, to debar me the common gratifications of every woman of distinction: Mr. Paterson, you know, is my very particular friend.

Sir Benj. 'Tis for his being so very particular, my dear, that I object to him.

Lady D. Friendship, Sir Benjamin, is the virtuous recreation of delicate and susceptible minds; would you envy me that innocent pleasure? Why, you know, my dearest, that your passion for me, which was once so violent, is now softened and subsided into mere friendship.

Sir Benj. True, my dear; and, therefore, I am afraid, lest my love having, by easy degrees, slackened into friendship, his friendship should, by as natural a transition, quicken into love; say no more, therefore, upon this point, but leave me to Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Paterson to me;—go—send Sophia to me—oh, here she comes: your ladyship need not be present

at our conference; I think my own daughter surely belongs to my province, and not yours.—Good morning to you. [*Exit* LADY DOVE.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sir Benj. Well, daughter, are you prepared to comply with my desires, and give your hand to Andrew Belfield this morning?

Sophia. Sir!

Sir Benj. My heart is fixed upon this event; I have watched late and early to bring it to bear; and you'll find my child, when you come to peruse your marriage settlement, how tenderly I have consulted your happiness in this match.

Sophia. Alas! I should never think of searching for happiness amongst deeds and conveyances; 'tis the man, and not the money, that is likely to determine my lot.

Sir Benj. Well, and is not Mr. Belfield a man? a fine man, as I take it he is, and a fine estate I'm sure he has got: then consider, likewise, how this alliance will accommodate matters in the borough of Knavestown, where I and my family have stood three contested elections with his, and lost two of them; that sport will now be at an end; and our interests will be consolidated by this match, as well as our estates.

Sophia. Still you mistake my meaning; I talk of the qualities of a man—you of his possessions; I require in a husband, good morals, good nature, and good sense; what has all this to do with contiguous estates, connected interests, and contested elections?

Sir Benj. I don't rightly understand what you would have, child; but this I well know, that if money alone will not make a woman happy, 'twill always purchase that that will. I hope, Sophy, you've done thinking of that rambling, idle young fellow, Bob Belfield.

Sophia. Perish all thought of him for ever!—

Nothing can be more contrary, more impossible in nature, than my union with young Belfield: age, ugliness, ill nature, bring any thing to my arms, rather than him.

Sir Benj. But why so angry with him, child?—This violent detestation and abhorrence, is as favourable a symptom as any reasonable lover could wish for.

Enter PATERSON.

Paterson. Joy to you, Sir Benjamin! all joy attend you both! the bridegroom by this time is arrived; we saw his equipage enter the avenue, as ours drove into the court.

Sir Benj. Mr. Paterson, sir, I know not if yet your friend is to be a bridegroom; I find my daughter, here, so cold and uncomplying, for my own part, I don't know how I shall look Mr. Belfield in the face.

Paterson. Fear nothing, Sir Benjamin: make haste and receive your son-in-law: I have news to communicate to Miss Dove, which, I am confident, will dispose her to comply with your wishes.

Sir Benj. Well, sir, I shall leave her to your tutorage. This obliging gentleman undertakes not only for my wife, but my daughter too. [*Exit.*

Sophia. I am surprised, Mr. Paterson——

Paterson. Hold, madam, for one moment: I have made a discovery of the last importance to your welfare; you are in an error with regard to young Belfield.—Violetta, the lady you believed him married to, is here in the house; I have brought her hither at your request; and from her I learn, that the elder brother is her husband—he who this very morning, but for my discovery, had been yours also.

Sophia. What's this you tell me, sir? Where is this lady—where is Violetta? where is young Belfield?

Paterson. Violetta, madam, I have put under safe convoy; and, by this time, your waiting woman has lodged her privately in the closet of your bedchamber: there you will find her, and learn the whole process of this providential escape. I'll only speak a word to Sir Benjamin, and come to you without any further delay. [*Exit* SOPHIA.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE *and* BELFIELD SEN.

Sir Benj. Well, Mr. Paterson, what says my daughter?

Paterson. Every thing that becomes an obedient daughter to say: so, that if this gentleman is not made completely happy within this hour, the fault will lie at his door, and not with Miss Sophia.

Sir Benj. This is good news, Paterson; but I am impatient to have the ceremony concluded; the bells are ringing, the parson is waiting, and the equipages are at the door: step up to Sophia, and tell her to hasten; and harkye, my friend, as you go by Lady Dove's door, give her a call; do you mind me, only call at the door: don't you go in; she's busy at work upon a large parcel of ribbons, which I've given her to make into wedding favours; she'll be very angry if you go into her chamber. Go, go, get you gone. [*Exit* PATERSON.

Belf. How comes it to pass, Sir Benjamin, that Mr. Paterson is become so necessary an agent in the female affairs of your family? I confess to you my pride is wounded, when I find I am to thank him for your daughter's consent to marry me. The man that can prevail upon a woman to act against her liking, what may he not persuade her to do with it?

Sir Benj. Your remark is just; Paterson has certainly some secret faculty of persuasion; and all that can be said is, that 'tis better to see your danger before marriage, than to be feeling it out, as I have done, afterwards.

Enter CAPTAIN IRONSIDES *and* BELFIELD JUN.

Sir Benj. What, old acquaintance, are you come to rejoice with me on this occasion?—Bob Belfield too, as I live! you are both heartily welcome.—I could have spared their visit notwithstanding.

[*Aside.*

Belf. My brother here? vexation!

Belf. jun. Sir Benjamin! I come now to claim your promise of one hour's conversation with your daughter.

Sir Benj. The devil you do!

Belf. Ridiculous!

Belf. jun. To you, sir, obligations of this sort may be matter of ridicule: but while I religiously observe all promises I make to others, I shall expect others to be as observant of those they make to me.

Belf. Sir, I have a most profound veneration for your principles, and am happy to find your understanding so much cultivated by travel; but, in spite of your address, you will find it rather difficult to induce me to wave my right in Miss Dove, in favour of a professed adventurer.

Belf. jun. Shameless, unfeeling man! an adventurer do you call me? You, whose unbrotherly persecution drove me to this hazardous, this humiliating occupation?

Ironsides. Sirrah! Bob! no reflections upon privateering; it has lined your pockets well, you young rogue: and you may tell your fine brother there, that we have landed treasure enough upon his estate to buy the fee-simple of it: ay, and for what I know, of Sir Wiseacre's here into the bargain.

Sir Benj. What's that you say, Captain Ironsides? Let's have a word in a corner with you.

Belf. Lookye, sir, if you conceive yourself wronged by me, there is but one way.—You know your remedy.

Belf. jun. I know your meaning, brother; and, to demonstrate how much greater my courage is than yours, I must confess to you, I dare not accept your proposal.

Sir Benj. No, no, I've given him enough of that, I believe.

Ironsides. Bob Belfield, if I did not know thee for a lad of mettle, I should not tell what to make of all this: for my own part, I understand none of your scruples and refinements, not I; a man is a man; and if I take care to give an affront to no man, I think I have a right to take an affront from no man.

Sir Benj. Come, gentlemen, suspend your dispute; here comes my daughter—let her decide betwixt you.

Belf. jun. Let me receive my sentence from her lips, and I will submit to it.

Enter SOPHIA, PATERSON, *and* LADY DOVE.

Sir Benj. Here's a young gentleman, daughter, that will take no denial; he comes to forbid the bans just when you are both going into the church to be married.

Sophia. Upon my word, this is something extraordinary. What are the gentleman's reasons for this behaviour?

Sir Benj. He claims a sort of promise from me that he should be indulged in an hour's conversation with you, before you give your hand to his brother.

Sophia. An hour's conversation! What little that gentleman can have to say to me, I believe, may be said in a very few minutes.

Belf. I think, brother, this conversation don't promise a great deal.

Sophia. In the first place, then, I own to this gentleman, and the company present, that there was a

time, when I entertained the highest opinion of his merit. Nay, I will not scruple to confess that I had conceived a regard for him of the tenderest sort.

Ironsides. And pray, young lady, how came my nephew to forfeit your good opinion?

Sophia. By a conduct, sir, that must for ever forfeit, not my esteem only, but yours, and all mankind's: I am sorry to be his accuser; but I will appeal to you, Mr. Belfield, who are his brother, whether it is reconcileable either to honour or humanity, to prosecute an affair of marriage with one woman, when you are previously and indispensably engaged to another?

Belf. Humph!

Sophia. Yet this, sir, is the treatment I received: judge, therefore, if I can desire or consent to have any long conversation with a gentleman, who is under such engagements; nay, whom I can prove actually married to another woman, in this very house, and ready to vouch the truth of what I assert. Judge for me, Mr. Belfield, could you believe any man capable of such complicated, such inconceivable villany?

Belf. Heavens! This touches me too closely.

Sir Benj. Sir, I would fain know what excuse you can have for this behaviour? I can tell you, sir, I don't understand it.

Lady D. Oh, fie! fie upon you, Mr. Belfield, I wonder you are not ashamed to show your face in this family.

Sir Benj. Who desired you to put in your oar?

Ironsides. Why, sirrah, would not one wife content you? 'Tis enough, in all reason, for one man; is it not, Sir Benjamin?

Belf. jun. Sir, when it is proved I am married, accuse me.

Ironsides. Lookye, Bob, I don't accuse you for.

marrying; 'twas an indiscretion, and I can forgive it; but to deny it, is a meanness, and I abhor it.

Sophia. Mr. Belfield, do you say nothing upon this occasion?

Belf. Paterson, I am struck to the heart; I cannot support my guilt! I am married to Violetta; save me the confusion of relating it: this dishonourable engagement for ever I renounce; nor will I rest till I have made atonement to an injured wife. Madam, I beg leave to withdraw for a few minutes.

Belf. jun. Hold, sir! this contrivance is of your forging; you have touched me too near; and now, if you dare draw your sword, follow me.

Sophia. Hold, gentlemen; you forget the lady is now in the house; she is a witness that will effectually put an end to your dispute; I will conduct her hither. [*Exit.*

Belf. jun. I agree to it.

Ironsides. Harkye, nephew; I shrewdly suspect you have been laying a train to blow yourself up: if once Bob comes fairly alongside of you, you'll find your quarters too hot to hold you: I never yet found my boy out in a lie, and shan't tamely see a lie imposed upon him; for, while he is honest, and I have breath, he shall never want a friend to stand by him, or a father to protect him.

Belf. Mr. Paterson, explain my story: I will depart this instant, in search of Violetta.

Enter SOPHIA *and* VIOLETTA.

Sophia. Stay, I conjure you! stay, turn, and look back upon this lady, before you go.

[*Presenting* VIOLETTA.

Belf. My wife!

Sophia. Yes, sir, your wife, and my unanswerable witness.

Sir Benj. Heyday! here's a turn!

Ironsides. I thought how 'twould be.

Vio. Yes, sir, your faithful, your forsaken, wife.

Sophia. Thank Heaven, that I can add, your only wife!

Belf. How shall I look upon you! What shall I say! Where shall I hide my confusion! Oh, take me to your arms, and, in that soft shelter let me find forgiveness and protection.

Vio. Be this your only punishment! and this!

Belf. jun. Was it then a sister I preserved from death?

Belf. What's this I hear? Oh, brother! can you pardon too?

Belf. jun. Be indeed a brother, and let this providential event be the renovation of your friendship.

Belf. What shall I say to you, madam? [*To* SOPHIA.] Paterson, you know my heart: bear witness to its remorse. By Heaven, my secret resolution was, instantly to have departed in search of this my injured wife; but I'm not worthy even of your resentment: here is one that merits, and returns, your love.

[*Turning to his Brother.*

Ironsides. Come, god-daughter, we can never say the fleet's fairly come to an anchor, while the admiral's ship is out at sea. [*Presenting* BELFIELD JUNIOR.] My nephew here is as honest a lad as lives, and loves you at the soul of him: give him your hand, and I'll broach the last chest of dollars, to make him a fortune deserving of you. What say you, my old friend?

Sir Benj. Here's my hand! I've spoke the word; she's his own. Lady Dove, I won't hear a syllable to the contrary.

Ironsides. Then, the galleon is thy own, boy.—What should an old fellow like me do with money? Give me a warm nightcap, a tiff of punch, and an elbow chair in your chimney corner; and I'll lay up for the rest of my days.

Belf. jun. How shall I give utterance to my gratitude, or my love?

Belf. Now are you all assembled to overwhelm me with confusion. Like some poor culprit, surrounded by a crowd of witnesses, I stand convicted and appalled. But all your wrongs shall be redressed; my whole life shall be employed in acts of justice and atonement. Virtue, and this virtuous woman, were my first ruling passions.

Now they resume their social, soft control,
And love and happiness possess my soul.

THE END.

WEST INDIAN

LOUISA.— UNHAND ME, SIR!

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Drawn by C.Heath. Published by Longman & Co Engraved by C.Heath

1816.

THE

WEST INDIAN;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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REMARKS.

A good play, like a female beauty, may go out of fashion before it becomes old. Men may admire, till admiration is exhausted, and forsake both the one and the other, for that novelty, which has less intrinsic worth.

This is exactly the case with "The West Indian." Its attraction has been so powerful, that the custom of seeing it has weakened its force. Still its value is acknowledged. Every one commends it as a most excellent comedy; but it is no longer for the advantage of the theatre to perform it often.

Mr. Cumberland, in his Memoirs, lately published, says—He wrote this play in Ireland; at the house of his father, the Bishop of Kilmore, to whom he was on a visit; and, that he chose a room for this task, which had a prospect no more inviting than a haystack or a barn, that his attention might not be seduced from his literary employment. It was a fortunate room; and if equal success were attached to the spot, it would be worth the pains of a voyage to Ireland, over a stormy sea, with a view to such another composition.

"The West Indian" was produced in the year 1771; and it must be consoling for the authors of the present day, to read these lines in the prologue, addressed to the audience—

"You say we write not like our fathers—true:
Nor were our fathers half so strict as you."

By this passage it may be concluded, that certain critics had the same heavy charges against the dramatists of that period, as of the present time: and yet, as a proof of the general injustice of their accusation, the following are amongst the very excellent dramas, which just then had made their appearance.

The elder Colman's "Jealous Wife" and "Clandestine Marriage."—Murphy's "Way to keep Him" and "All in the Wrong."—Home's "Douglas," and Bickerstaff's "Love in a Village."

A quotation from the prologue leads to one from the epilogue; in which it will be seen, that bad habits have also descended from mother to daughter, as they have done from father to son.

"Now let the modern modish fair appear;
Till noon they sleep, from noon till night they dress;
From night till morn, they game it more or less.
Next day, the same sweet course of joy run o'er,
Then the night after, as the night before,
And the night after that, encore, encore!"

Remarks, which precede a work, must be written with infinite restraint, lest an observation carried too far upon any one part of the fable or characters, should reveal secrets which it is the reader's chief

amusement, in the perusal of the play, himself to find out. It cannot be, however, any diminution of the pleasure of reading this comedy, to be told—that, although it may bestow no small degree of entertainment in the closet, its proper region is the stage.—Many of the characters require the actor's art, to fill up the bold design, where the author's pen has not failed, but wisely left the perilous touches of a finishing hand, to the judicious comedian.

Of the persons, who acted originally in this play, it is melancholy to reflect how few are now living: yet its author not only survives but flourishes!—King was the original Belcour; and, strange to say, that, although the play had brilliant success, the hero was not properly represented. King was, at that time, above fifty years of age, and looked to be so—he had other impediments to prevent his exactly personating the young, high spirited, open-hearted, inconsiderate, West Indian; though, in almost all the other characters which he performed, he was perfectly a good actor.

Moody's O'Flaherty was in high repute—Johnstone's can scarcely be thought superior by the audiences of the present century. Yet Johnstone's Irishmen, Patrician or Plebeian, are so excellent, they are in danger of bringing the whole group into disrepute; for they tempt authors to write bad parts, in imitation of good ones, and to comprise every degree of Irish character, in the mere tone of the voice.

Mr. Cumberland has not always the talent to make his female characters prominent. Elegance in Charlotte Rusport, and beauty in Louisa Dudley, are the

only qualities which the two actresses, who represent those parts, require; and these gifts were perfectly in the possession of the original performers—Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Baddeley.

In the Spectator is a letter with this question—"Mr. Spectator, be so kind as to let me know, what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays?"

Answer—"To be a wellbred man."

On this position—Mr. Cumberland is a man of perfect good breeding.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
STOCKWELL	*Mr. Dowton.*	*Mr. Murray.*
BELCOUR	*Mr. Elliston.*	*Mr. Lewis.*
MAJOR O'FLAHERTY	*Mr. Johnstone.*	*Mr. Waddy.*
CAPTAIN DUDLEY	*Mr. Dormer.*	*Mr. Hull.*
CHARLES DUDLEY	*Mr. De Camp.*	*Mr. Claremont.*
VARLAND	*Mr. Cherry.*	*Mr. Emery.*
STUKELY	*Mr. Maddocks.*	*Mr. Davenport.*
FULMER	*Mr. Purser.*	*Mr. Thompson.*
LADY RUSPORT	*Mrs. Sparks.*	*Mrs. Davenport.*
CHARLOTTE RUSPORT	*Miss Duncan.*	*Mrs. Glover.*
LOUISA DUDLEY	*Miss Mellon.*	*Mrs. H. Johnstone*
MRS. FULMER	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Mrs. Gilbert.*
LUCY	*Mrs. Scott.*	*Miss Leserve.*

SCENE,—London.

THE

WEST INDIAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Merchant's Compting House.

In an inner Room, set off by Glass Doors, are discovered several CLERKS, *employed at their Desks. A Writing Table in the Front Room.* STOCKWELL *is discovered, reading a Letter;—*STUKELY *comes gently out of the Back Room, and observes him some Time before he speaks.*

Stuke. He seems disordered: something in that letter; and, I'm afraid, of an unpleasant sort.—He has many ventures of great account at sea: a ship richly freighted for Barcelona; another for Lisbon; and others expected from Cadiz, of still greater value. Besides these, I know he has many deep concerns in foreign bottoms, and underwritings to a vast amount. I'll accost him—Sir—Mr. Stockwell!

Stock. Stukely!—Well, have you shipped the cloths?

Stuke. I have, sir; here's the bill of lading, and

copy of the invoice; the assortments are all compared: Mr. Traffic will give you the policy upon 'Change.

Stock. 'Tis very well—lay these papers by; and no more of business for a while. Shut the door, Stukely; I have had long proof of your friendship and fidelity to me; a matter of most intimate concern lies on my mind, and 'twill be a sensible relief to unbosom myself to you; I have just now been informed of the arrival of the young West Indian, I have so long been expecting—you know whom I mean?

Stuke. Yes, sir; Mr. Belcour, the young gentleman, who inherited old Belcour's great estate in Jamaica.

Stock. Hush! not so loud; come a little nearer this way. This Belcour, is now in London; part of his baggage is already arrived, and I expect him every minute. Is it to be wondered at, if his coming throws me into some agitation, when I tell you, Stukely, he is my son?

Stuke. Your son!

Stock. Yes, sir, my only son. Early in life, I accompanied his grandfather to Jamaica as his clerk; he had an only daughter, somewhat older than myself; the mother of this gentleman: it was my chance (call it good or ill) to engage her affections; and, as the inferiority of my condition made it hopeless to expect her father's consent, her fondness provided an expedient, and we were privately married; the issue of that concealed engagement is, as I have told you, this Belcour.

Stuke. That event surely discovered your connexion.

Stock. You shall hear. Not many days after our marriage, old Belcour set out for England; and, during his abode here, my wife was, with great secrecy, delivered of this son. Fruitful in expedients to disguise

her situation without parting from her infant, she contrived to have it laid and received at her door as a foundling. After some time her father returned, having left me here; in one of those favourable moments that decide the fortunes of prosperous men, this child was introduced; from that instant he treated him as his own, gave him his name, and brought him up in his family.

Stuke. And did you never reveal this secret, either to old Belcour, or your son?

Stock. Never.

Stuke. Therein you surprise me; a merchant of your eminence, and a member of the British Parliament, might surely aspire, without offence, to the daughter of a planter. In this case too, natural affection would prompt to a discovery.

Stock. Your remark is obvious; nor could I have persisted in this painful silence, but in obedience to the dying injunctions of a beloved wife. This letter, you found me reading, conveyed those injunctions to me; it was dictated in her last illness, and almost in the article of death; (you'll spare me the recital of it) she there conjures me, in terms as solemn as they are affecting, never to reveal the secret of our marriage, or withdraw my son, while her father survived.

Stuke. But on what motives did your unhappy lady found these injunctions?

Stock. Principally, I believe, from apprehension on my account, lest old Belcour, on whom at her decease I wholly depended, should withdraw his protection. My judgment has not suffered by the event: old Belcour is dead, and has bequeathed his whole estate to him we are speaking of.

Stuke. Now then you are no longer bound to secrecy.

Stock. True: but before I publicly reveal myself, I could wish to make some experiment of my son's dis-

position: this can only be done by letting his spirit take its course without restraint; by these means, I think I shall discover much more of his real character under the title of his merchant, than I should under that of his father.

Enter a SAILOR, *ushering in several* BLACK SERVANTS, *carrying Portmanteaus, Trunks, &c.*

Sail. 'Save your honour! is your name Stockwell, pray?

Stock. It is.

Sail. Part of my master Belcour's baggage, an't please you: there's another cargo not far a-stern of us; and the coxswain has got charge of the dumb creatures.

Stock. Pr'ythee, friend, what dumb creatures do you speak of; has Mr. Belcour brought over a collection of wild beasts?

Sail. No, lord love him; no, not he; let me see; there's two green monkeys, a pair of grey parrots, a Jamaica sow and pigs, and a Mangrove dog; that's all.

Stock. Is that all?

Sail. Yes, your honour: Yes, that's all; bless his heart, a' might have brought over the whole island if he would; a' didn't leave a dry eye in it.

Stock. Indeed! Stukely, show them where to bestow their baggage. Follow that gentleman.

Sail. Come, bear a hand, my lads, bear a hand.

[*Exit with* STUKELY *and* SERVANTS.

Stock. If the principal tallies with his purveyors, he must be a singular spectacle in this place: he has a friend, however, in this sea-faring fellow; 'tis no bad prognostic of a man's heart, when his shipmates give him a good word. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Drawing Room.

A FOOTMAN *discovered setting the Chairs by, &c.*

Enter HOUSEKEEPER.

Housek. Why, what a fuss does our good master put himself in about this West Indian! see what a bill of fare I've been forced to draw out; seven and nine, I'll assure you, and only a family dinner, as he calls it: why, if my Lord Mayor was expected, there could'nt be a greater to-do about him.

Foot. I wish to my heart you had but seen the loads of trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus, he has sent hither. An ambassador's baggage, with all the smuggled goods of his family, does not exceed it.

Housek. A fine pickle he'll put the house into: had he been master's own son, and a christian Englishman, there could not be more rout than there is about this Creolian, as they call them.

Foot. No matter for that; he's very rich, and that's sufficient. They say, he has rum and sugar enough belonging to him, to make all the water in the Thames into punch. But I see my master's coming.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter STOCKWELL, *followed by a* SERVANT.

Stock. Where is Mr. Belcour? Who brought this note from him?

Serv. A waiter from the London Tavern, sir; he says, the young gentleman is just dressed, and will be with you directly.

Stock. Show him in when he arrives.

Serv. I shall, sir. I'll have a peep at him first, however; I've a great mind to see this outlandish spark. The sailor fellow says, he'll make rare doings amongst us. [*Aside.*

Stock. You need not wait; leave me. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Let me see. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I write to you under the hands of the hair dresser; as soon as I have made myself decent, and slipped on some fresh clothes, I will have the honour of paying you my devoirs.

Yours,

BELCOUR.

He writes at his ease; for he's unconscious to whom his letter is addressed; but what a palpitation does it throw my heart into; a father's heart! 'Tis an affecting interview; when my eyes meet a son, whom yet they never saw, where shall I find constancy to support it? Should he resemble his mother, I am overthrown. All the letters I have had from him, (for I industriously drew him into a correspondence with me) bespeak him of quick and ready understanding. All the reports I ever received, give me favourable impressions of his character, wild, perhaps, as the manner of his country is; but, I trust, not frantic or unprincipled.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the foreign gentleman is come.

Enter another SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Belcour.

Enter BELCOUR.

Stock. Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England!

Bel. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met; and the pleasure, this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have made a bad passage at this time o'year.

Bel. Nor did we: courier like, we came posting to your shores, upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; 'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river side I complain of.

Stock. Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river side?

Bel. Innumerable! Your town is as full of defiles as the island of Corsica; and, I believe they are as obstinately defended; so much hurry, bustle, and confusion, on your quays: so many sugar casks, porter butts, and common council men, in your streets, that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labour of Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel. Why, 'faith 'twas all my own fault; accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquitoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rat-

tan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock. All without is as I wish; dear nature, add the rest, and I am happy. [*Aside.*] Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Bel. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better; Was I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but, as a fellow subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

Stock. That's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father! [*Aside.*

Bel. Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stock. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton and a despotic power; but as a subject, which you are bound to govern, with a temperate and restrained authority.

Bel. True, sir, most truly said; mine's a commission, not a right; I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind; but, sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and to virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stock. Come, come, the man, who can accuse, corrects himself.

Bel. Ah! that's an office I am weary of; I wish a friend would take it up; I would to Heaven you had leisure for the employ; but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. Well, I am not discouraged; this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self conceit to combat, that, at least, is not amongst the number.

Bel. No; If I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

Stock. And was I to chuse a pupil, it should be one of your complexion; so if you'll come along with me, we'll agree upon your admission, and enter on a course of lectures directly.

Bel. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY RUSPORT'S *House.*

Enter LADY RUSPORT *and* MISS RUSPORT.

Lady R. Miss Rusport, I desire to hear no more of Captain Dudley and his destitute family; not a shilling of mine shall ever cross the hands of any of them; because my sister chose to marry a beggar, am I bound to support him and his posterity?

Miss R. I think you are.

Lady R. You think I am! and pray where do you find the law that tells you so.

Miss R. I am not proficient enough to quote chapte

and verse; but I take charity to be a mean clause in the great statute of christianity.

Lady R. I say charity, indeed! I am apt to think the distresses of old Dudley, and of his daughter into the bargain, would never break your heart, if there was not a certain young fellow of two and twenty in the case; who, by the happy recommendation of a good person, and the brilliant appointments of an ensigncy, will, if I am not mistaken, cozen you out of a fortune of twice twenty thousand pounds, as soon as ever you are of age to bestow it upon him.

Miss R. A nephew of your ladyship's can never want any other recommendation with me: and, if my partiality for Charles Dudley is acquitted by the rest of the world, I hope Lady Rusport will not condemn me for it.

Lady R. I condemn you! I thank Heaven, Miss Rusport, I am no ways responsible for your conduct; nor is it any concern of mine how you dispose of yourself: you are not my daughter, and, when I married your father, poor Sir Stephen Rusport, I found you a forward spoiled miss of fourteen, far above being instructed by me.

Miss R. Perhaps your ladyship calls this instruction.

Lady R. You are strangely pert; but 'tis no wonder: your mother, I'm told, was a fine lady: and according to the modern style of education you was brought up. It was not so in my young days; there was then some decorum in the world, some subordination, as the great Locke expresses it. Oh! 'twas an edifying sight, to see the regular deportment observed in our family; no giggling, no gossiping was going on there; my good father, Sir Oliver Roundhead, never was seen to laugh himself, nor ever allowed it in his children.

Miss R. Ay; those were happy times, indeed.

Lady R. But, in this forward age, we have coquettes

in the egg-shell, and philosophers in the cradle; girls of fifteen, that lead the fashion in new caps and new opinions, that have their sentiments and their sensations; and the idle fops encourage them in it: O'my conscience, I wonder what it is the men can see in such babies.

Miss R. True, madam; but all men do not overlook the maturer beauties of your ladyship's age; witness your admired Major Dennis O'Flaherty; there's an example of some discernment; I declare to you, when your ladyship is by, the Major takes no more notice of me than if I was part of the furniture of your chamber.

Lady R. The Major, child, has travelled through various kingdoms and climates, and has more enlarged notions of female merit than falls to the lot of an English home-bred lover; in most other countries, no woman on your side forty would ever be named in a polite circle.

Miss R. Right, madam; I've been told that in Vienna they have coquettes upon crutches, and Venuses in their grand climacteric; a lover there celebrates the wrinkles, not the dimples in his mistress's face. The Major, I think, has served in the imperial army.

Lady R. Are you piqued, my young madam? Had my sister, Louisa, yielded to the addresses of one of Major O'Flaherty's person and appearance, she would have had some excuse. but to run away, as she did, at the age of sixteen too, with a man of old Dudley's sort——

Miss R. Was, in my opinion, the most venial trespass that ever girl of sixteen committed; of a noble family, an engaging person, strict honour, and sound understanding, what accomplishment was there wanting in Captain Dudley, but that which the prodigality of his ancestors had deprived him of?

Lady R. They left him as much as he deserves;

hasn't the old man captain's half pay? And is not the son an ensign?

Miss R. An ensign! Alas, poor Charles! Would to Heaven he knew what my heart feels and suffers for his sake.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Ensign Dudley, to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady R. Who! Dudley! What can have brought him to town?

Miss R. Dear madam, 'tis Charles Dudley, 'tis your nephew.

Lady R. Nephew! I renounce him as my nephew; Sir Oliver renounced him as his grandson; Didn't the poor dear good old man leave his fortune to me, except a small annuity to my maiden sister, who spoiled her constitution with nursing him? And, depend upon it, not a penny of that fortune shall ever be disposed of otherwise than according to the will of the donor.

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

So, young man, whence came you? What brings you to town?

Charles. If there is any offence in my coming to town, your ladyship is in some degree responsible for it, for part of my errand was to pay my duty here.

Lady R. Coxcomb! And where is your father, child; and your sister? Are they in town too?

Charles. They are.

Lady R. Ridiculous! I don't know what people do in London, who have no money to spend in it.

Miss R. Dear madam, speak more kindly to your nephew; how can you oppress a youth of his sensibility?

Lady R. Miss Rusport, I insist upon your retiring

to your apartment; when I want your advice, I'll send to you. [*Exit* Miss Rusport.] So you have put on a red coat too, as well as your father; 'tis plain what value you set upon the good advice Sir Oliver used to give you; how often has he cautioned you against the army?

Charles. Had it pleased my grandfather to enable me to have obeyed his caution, I would have done it; but you well know how destitute I am; and 'tis not to be wondered at if I prefer the service of my king to that of any other master.

Lady R. Well, well, take your own course; 'tis no concern of mine: you never consulted me.

Charles. I frequently wrote to your ladyship, but could obtain no answer; and, since my grandfather's death, this is the first opportunity I have had of waiting upon you.

Lady R. I must desire you not to mention the death of that dear good man in my hearing; my spirits cannot support it.

Charles. I shall obey you: permit me say, that, as that event has richly supplied you with the materials of bounty, the distresses of my family can furnish you with objects of it.

Lady R. The distresses of your family, child, are quite out of the question at present; had Sir Oliver been pleased to consider them, I should have been well content; but he has absolutely taken no notice of you in his will, and that to me must and shall be a law. Tell your father and your sister, I totally disapprove of their coming up to town.

Charles. Must I tell my father that, before your ladyship knows the motive that brought him hither? Allured by the offer of exchanging for a commission on full pay, the veteran, after thirty years service, prepares to encounter the fatal heats of Senegambia; but wants a small supply to equip him for the expedition.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Major O'Flaherty, to wait on your ladyship.

Enter MAJOR.

O'Fla. Spare your speeches, young man; don't you think her ladyship can take my word for that? I hope, madam, 'tis evidence enough of my being present, when I have the honour of telling you so myself.

Lady R. Major O'Flaherty, I am rejoiced to see you. Nephew Dudley, you perceive I'm engaged.

Charles. I shall not intrude upon your ladyship's more agreeable engagements. I presume I have my answer?

Lady R. Your answer, child! What answer can you possibly expect? or how can your romantic father suppose that I am to abet him in all his idle and extravagant undertakings? Come, Major, let me show you the way into my dressing-room; and let us leave this young adventurer to his meditation. [*Exit.*

O'Fla. I follow you, my lady. Young gentleman, your obedient! Upon my conscience, as fine a young fellow as I would wish to clap my eyes on: he might have answered my salute, however—well, let it pass; Fortune, perhaps, frowns upon the poor lad; she's a damn'd slippery lady, and very apt to jilt us poor fellows, that wear cockades in our hats. Fare thee well, honey, whoever thou art. [*Exit.*

Charles. So much for the virtues of a puritan—out upon it; her heart is flint.

Enter MISS RUSPORT.

Miss R. Stop, stay a little, Charles; whither are you going in such haste?

Charles. Madam; Miss Rusport; what are your commands?

Miss R. Why so reserved? We had used to answer to no other names than those of Charles and Charlotte.

Charles. What ails you? You have been weeping.

Miss R. No, no; or if I have, your eyes are full too; but I have a thousand things to say to you: before you go, tell me, I conjure you, where you are to be found; here, give me your direction; write it upon the back of this visiting ticket—Have you a pencil?

Charles. I have: but why should you desire to find us out? 'tis a poor little inconvenient place; my sister has no apartment fit to receive you in.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, my lady desires your company directly.

Miss R. I am coming—well, have you wrote it? Give it me. O, Charles! either you do not, or you will not, understand me. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in FULMER'S *House.*

FULMER *and* MRS. FULMER.

Mrs. Ful. Why, how you sit, musing and moping, sighing and despondingg! I'm ashamed of you, Mr.

Fulmer: is this the country you described to me, a second Eldorado, rivers of gold and rocks of diamonds? You found me in a pretty snug retired way of life at Bologne, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and wholly at my ease. Fool that I was, to be inveigled into it by you: but, thank Heaven, our partnership is revocable; I am not your wedded wife, praised be my stars! for what have we got, whom have we gulled but ourselves? which of all your trains has taken fire? even this poor expedient of your bookseller's shop seems abandoned; for if a chance customer drops in, who is there, pray, to help him to what he wants?

Ful. Patty, you know it is not upon slight grounds that I despair; there had used to be a livelihood to be picked up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest: I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last: there is not a point to which the wit and faculty of man can turn, that I have not set mine to; but in vain, I am beat through every quarter of the compass.

Mrs. Ful. Ah! common efforts all: strike me a master-stroke, Mr. Fulmer, if you wish to make any figure in this country.

Ful. But where, how, and what? I have blustered for prerogative; I have bellowed for freedom; I have offered to serve my country; I have engaged to betray it; a master stroke, truly! why, I have talked treason, writ treason, and, if a man can't live by that, he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, why, men leave off reading; and if I was to turn butcher, I believe, o'my conscience, they'd leave off eating.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY *crosses the Stage.*

Mrs. Ful. Why, there now's your lodger, old Captain Dudley, as he calls himself; there's no flint

without fire; something might be struck out of him, if you had the wit to find the way.

Ful. Hang him, an old dry-skinned curmudgeon; you may as well think to get truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic: I can make nothing of him; besides, he's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs. Ful. The more fool he! Would any man be poor, that had such a prodigy in his possession?

Ful. His daughter, you mean; she is, indeed, uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs. Ful. Beautiful! Why, she need only be seen, to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet. Egad, I wish I had the leasing of her beauty; what would some of our young Nabobs give——?

Ful. Hush! here comes the Captain; good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let me try what I can make of him.

Mrs. Ful. Captain, truly! i'faith I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY.

Ful. Captain Dudley, good morning to you.

Dud. Mr. Fulmer, I have borrowed a book from your shop; 'tis the sixth volume of my deceased friend Tristram: he is a flattering writer to us poor soldiers; and the divine story of Le Fevre, which makes part of this book, in my opinion of it, does honour, not to its author only, but to human nature.

Ful. He's an author I keep in the way of trade, but one I never relished: he is much too loose and profligate for my taste.

Dud. That's being too severe: I hold him to be a moralist in the noblest sense; he plays, indeed, with the fancy, and sometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but while he thus designedly masks his main attack,

he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence.

Ful. Well, sir, I shall not oppose your opinion; a favourite author is like a favourite mistress; and there, you know, Captain, no man likes to have his taste arraigned.

Dud. Upon my word, sir, I don't know what a man likes in that case; 'tis an experiment I never made.

Ful. Sir!—Are you serious?

Dud. 'Tis of little consequence whether you think so.

Ful. What a formal old prig it is! [*Aside.*]—I apprehend you, sir; you speak with caution; you are married?

Dud. I have been.

Ful. And this young lady, which accompanies you—

Dud. Passes for my daughter.

Ful. Passes for his daughter! humph—[*Aside.*]—She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplished, of a most enchanting shape and air.

Dud. You are much too partial; she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Ful. How so, pray?

Dud. She has no fortune.

Ful. Rather say, that you have none; and that's a sore defect in one of your years, Captain Dudley: you have served no doubt?

Dud. Familiar coxcomb! But I'll humour him. [*Aside.*

Ful. A close old fox! but I'll unkennel him. [*Aside.*

Dud. Above thirty years I've been in the service, Mr. Fulmer.

Ful. I guessed as much; I laid it at no less: why, tis a wearisome time; 'tis an apprenticeship to a pro-

fession, fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely followed: you never could have been so far behind hand in the chase, unless you had palpably mistaken your way. You'll pardon me; but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dud. It may be so; and you, perhaps, can give me better counsel. I am now soliciting a favour; an exchange to a company on full pay; nothing more; and yet I meet a thousand bars to that; though, without boasting, I should think the certificate of services, which I sent in, might have purchased that indulgence to me.

Ful. Who thinks or cares about them? Certificate of services, indeed! Send in a certificate of your fair daughter; carry her in your hand with you.

Dud. What! Who! My daughter! Carry my daughter! Well, and what then?

Ful. Why, then your fortune's made, that's all.

Dud. I understand you: and this you call knowledge of the world! Despicable knowledge; but, sirrah, I will have you know— [*Threatening him.*

Ful. Help! Who's within? Would you strike me, sir? would you lift up your hand against a man in his own house?

Dud. In a church, if he dare insult the poverty of a man of honour.

Ful. Have a care what you do; remember there is such a thing in law as an assault and battery; ay, and such trifling forms as warrants and indictments.

Dud. Go, sir; you are too mean for my resentment: 'tis that, and not the law, protects you. Hence!

Ful. An old, absurd, incorrigible blockhead! I'll be revenged of him. [*Aside.*

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

Charles. What is the matter, sir? Sure I heard an outcry as I entered the house.

Dud. Not unlikely; our landlord and his wife are for ever wrangling.—Did you find your aunt Dudley at home?

Charles. I did.

Dud. And what was your reception?

Charles. Cold as our poverty and her pride could make it.

Dud. You told her the pressing occasion I had for a small supply to equip me for this exchange; has she granted me the relief I asked?

Charles. Alas, sir! she has peremptorily refused it.

Dud. That's hard; that's hard, indeed! My petition was for a small sum; she has refused it, you say: well, be it so; I must not complain. Did you see the broker, about the insurance on my life?

Charles. There again I am the messenger of ill news; I can raise no money, so fatal is the climate: alas! that ever my father should be sent to perish in such a place!

Enter LOUISA DUDLEY.

Dud. Louisa, what's the matter? you seem frighted.

Lou. I am, indeed: coming from Miss Rusport's, I met a young gentleman in the streets, who has beset me in the strangest manner.

Charles. Insufferable! Was he rude to you?

Lou. I cannot say he was absolutely rude to me, but he was very importunate to speak to me, and once or twice attempted to lift up my hat; he followed me to the corner of the street, and there I gave him the slip.

Dud. You must walk no more in the streets, child, without me, or your brother.

Lou. O Charles! Miss Rusport desires to see you directly; Lady Rusport is gone out, and she has something particular to say to you.

Charles. Have you any commands for me, sir?

Dud. None, my dear; by all means wait upon Miss Rusport. Come, Louisa; I must desire you to go up to your chamber, and compose yourself. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELCOUR, *after peeping in at the Door.*

Bel. Not a soul, as I'm alive. Why, what an odd sort of a house is this! Confound the little jilt, she has fairly given me the slip. A plague upon this London, I shall have no luck in it: such a crowd, and such a hurry, and such a number of shops, and one so like the other, that whether the wench turned into this house or the next, or whether she went up stairs or down stairs, (for there's a world above and a world below, it seems) I declare, I know no more than if I was in the Blue Mountains. In the name of all the devils at once, why did she run away? If every handsome girl I meet in this town is to lead me such a wildgoose chase, I had better have stayed in the torrid zone: I shall be wasted to the size of a sugar cane: what shall I do? give the chase up? hang it, that's cowardly: shall I, a true born son of Phœbus, suffer this little nimble-footed Daphne to escape me?—" Forbid it, honour, and forbid, it love." Hush! hush! here she comes! Oh! the devil! What tawdry thing have we got here?

Enter MRS. FULMER.

Mrs. Ful. Your humble servant, sir.

Bel. Your humble servant, madam.

Mrs. Ful. A fine summer's day, sir.

Bel. Yes, ma'am; and so cool, that, if the Calendar didn't call it July, I should swear it was January.

Mrs. Ful. Sir!

Bel. Madam!

Mrs. Ful. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Fulmer, sir?

Bel. Mr. Fulmer, madam? I hav'nt the honour of knowing such a person.

Mrs. Ful. No! 'Tis the Captain, I suppose, you are waiting for.

Bel. I rather suspect it is the Captain's wife.

Mrs. Ful. The Captain has no wife, sir.

Bel. No wife! I'm heartily sorry for it; for then she's his mistress; and that I take to be the more desperate case of the two. Pray, madam, wasn't there a lady just now turned into your house? 'Twas with her I wished to speak.

Mrs. Ful. What sort of a lady, pray?

Bel. One of the loveliest sort my eyes ever beheld; young, tall, fresh, fair; in short, a goddess.

Mrs. Ful. Nay, but dear, dear sir, now I'm sure you flatter; for 'twas me you followed into the shop door this minute.

Bel. You! No, no, take my word for it, it was not you, madam.

Mrs. Ful. But what is it you laugh at?

Bel. Upon my soul, I ask your pardon; but it was not you, believe me; be assured it wasn't.

Mrs. Ful. Well, sir, I shall not contend for the honour of being noticed by you; I hope you think you wou'dn't have been the first man that noticed me in the streets; however, this I'm positive of, that no living woman but myself has entered these doors this morning.

Bel. Why, then, I'm mistaken in the house, that's all; for it is not humanly possible I can be so far out in the lady. [*Going.*

Mrs. Ful. Coxcomb! But hold—a thought occurs; as sure as can be, he has seen Miss Dudley. A word with you, young gentleman; come back.

Bel. Well, what's your pleasure?

Mrs. Ful. You seem greatly captivated with this young lady; are you apt to fall in love thus at first sight?

Bel. Oh, yes: 'tis the only way I can ever fall in love; any man may tumble into a pit by surprise, none but a fool would walk into one by choice.

Mrs. Ful. You are a hasty lover, it seems; have you spirit to be a generous one? They, that will please the eye, mustn't spare the purse.

Bel. Try me; put me to the proof; bring me to an interview with the dear girl that has thus captivated me, and see whether I have spirit to be grateful.

Mrs. Ful. But how, pray, am I to know the girl you have set your heart on?

Bel. By an undescribable grace, that accompanies every look and action that falls from her; there can be but one such woman in the world, and nobody can mistake that one.

Mrs. Ful. Well, if I should stumble upon this angel in my walks, where am I to find you? What's your name?

Bel. Upon my soul I can't tell you my name.

Mrs. Ful. Not tell me! Why so?

Bel. Because I don't know what it is myself; as yet I have no name.

Mrs. Ful. No name!

Bel. None; a friend, indeed, lent me his; but he forbade me to use it on any unworthy occasion.

Mrs. Ful. But where is your place of abode?

Bel. I have none; I never slept a night in England in my life.

Mrs. Ful. Hey day!

Enter FULMER.

Ful. A fine case, truly, in a free country; a pretty pass things are come to, if a man is to be assaulted in his own house.

Mrs. Ful. Who has assaulted you, my dear?

Ful. Who! why this Captain Drawcansir, this old Dudley, my lodger; but I'll unlodge him; I'll unharbour him, I warrant.

Mrs. Ful. Hush! hush! Hold your tongue man; pocket the affront, and be quiet; I've a scheme on foot will pay you a hundred beatings. Why you surprise me, Mr. Fulmer; Captain Dudley assault you! Impossible.

Ful. Nay, I can't call it an absolute assault; but he threatened me.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, was that all? I thought how it would turn out—A likely thing, truly, for a person of his obliging compassionate turn: no, no, poor Captain Dudley, he has sorrows and distresses enough of his own to employ his spirits, without setting them against other people. Make it up as fast as you can: watch this gentleman out; follow him wherever he goes, and bring me word who and what he is; be sure you don't lose sight of him; I've other business in hand. [*Exit.*

Bel. Pray, sir, what sorrows and distresses have befallen this old gentleman you speak of?

Ful. Poverty, disappointment, and all the distresses attendant thereupon: sorrow enough of all conscience: I soon found how it was with him, by his way of living, low enough of all reason; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

Bel. What did you overhear this morning?

Ful. Why, it seems he wants to join his regiment, and has been beating the town over to raise a little money for that purpose upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going, is so unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

Bel. Why, then your town is a damned good-for-nothing town: and I wish I had never come into it.

Ful. That's what I say, sir; the hard-heartedness of some folks is unaccountable. There's an old Lady

Rusport, a near relation of this gentleman's; she lives hard by here, opposite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he sent to her a-begging, but to no purpose; though she is as rich as a Jew, she would not furnish him with a farthing.

Bel. Is the Captain at home?

Ful. He is up stairs, sir.

Bel. Will you take the trouble to desire him to step hither! I want to speak to him.

Ful. I'll send him to you directly. I don't know what to make of this young man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or know the reason why. [*Exit.*

Bel. I've lost the girl it seems, that's clear: she was the first object of my pursuit; but the case of this poor officer touches me; and, after all, there may be as much true delight in rescuing a fellow creature from distress, as there would be in plunging one into it——But let me see: it's a point that must be managed with some delicacy—Apropos! there's pen and ink—I've struck upon a method that will do. [*Writes.*] Ay, ay, this is the very thing: 'twas devilish lucky I happened to have these bills about me. There, there, fare you well! I'm glad to be rid of you; you stood a chance of being worse applied, I can tell you.

[*Encloses and Seals the Paper.*

FULMER *brings in* DUDLEY.

Ful. That's the gentleman, sir. I shall make bold, however, to lend an ear.

Dud. Have you any commands for me, sir?

Bel. Your name is Dudley, sir?——

Dud. It is.

Bel. You command a company, I think, Captain Dudley?

Dud. I did: I am now upon half-pay.

Bel. You have served some time?

Dud. A pretty many years; long enough to see

some people of more merit, and better interest than myself, made general officers.

Bel. Their merit I may have some doubt of; their interest I can readily give credit to; there is little promotion to be looked for, in your profession, I believe, without friends, Captain?

Dud. I believe so too: have you any other business with me, may I ask?

Bel. Your patience for a moment. I was informed you was about to join your regiment in distant quarters abroad.

Dud. I have been soliciting an exchange to a company on full pay, quartered at James's Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I must drop the undertaking.

Bel. Why so, pray?

Dud. Why so, sir? 'Tis a home question, for a perfect stranger to put; there is something very particular in all this.

Bel. If it is not impertinent, sir, allow me to ask you what reason you have for despairing of success.

Dud. Why, really, sir, mine is an obvious reason, for a soldier to have—Want of money; simply that.

Bel. May I beg to know the sum you have occasion for?

Dud. Truly, sir, I cannot exactly tell you on a sudden; nor is it, I suppose, of any great consequence to you to be informed: but I should guess, in the gross, that two hundred pounds would serve.

Bel. And do you find a difficulty in raising that sum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

Dud. The nature of the climate makes it difficult: I can get no one to insure my life.

Bel. Oh! that's a circumstance may make for you, as well as against: in short, Captain Dudley, it so happens, that I can command the sum of two hundred pounds: seek no farther; I'll accommodate you with it upon easy terms.

Dud. Sir! do I understand you rightly?—I beg your pardon; but am I to believe that you are in earnest?

Bel. What is your surprise? Is it an uncommon thing for a gentleman to speak truth? Or is it incredible that one fellow creature should assist another?

Dud. I ask your pardon—May I beg to know to whom?—Do you propose this in the way of business?

Bel. Entirely: I have no other business on earth.

Dud. Indeed! you are not a broker, I'm persuaded.

Bel. I am not.

Dud. Nor an army agent, I think?

Bel. I hope you will not think the worse of me for being neither; in short, sir, if you will peruse this paper, it will explain to you who I am, and upon what terms I act; while you read it, I will step home, and fetch the money: and we will conclude the bargain without loss of time. In the mean while, good day to you. [*Exit hastily.*

Dud. Humph! there's something very odd in all this—let me see what we've got here—This paper is to tell me who he is, and what are his terms: in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it? Hey day! what's here? Two Bank notes, of a hundred each! I can't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will show me. "Accept this trifle; pursue your fortune, and prosper." Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

Enter MAJOR O'FLAHERTY.

O'Fla. 'Save you, my dear! Is it you now that are Captain Dudley, I would ask?——Whuh! What's the hurry the man's in? If 'tis the lad that run out of the shop you would overtake, you might as well stay where you are; by my soul he's as nimble as a Croat, you are a full hour's march in his rear—Ay

faith, you may as well turn back, and give over the pursuit; well, Captain Dudley, if that's your name, there's a letter for you. Read, man; read it; and I'll have a word with you after you have done.

Dud. More miracles on foot! So, so, from Lady Rusport.

O'Fla. You're right; it's from her ladyship.

Dud. Well, sir, I have cast my eye over it; 'tis short and peremptory; are you acquainted with the contents?

O Fla. Not at all, my dear; not at all.

Dud. Have you any message from Lady Rusport?

O'Fla. Not a syllable, honey: only, when you've digested the letter, I've a little bit of a message to deliver you from myself.

Dud. And may I beg to know who yourself is?

O'Fla. Dennis O'Flaherty, at your service; a poor Major of Grenadiers; nothing better.

Dud. So much for your name and title, sir; now be so good to favour me with your message.

O'Fla. Why then, Captain, I must tell you I have promised Lady Rusport you shall do whatever it is she bids you to do in that letter there.

Dud. Ay, indeed; have you undertaken so much, Major, without knowing either what she commands, or what I can perform?

O'Fla. That's your concern, my dear, not mine; I must keep my word, you know.

Dud. Or else, I suppose, you and I must measure swords.

O'Fla. Upon my soul you've hit it.

Dud. That would hardly answer to either of us; you and I have, probably, had enough of fighting in our time before now.

O'Fla. Faith and troth, Master Dudley, you may say that; 'tis thirty years, come the time, that I have followed the trade, and in a pretty many countries.—Let me see—In the war before last I served in the

Irish brigade, d'ye see; there, after bringing off the French monarch, I left his service, with a British bullet in my body, and this ribband in my button-hole. Last war I followed the fortunes of the German eagle, in the corps of grenadiers; there I had my bellyful of fighting, and a plentiful scarcity of every thing else. After six and twenty engagements, great and small, I went off with this gash on my scull, and a kiss of the Empress Queen's sweet hand, (Heaven bless it!) for my pains. Since the peace, my dear, I took a little turn with the confederates there in Poland—but such another set of madcaps!—by the Lord Harry, I never knew what it was they were scuffling about.

Dud. Well, Major, I won't add another action to the list; you shall keep your promise with Lady Rusport; she requires me to leave London; I shall go in a few days, and you may take what credit you please from my compliance.

O'Fla. Give me your hand, my dear boy! this will make her my own; when that's the case, we shall be brothers, you know, and we'll share her fortune between us.

Dud. Not so, Major; the man, who marries Lady Rusport, will have a fair title to her fortune without division. But, I hope, your expectations of prevailing are founded upon good reasons.

O'Fla. Upon the best grounds in the world; first, I think she will comply, because she is a woman; secondly, I am persuaded she won't hold out long, because she's a widow: and thirdly, I make sure of her, because I have married five wives, (*en militaire*, Captain) and never failed yet; and, for what I know, they are all alive and merry at this very hour.

Dud. Well, sir, go on, and prosper; if you can inspire Lady Rusport with half your charity, I shall think you deserve all her fortune; at present, I must beg your excuse: good morning to you. [*Exit.*

O'Fla. A good sensible man, and very much of a

soldier; I did not care if I was better acquainted with him: but 'tis an awkward kind of country for that; the English, I observe, are close friends, but distant acquaintance. I suspect the old lady has not been over generous to poor Dudley; I shall give her a little touch about that: upon my soul, I know but one excuse a person can have for giving nothing, and that is, like myself, having nothing to give. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY RUSPORT'S *House.*

A Dressing Room.

MISS RUSPORT *and* LUCY.

Miss R. Well, Lucy, you've dislodged the old lady at last; but methought you was a tedious time about it.

Lucy. A tedious time, indeed; I thought I should never have got her out of the house.

Miss R. But where's Charles Dudley? Run down, dear girl, and be ready to let him in; I think he's as long in coming as she was in going.

Lucy. Why, indeed, madam, you seem the more alert of the two, I must say. [*Exit.*

Miss R. Now the deuce take the girl, for putting that notion into my head: I am sadly afraid Dudley does not like me; so much encouragement as I have given him to declare himself, I never could get a word from him on the subject! This may be very honourable, but upon my life it's very provoking. By the way, I wonder how I look to day: Oh! shockingly!

hideously pale!, like a witch!—This is the old lady's glass, and she has left some of her wrinkles on it.—How frightfully have I put on my cap! all awry! and my hair dressed so unbecoming! altogether, I'm a most complete fright——

Enter CHARLES, *unobserved.*

Charles. That I deny.

Miss R. Ah!

Charles. Quarrelling with your glass, cousin? Make it up, make it up, and be friends; it cannot compliment you more than by reflecting you as you are.

Miss R. Well, I vow, my dear Charles, that is delightfully said, and deserves my very best courtesy: your flattery, like a rich jewel, has a value, not only from its superior lustre, but from its extraordinary scarceness: I verily think, this is the only civil speech you ever directed to my person in your life.

Charles. And I ought to ask pardon of your good sense, for having done it now.

Miss R. Nay, now you relapse again: don't you know, if you keep well with a woman on the great score of beauty, she'll never quarrel with you on the trifling article of good sense?—But any thing serves to fill up a dull, yawning, hour, with an insipid cousin; you have brighter moments, and warmer spirits, for the dear girl of your heart.

Charles. Oh, fie upon you! fie upon you!

Miss R. You blush, and the reason is apparent:—you are a novice at hypocrisy; but no practice can make a visit of ceremony pass for a visit of choice: love is ever before its time; friendship is apt to lag a little after it.—Pray, Charles, did you make any extraordinary haste hither?

Charles. By your question, I see, you acquit me of the impertinence of being in love.

Miss R. But why impertinence? Why the imper-

tinence of being in love?—You have one language for me, Charles, and another for the woman of your affection.

Charles. You are mistaken—the woman of my affection shall never hear any other language from me, than what I use to you.

Miss R. I am afraid then, you'll never make yourself understood by her.

Charles. It is not fit I should; there is no need of love to make me miserable; 'tis wretchedness enough to be a beggar.

Miss R. A beggar do you call yourself! O Charles, Charles, rich in every merit and accomplishment, whom may you not aspire to? And why think you so unworthily of our sex, as to conclude there is not one to be found with sense to discern your virtue, and generosity to reward it?

Charles. You distress me;—I must beg to hear no more.

Miss R. Well, I can be silent.——Thus does he always serve me, whenever I am about to disclose myself to him. [*Aside.*

Charles. Why do you not banish me and my misfortunes for ever from your thoughts?

Miss R. Ay, wherefore do I not, since you never allowed me a place in yours?—But, go, sir; I have no right to stay you; go where your heart directs you; go to the happy, the distinguished, fair one.

Charles. Now, by all that's good, you do me wrong; there is no such fair one for me to go to, nor have I an acquaintance among the sex, yourself excepted, which answers to that description.

Miss R. Indeed!

Charles. In very truth—there, then, let us drop the subject.—May you be happy, though I never can!

Miss R. O Charles! give me your hand; if I have offended you, I ask your pardon: you have been long

acquainted with my temper, and know how to bear with its infirmities.

Charles. Thus, my dear Charlotte, let us seal our reconciliation!—[*Kissing her Hand.*] Bear with thy infirmities! By Heaven, I know not any one failing in thy whole composition, except, that of too great a partiality for an undeserving man.

Miss R. And you are now taking the very course to augment that failing.—A thought strikes me;—I have a commission that you must absolutely execute for me;—I have immediate occasion for the sum of two hundred pounds; you know my fortune is shut up till I am of age; take this paltry box, (it contains my earrings, and some other baubles I have no use for) carry it to our opposite neighbour, Mr. Stockwell, (I don't know where else to apply) leave it as a deposit in his hands, and beg him to accommodate me with the sum.

Charles. Dear Charlotte, what are you about to do? How can you possibly want two hundred pounds?

Miss R. How can I possibly do without it, you mean? Doesn't every lady want two hundred pounds? Perhaps, I have lost it at play—perhaps, I mean to win as much to it—perhaps, I want it for two hundred different uses.

Charles. Pooh! pooh! all this is nothing; don't I know you never play?

Miss R. You mistake; I have a spirit to set, not only this trifle, but my whole fortune upon a stake; therefore make no wry faces, but do as I bid you. You will find Mr. Stockwell a very honourable gentleman.

Enter LUCY, *in Haste.*

Lucy. Dear madam, as I live, here comes the old lady in a hackney coach.

Miss R. The old chariot has given her a second

tumble:—away with you! you know your way out, without meeting her. Take the box, and do as I desire you.

Charles. I must not dispute your orders. Farewell!

[*Exeunt* CHARLES *and* MISS RUSPORT.

Enter LADY RUSPORT, *leaning on* MAJOR O'FLAHERTY'S *Arm.*

O'Fla. Rest yourself upon my arm; never spare it; 'tis strong enough; it has stood harder service than you can put it to.

Lucy. Mercy upon me, what is the matter? I am frightened out of my wits—Has your ladyship had an accident?

Lady R. O Lucy, the most untoward one in nature: I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Fla. Never go about to repair it, my lady; even build a new one; 'twas but a crazy piece of business at best.

Lucy. Bless me, is the old chariot broke down with you again?

Lady R. Broke, child! I don't know what might have been broke, if by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Lucy. Dear madam, let me run and fetch you a cup of the cordial drops.

Lady R. Do, Lucy. [*Exit* LUCY.] Alas, sir! ever since I lost my husband, my poor nerves have been shook to pieces:——there hangs his beloved picture; that precious relic, and a plentiful jointure, is all that remains to console me for the best of men.

O'Fla. Let me see—i'faith a comely personage; by his fur cloak, I suppose, he was in the Russian service; and by the gold chain round his neck, I should guess, he had been honoured with the order of St. Catharine.

Lady R. No, no; he meddled with no St. Catha-

rines—that's the habit he wore in his mayoralty; Sir Stephen was Lord Mayor of London—but he is gone, and has left me, a poor, weak, solitary, widow, behind him.

O'Fla. By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty, man, to repair his loss:—if such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur gown there——

Lady R. What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Fla. Not I, by my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case.

Enter LUCY.

Lady R. Oh, are you come? Give me the drops—I'm all in a flutter.

O'Fla. Harkye, sweetheart, what are those same drops? Have you any more left in the bottle? I didn't care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy. Oh, sir, they are called the cordial restorative elixir, or the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies' cases.

O'Fla. Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen as well as ladies, that stand in need of those same golden drops; they'd suit my case to a tittle.

Lady R. Well, Major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and begone?

O'Fla. You are obeyed—he's on his march.

Lady R. That's well; you have managed this matter to perfection; I didn't think he would have been so easily prevailed upon.

O'Fla. At the first word: no difficulty in life; 'twas the very thing he was determined to do, before I came; I never met a more obliging gentleman.

Lady R. Well, 'tis no matter; so I am but rid of

him, and his distresses: would you believe it, Major O'Flaherty, it was but this morning he sent a-begging to me for money to fit him out upon some wild-goose expedition to the coast of Africa, I know not where.

O'Fla. Well, you sent him what he wanted?

Lady R. I sent him what he deserved, a flat refusal.

O'Fla. You refused him?

Lady R. Most undoubtedly.

O'Fla. You sent him nothing!

Lady R. Not a shilling.

O'Fla. Good morning to you—Your servant—

[*Going.*

Lady R. Hey day! what ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Fla. Out of your house, before the roof falls on my head—to poor Dudley, to share the little modicum, that thirty years hard service has left me; I wish it was more, for his sake.

Lady R. Very well, sir; take your course; I sha'n't attempt to stop you; I shall survive it; it will not break my heart, if I never see you more.

O'Fla. Break your heart! No, o'my conscience will it not.—You preach, and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the while you are as hard-hearted as a hyena—A hyena, truly! by my soul, there isn't in the whole creation, so savage an animal as a human creature without pity! [*Exit.*

Lady R. A hyena, truly! [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in STOCKWELL'S *House.*

STOCKWELL *and* BELCOUR.

Stock. Gratify me so far, however, Mr. Belcour, as to see Miss Rusport; carry her the sum she wants, and return the poor girl her box of diamonds, which Dudley left in my hands: you know what to say on the occasion better than I do; that part of your commission I leave to your own discretion, and you may season it with what gallantry you think fit.

Bel. You could not have pitched upon a greater bungler at gallantry than myself, if you had rummaged every company in the city, and the whole court of aldermen into the bargain:—part of your errand, however, I will do; but whether it shall be with an ill grace or a good one, depends upon the caprice of a moment, the humour of the lady, the mode of our meeting, and a thousand undefinable small circumstances, that, nevertheless, determine us upon all the great occasions of life.

Stock. I persuade myself you will find Miss Rusport an ingenious, worthy, animated, girl.

Bel. Why, I like her the better, as a woman; but name her not to me as a wife! No, if ever I marry, it must be a stayed, sober, considerate, damsel, with blood in her veins as cold as a turtle's: with such a compa-

nion at my elbow, for ever whispering in my ear—Have a care of this man, he's a cheat; don't go near that woman, she's a jilt; overhead there's a scaffold, underfoot there's a well. Oh, sir! such a woman might lead me up and down this great city without difficulty or danger; but with a girl of Miss Rusport's complexion, heaven and earth, sir! we should be duped, undone, and distracted, in a fortnight.

Stock. Ha! ha! ha! Why, you are become wonderous circumspect of a sudden, pupil: and if you can find such a prudent damsel as you describe, you have my consent—only beware how you chuse; discretion is not the reigning quality amongst the fine ladies of the present time; and, I think, in Miss Rusport's particular, I have given you no bad counsel.

Bel. Well, well, if you'll fetch me the jewels, I believe, I can undertake to carry them to her: but as for the money, I'll have nothing to do with that: Dudley would be your fittest ambassador on that occasion; and, if I mistake not, the most agreeable to the lady.

Stock. Why, indeed, from what I know of the matter, it may not improbably be destined to find its way into his pockets. [*Exit.*

Bel. Then, depend upon it, these are not the only trinkets she means to dedicate to Captain Dudley.—As for me, Stockwell, indeed, wants me to marry; but till I can get this bewitching girl, this incognita, out of my head, I can never think of any other woman.

Enter a SERVANT, *and delivers a Letter.*

Hey day! Where can I have picked up a correspondent already? 'Tis a most execrable manuscript——Let me see——*Martha Fulmer*—Who is Martha Fulmer?—Pshaw! I won't be at the trouble of decyphering her damned pothooks.—Hold, hold, hold; what have we got here?

DEAR SIR,

I have discovered the lady, you was so much smitten with, and can procure you an interview with her; if you can be as generous to a pretty girl, as you was to a paltry old captain,——How did she find that out? ——*you need not despair; come to me immediately; the lady is now in my house, and expects you.*

Yours,
MARTHA FULMER.

O thou dear, lovely, and enchanting paper! which I was about to tear into a thousand scraps, devoutly I entreat thy pardon: I have slighted thy contents, which are delicious; slandered thy characters, which are divine; and all the atonement I can make, is implicity to obey thy mandates.

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; this letter encloses bills for the money; and, if you will deliver it to Miss Rusport, you'll have no further trouble on that score.

Bel. Ah! sir, the letter, which I have been reading, disqualifies me for delivering the letter, which you have been writing; I have other game on foot; the loveliest girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started in view, and the world cannot now divert me from pursuing her.

Stock. Hey day! What has turned you thus on a sudden?

Bel. A woman; one that can turn, and overturn, me and my tottering resolutions every way she will. Oh, sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at nature: you must chide the sun, that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakedness, but swaddled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his meridian beams.

Stock. Mere rhapsody: mere childish rhapsody: the libertine's familiar plea——Nature made us, 'tis true, but we are the responsible creatures of our own faults and follies.

Bel. Sir!

Stock. Slave of every face you meet, some hussy has inveigled you; some handsome profligate (the town is full of them); and, when once fairly bankrupt in constitution as well as fortune, nature no longer serves as your excuse for being vicious, necessity, perhaps, will stand your friend, and you'll reform.

Bel. You are severe.

Stock. It fits me to be so—it well becomes a father—I would say, a friend—How strangely I forgot myself!—How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference, and put a mask upon the heart!—I've struck him hard, he reddens.

Bel. How could you tempt me so? Had you not inadvertently dropped the name of father, I fear, our friendship, short as it has been, would scarce have held me—But even your mistake I reverence—Give me your hand—'tis over.

Stock. Generous young man!—Let me embrace you—How shall I hide my tears? I have been to blame; because I bore you the affection of a father, I rashly took up the authority of one. I ask your pardon—pursue your course; I have no right to stop it—What would you have me do with these things?

Bel. This, if I might advise; carry the money to Miss Rusport immediately; never let generosity wait for its materials; that part of the business presses. Give me the jewels: I'll find an opportunity of delivering them into her hands: and your visit may pave the way for my reception. [*Exit.*

Stock. Be it so; good morning to you. Farewell, advice! Away goes he, upon the wing for pleasure. What various passions he awakens in me! He pains, yet pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my

heart. His very failings set him off—for ever trespassing, for ever atoning, I almost think he would not be so perfect, were he free from fault: just such a thoughtless, headlong thing was I, when I beguiled his mother into love. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

FULMER'S *House.*

Enter FULMER *and* MRS. FULMER.

Ful. I tell you, Patty, you are a fool, to think of bringing him and Miss Dudley together: 'twill ruin every thing, and blow your whole scheme up to the moon at once.

Mrs. Ful. Why, sure, Mr. Fulmer, I may be allowed to rear a chicken of my own hatching, as they say. Who first sprung the thought, but I, pray? Who first contrived the plot? Who proposed the letter, but I, I?

Ful. And who dogged the gentleman home? Who found out his name, fortune, connexion: that he was a West Indian, fresh landed, and full of cash; a gull to our heart's content; a hot-brained, headlong, spark, that would run into our trap, like a wheatear under a turf?

Mrs. Ful. Hark! he's come; disappear, march; and leave the field open to my machination.

[*Exit* FULMER.

Enter BELCOUR.

Bel. O, thou dear minister to my happiness, let me embrace thee! Why, thou art my polar star, my pro-

pitious constellation, by which I navigate my impatient bark into the port of pleasure and delight.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, you men are sly creatures! Do you remember now, you cruel, what you said to me this morning?

Bel. All a jest, a frolic; never think on't; bury it for ever in oblivion: thou! why, thou art all over nectar and ambrosia, powder of pearl and odour of roses; thou hast the youth of Hebe, the beauty of Venus, and the pen of Sappho; but, in the name of all that's lovely, where's the lady! I expected to find her with you.

Mrs. Ful. No doubt you did, and these raptures were designed for her; but where have you loitered? the lady's gone—you are too late; girls, of her sort, are not to be kept waiting, like negro slaves in your sugar plantations.

Bel. Gone! whither is she gone? tell me, that I may follow her.

Mrs. Ful. Hold, hold, not so fast, young gentleman, this is a case of some delicacy; should Captain Dudley know that I introduced you to his daughter, he is a man of such scrupulous honour——

Bel. What do you tell me! is she daughter to the old gentleman I met here this morning?

Mrs. Ful. The same; him you was so generous to.

Bel. There's an end of the matter then at once; it shall never be said of me, that I took advantage of the father's necessities to trepan the daughter.

[*Going.*

Mrs. Ful. So, so, I've made a wrong cast; but I won't lose him thus——Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. What is it you laugh at?

Mrs. Ful. Your absolute inexperience; have you lived so very little time in this country, as not to know that, between young people of equal ages, the term of sister often is a cover for that of mistress? This young

lady is, in that sense of the word, sister to young Dudley, and consequently daughter to my old lodger.

Bel. Indeed! are you serious?

Mrs. Ful. Can you doubt it? I must have been pretty well assured of that, before I invited you hither.

Bel. That's true; she cannot be a woman of honour, and Dudley is an unconscionable young rogue, to think of keeping one fine girl in pay, by raising contributions on another; he shall therefore give her up: she is a dear, bewitching, mischievous little devil, and he shall positively give her up.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, now the freak has taken you again; I say give her up! Out-bid him; never dream of out-blustering him. All things, then, will be made easy enough. Let me see, some little genteel present, to begin with; what have you got about you? Ay, search; I can bestow it to advantage, there's no time to be lost.

Bel. Hang it, confound it; a plague upon't, say I! I hav'n't a guinea left in my pocket; I parted from my whole stock here this morning, and have forgot to supply myself since.

Mrs. Ful. Mighty well; let it pass, then: there's an end; think no more of the lady, that's all.

Bel. Distraction! think no more of her? let me step home, and provide myself; I'll be back with you in an instant.

Mrs. Ful. Pooh, pooh! that's a wretched shift; have you nothing of value about you? there are more graceful ways of purchasing a lady's favours; rings, trinkets, jewels!

Bel. Jewels! Gadso, I protest, I had forgot: I have a case of jewels: but they won't do, I must not part from them; no, no, they are appropriated; they are none of my own.

Mrs. Ful. Let me see, let me see! Ay, now, this were something like: pretty creatures, how they sparkle! these would ensure success.

Bel. Indeed!

Mrs. Ful. These would make her your own for ever.

Bel. Then the deuce take them, for belonging to another person; I could find in my heart to give them the girl, and swear I've lost them.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, do, say, they were stolen out of your pocket.

Bel. No, hang it, that's dishonourable; here, give me the paltry things, I'll write you an order on my merchant, for double their value.

Mrs. Ful. An order! No order for me! no order upon merchants, with their value received, and three days grace; their noting, protesting, and indorsing, and all their counting-house formalities; I'll have nothing to do with them; leave your diamonds with me, and give your order for the value of them to the owner; the money would be as good as the trinkets, I warrant you.

Bel. Hey! how! I never thought of that; but a breach of trust; 'tis impossible: I never can consent, therefore give me the jewels back again.

Mrs. Ful. Take them; I am now to tell you, the lady is in this house.

Bel. In this house?

Mrs. Ful. Yes, sir, in this very house; but what of that? you have got what you like better: your toys, your trinkets; go, go; Oh! you are a man of notable spirit, are you not?

Bel. Provoking creature! bring me to the sight of the dear girl, and dispose of me as you think fit.

Mrs. Ful. And of the diamonds too?

Bel. Damn them, I would there was not such a bauble in nature! But, come, come, despatch; if I had the throne of Delhi, I should give it to her.

Mrs. Ful. Swear to me then, that you will keep within bounds; remember, she passes for the sister of young

Dudley. Oh!, if you come to your flights and your rhapsodies, she'll be off in an instant.

Bel. Never fear me.

Mrs. Ful. You must expect to hear her talk of her father, as she calls him, and her brother, and your bounty to her family.

Bel. Ay, ay, never mind what she talks of, only bring her.

Mrs. Ful. You'll be prepared upon that head?

Bel. I shall be prepared, never fear: away with you.

Mrs. Ful. But, hold, I had forgot: not a word of the diamonds; leave that matter to my management.

Bel. Hell and vexation! Get out of the room, or I shall run distracted. [*Exit* MRS. FULMER.] Of a certain, Belcour, thou art born to be the fool of woman! sure no man sins with so much repentance, or repents with so little amendment, as I do. I cannot give away another person's property, honour forbids me; and I positively cannot give up the girl; love, passion, constitution, every thing protests against that. How shall I decide? I cannot bring myself to break a trust, and I am not at present in the humour to baulk my inclinations. Is there no middle way? Let me consider——There is, there is: my good genius has presented me with one: apt, obvious, honourable, the girl shall not go without her baubles: I'll not go without the girl, Miss Rusport shan't lose her diamonds; I'll save Dudley from destruction, and every party shall be a gainer by the project.

Enter MRS. FULMER, *introducing* MISS DUDLEY.

Mrs. Ful. Miss Dudley, this is the worthy gentleman you wish to see; this is Mr. Belcour.

Lou. As I live, the very man that beset me in the streets! [*Aside.*

Bel. An angel, by this light! Oh, I am gone, past all retrieving! [*Aside.*

Lou. Mrs. Fulmer, sir, informs me, you are the gentleman from whom my father has received such civilities.

Bel. Oh, never name them.

Lou. Pardon me, Mr. Belcour, they must be both named and remembered; and if my father was here——

Bel. I am much better pleased with his representative.

Lou. That title is my brother's, sir; I have no claim to it.

Bel. I believe it.

Lou. But as neither he nor my father were fortunate enough to be at home, I could not resist the opportunity—

Bel. Nor I neither, by my soul, madam: let us improve it, therefore. I am in love with you to distraction; I was charmed at the first glance; I attempted to accost you; you fled; I followed; but was defeated of an interview; at length I have obtained one, and seize the opportunity of casting my person and my fortune at your feet.

Lou. You astonish me! Are you in your senses, or do you make a jest of my misfortunes? Do you ground pretences on your generosity, or do you make a practice of this folly with every woman you meet?

Bel. Upon my life, no: as you are the handsomest woman I ever met, so you are the first to whom I ever made the like professions: as for my generosity, madam, I must refer you on that score to this good lady, who I believe has something to offer in my behalf.

Lou. Don't build upon that, sir; I must have better proofs of your generosity, than the mere divest-

ment of a little superfluous dross, before I can credit the sincerity of professions so abruptly delivered.

[*Exit hastily.*

Bel. Oh! ye gods and goddesses, how her anger animates her beauty! [*Going out.*

Mrs. Ful. Stay, sir; if you stir a step after her, I renounce your interest for ever; why, you'll ruin every thing.

Bel. Well, I must have her, cost what it will: I see she understands her own value though; a little superfluous dross, truly! She must have better proofs of my generosity.

Mrs. Ful. 'Tis exactly as I told you; your money she calls dross; she's too proud to stain her fingers with your coin; bait your hook well with jewels; try that experiment, and she's your own.

Bel. Take them; let them go; lay them at her feet; I must get out of the scrape as I can; my propensity is irresistible: there; you have them; they are yours; they are hers; but, remember, they are a trust; I commit them to her keeping, till I can buy them off, with something she shall think more valuable; now tell me when shall I meet her?

Mrs. Ful. How can I tell that? Don't you see what an alarm you have put her into? Oh! you're a rare one! But go your ways for this while; leave her to my management, and come to me at seven this evening; but remember not to bring empty pockets with you——Ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

LADY RUSPORT'S *House.*

Enter MISS RUSPORT, *followed by a* SERVANT.

Miss R. Desire Mr. Stockwell to walk in.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. Madam, your most obedient servant: I am honoured with your commands, by Captain Dudley; and have brought the money with me, as you directed; I understand the sum you have occasion for is two hundred pounds.

Miss R. It is, sir; I am quite confounded at your taking this trouble upon yourself, Mr. Stockwell.

Stock. There is a Bank note, madam, to the amount: your jewels are in safe hands, and will be delivered to you directly. If I had been happy in being better known to you, I should have hoped you would not have thought it necessary to place a deposit in my hands for so trifling a sum as you have now required me to supply you with. I have only to request, madam, that you will allow Mr. Belcour, a young gentleman, in whose happiness I particularly interest myself, to have the honour of delivering you the box of jewels.

Miss R. Most gladly; any friend of yours cannot fail of being welcome here.

Stock. I flatter myself you will not find him totally undeserving your good opinion; an education not of the strictest kind, and strong animal spirits, are apt sometimes to betray him into youthful irregularities; but a high principle of honour, and an uncommon benevolence, in the eye of candour, will, I hope, atone for any faults, by which these good qualities are not impaired.

Miss R. I dare say Mr. Belcour's behaviour wants no apology: we have no right to be over strict in canvassing the morals of a common acquaintance.

Stock. I wish it may be my happiness to see Mr. Belcour in the list, not of your common, but particular acquaintance—of your friends, Miss Rusport—I dare not be more explicit.

Miss R. Nor need you, Mr. Stockwell: I shall be studious to deserve his friendship; and, though I have long since unalterably placed my affections on another, I trust, I have not left myself insensible to the merits of Mr. Belcour; and hope, that neither you nor he will, for that reason, think me less worthy your good opinion and regards.

Stock. Miss Rusport, I sincerely wish you happy: I have no doubt you have placed your affection on a deserving man; and I have no right to combat your choice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELCOUR, *preceded by a* SERVANT.

Serv. I ask your honour's pardon; I thought my young lady was here: who shall I inform her would speak to her?

Bel. Belcour is my name, sir; and pray beg your lady to put herself in no hurry on my account; for I'd sooner see the devil, than see her face. [*Exit* SERVANT.] In the name of all that's mischievous, why did Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A pretty figure, truly, I shall make! an ambassador, without credentials! Blockhead that I was, to charge myself with her diamonds; officious, meddling puppy! Now they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade, Fulmer, wouldn't part even with a sight of them, though I would have ransomed them at twice their value. Now must I trust to my poor wits, to bring me off: a lamentable dependence. Fortune be my helper: Here comes the girl—If she is noble minded, as she is said to be, she will forgive me; if not, 'tis a lost cause; for I have not thought of one word in my excuse.

Enter MISS RUSPORT.

Miss R. Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to see you: your friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to expect this

honour; and I am happy in the opp
known to you.

Bel. A fine girl, by my soul! Now what a cursed hang dog do I look like! [*Aside.*

Miss R. You are newly arrived in this country, sir?

Bel. Just landed, madam; just set ashore, with a large cargo of Muscavado sugars, rum puncheons, mahogany slabs, wet sweetmeats, and green paroquets.

Miss. R. May I ask you how you like London, sir?

Bel. To admiration: I think the town and the town'sfolk are exactly suited; 'tis a great, rich, overgrown, noisy, tumultuous place: the whole morning is a bustle to get money, and the whole afternoon is a hurry to spend it.

Miss R. Are these all the observations you have made?

Bel. No, madam; I have observed the women are very captivating, and the men very soon caught.

Miss R. Ay, indeed! Whence do you draw that conclusion?

Bel. From infallible guides; the first remark I collect from what I now see, the second from what I now feel.

Miss R. Oh, the deuce take you! But, to wave this subject; I believe, sir, this was a visit of business, not compliment; was it not?

Bel. Ay; now comes on my execution.

Miss R. You have some foolish trinkets of mine, Mr. Belcour; hav'n't you?

Bel. No, in truth; they are gone in search of a trinket, still more foolish than themselves. [*Aside.*

Miss R. Some diamonds I mean, sir; Mr. Stockwell informed me you was charged with them.

Bel. Oh, yes, madam; but I have the most treacherous memory in life—Here they are! Pray

put them up; they're all right; you need not examine them. [*Gives a Box.*

Miss R. Hey day! right, sir! Why these are not my diamonds; these are quite different; and, as it should seem, of much greater value.

Bel. Upon my life I'm glad on't; for then I hope you value them more than your own.

Miss R. As a purchaser I should, but not as an owner; you mistake; these belong to somebody else.

Bel. 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to somebody else.

Miss R. What is it you mean? I must insist upon your taking them back again.

Bel. Pray, madam, don't do that; I shall infallibly lose them; I have the worst luck with diamonds of any man living.

Miss R. That you might well say, was you to give me these in the place of mine; but, pray, sir, what is the reason of all this? Why have you changed the jewels? And where have you disposed of mine?

Bel. Miss Rusport, I cannot invent a lie for my life; and, if it was to save it, I cou'dn't tell one: I am an idle, dissipated, unthinking, fellow, not worth your notice: in short, I am a West Indian; and you must try me according to the charter of my colony, not by a jury of English spinsters: the truth is, I have given away your jewels; caught with a pair of sparkling eyes, whose lustre blinded theirs, I served your property as I should my own, and lavished it away; let me not totally despair of your forgiveness: I frequently do wrong, but never with impunity; if your displeasure is added to my own, my punishment will be too severe. When I parted from the jewels, I had not the honour of knowing their owner.

Miss R. Mr. Belcour, your sincerity charms me; I enter at once into your character, and I make all the allowances for it you can desire. I take your jewels for the present, because I know there is no

other way of reconciling you to yo[illegible]
give way to your spirit in one point, [illegible] your
to mine in another: remember, I will not keep more than the value of my own jewels: there is no need to be pillaged by more than one woman at a time, sir.

Enter SERVANT, *and delivers a Letter.*

Does your letter require such haste?

Serv. I was bade to give it into your own hands, madam.

Miss R. From Charles Dudley, I see—have I your permission? Good Heaven, what do I read! Mr. Belcour, you are concerned in this—— [*Reads.*

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

In the midst of our distress, Providence has cast a benefactor in our way, after the most unexpected manner: a young West Indian, rich, and with a warmth of heart peculiar to his climate, has rescued my father from his troubles, satisfied his wants, and enabled him to accomplish his exchange: when I relate to you the manner in which this was done, you will be charmed: I can only now add, that it was by chance we found out that his name is Belcour, and that he is a friend of Mr. Stockwell's. I lose not a moment's time, in making you acquainted with this fortunate event, for reasons which delicacy obliges me to suppress; but, perhaps, if you have not received the money on your jewels, you will not think it necessary now to do it. I have the honour to be,

Dear madam,

most faithfully yours,

CHARLES DUDLEY.

Is this your doing, sir? Never was generosity so worthily exerted.

Bel. Or so greatly overpaid.

Miss R. After what you have now done for this noble, but indigent family, let me not scruple to un-

fold the whole situation of my heart to you. Know then, sir, (and don't think the worse of me for the frankness of my declaration,) that such is my attachment to the son of that worthy officer, whom you relieved, that the moment I am of age, and in possession of my fortune, I should hold myself the happiest of women, to share it with young Dudley.

Bel. Say you so, madam! then let me perish if I don't love and reverence you above all womankind; and, if such is your generous resolution, never wait till you are of age; life is too short, pleasure too fugitive. I'll equip you for your escape—I'll convey you to the man of your heart, and away with you then to the first hospitable parson that will take you in.

Miss R. But, had I spirit to accept your offer, which is not improbable, wouldn't it be a mortifying thing, for a fond girl to find herself mistaken, and sent back to her home, like a vagrant?—and such, for what I know, might be my case.

Bel. Then he ought to be proscribed the society of mankind for ever——Ay, ay, 'tis the sham sister, that makes him thus indifferent; 'twill be a meritorious office, to take that girl out of the way.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Miss Dudley, to wait on you, madam.

Bel. Who?

Serv. Miss Dudley.

Miss R. What's the matter, Mr. Belcour? Are you frighted at the name of a pretty girl?—'Tis the sister of him we were speaking of——Pray admit her.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Bel. The sister!—So, so; he has imposed on her too—this is an extraordinary visit, truly. Upon my soul, the assurance of some folks tis no to be accounted for.

Miss R. I insist upon your not running away;—you'll be charmed with Louisa Dudley.

Bel. Oh yes, I am charmed with her.

Miss R. You have seen her then, have you?

Bel. Yes, yes, I've seen her.

Miss R. Well, isn't she a delightful girl?

Bel. Very delightful.

Miss R. Why, you answer as if you was in a court of justice. O'my conscience, I believe you are caught; I've a notion, she has tricked you out of your heart.

Bel. I believe she has, and you out of your jewels; for, to tell you the truth, she's the very person I gave them to.

Miss R. You gave her my jewels! Louisa Dudley my jewels! admirable! inimitable! Oh, the sly little jade!—but, hush! here she comes; I don't know how I shall keep my countenance.

Enter LOUISA.

My dear, I'm rejoiced to see you; how do you do?—I beg leave to introduce Mr. Belcour, a very worthy friend of mine. I believe, Louisa, you have seen him before.

Lou. I have met the gentleman.

Miss R. You have met the gentleman!—well, sir, and you have met the lady; in short, you have met each other, why, then, don't you speak to each other? How you both stand! tongue tied, and fixed as statues ——Ha! ha! ha! Why, you'll fall asleep by and by.

Lou. Fie upon you, fie upon you; is this fair?

Bel. Upon my soul, I never looked so like a fool in my life—the assurance of that girl, puts me quite down. [*Aside.*

Miss R. Sir—Mr. Belcour—Was it your pleasure to advance any thing? Not a syllable. Come, Louisa,

woman's wit, they say, is never at a loss—Nor you neither?—Speechless both—Why, you was merry enough before this lady came in.

Lou. I am sorry I have been any interruption to your happiness, sir.

Bel. Madam!

Miss R. Madam! Is that all you can say? But come, my dear girl, I won't tease you—apropos! I must show you what a present this dumb gentleman has made me—Are not these handsome diamonds?

Lou. Yes, indeed, they seem very fine; but I am no judge of these things.

Miss R. Oh, you wicked little hypocrite; you are no judge of these things, Louisa; you have no diamonds, not you.

Lou. You know I hav'n't, Miss Rusport: you know those things are infinitely above my reach.

Miss R. Ha! ha! ha!

Bel. She does tell a lie with an admirable countenance, that's true enough. [*Aside.*

Lou. What ails you, Charlotte?—What impertinence have I been guilty of, that you should find it necessary to humble me at such a rate?—If you are happy, long may you be so: but, surely, it can be no addition to it, to make me miserable.

Miss R. So serious; there must be some mystery in this—Mr. Belcour, will you leave us together? You see, I treat you with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance already.

Bel. Oh, by all means; pray command me. Miss Rusport, I am your most obedient! By your condescension in accepting these poor trifles, I am under eternal obligations to you.—To you, Miss Dudley, I shall not offer a word on that subject;—you despise finery; you have a soul above it; I adore your spirit; I was rather unprepared for meeting you here, but I shall hope for an opportunity of making myself better known to you. [*Exit.*

Miss R. Louisa Dudley, you surp[illegible] saw you act thus before: can't you [illegible] nocent raillery before the man of your heart.

Lou. The man of my heart, madam? Be assured I never was so visionary to aspire to any man whom Miss Rusport honours with her choice.

Miss R. My choice, my dear! Why, we are playing at cross purposes: how entered it into your head that Mr. Belcour was the man of my choice?

Lou. Why, didn't he present you with those diamonds?

Miss R. Well; perhaps he did—and pray, Louisa, have you no diamonds?

Lou. I diamonds, truly! Who should give me diamonds?

Miss R. Who, but this very gentleman: apropos! here comes your brother——

Enter CHARLES.

I insist upon referring our dispute to him: your sister and I, Charles, have a quarrel; Belcour, the hero of your letter, has just left us—somehow or other, Louisa's bright eyes have caught him; and the poor fellow's fallen desperately in love with her—(don't interrupt me, hussy)—Well, that's excusable enough, you'll say; but the jest of the story is, that this hair-brained spark, who does nothing like other people, has given her the very identical jewels, which you pledged for me to Mr. Stockwell; and will you believe, that this little demure slut made up a face, and squeezed out three or four hypocritical tears, because I rallied her about it?

Charles. I'm all astonishment! Louisa, tell me, without reserve, has Mr. Belcour given you any diamonds?

Lou. None, upon my honour.

Charles. Has he made any professions to you?

Lou. He has; but altogether in a style so whimsi-

cal and capricious, that the best which can be said of them is to tell you, that they seemed more the result of good spirits than good manners.

Miss R. Ay, ay, now the murder's out; he's in love with her, and she has no very great dislike to him; trust to my observations, Charles, for that: as to the diamonds, there's some mistake about them, and you must clear it up: three minutes conversation with him will put every thing in a right train; go, go, Charles, 'tis a brother's business; about it instantly; ten to one you'll find him over the way, at Mr. Stockwell's.

Charles. I confess, I'm impatient to have the case cleared up; I'll take your advice, and find him out: good bye to you.

Miss R. Your servant: my life upon it, you'll find Belcour a man of honour. Come, Louisa, let us adjourn to my dressing-room; I've a little private business to transact with you, before the old lady comes up to tea, and interrupts us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in FULMER'S *House.*

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY *and* LOUISA.

Charles. Well, Louisa, I confess the force of what you say: I accept Miss Rusport's bounty; and, when you see my generous Charlotte, tell her——but have

a care, there is a selfishness even in gratitude, [illegible] it is too profuse; to be overthankful for any one favour, is in effect to lay out for another; the best return I could make my benefactress would be, never to see her more,

Lou. I understand you.

Charles. We, that are poor, Louisa, should be cautious: for this reason, I would guard you against Belcour; at least, till I can unravel the mystery of Miss Rusport's diamonds: I was disappointed of finding him at Mr. Stockwell's, and am now going in search of him again: he may intend honourably; but, I confess to you, I am staggered; think no more of him, therefore, for the present: of this be sure, while I have life, and you have honour, I will protect you, or perish in your defence. [*Exit.*

Lou. Think of him no more! Well, I'll obey; but if a wandering uninvited thought should creep by chance into my bosom, must I not give the harmless wretch a shelter?

Enter BELCOUR.

Bel. Alone, by all that's happy!

Lou. Ah!

Bel. Oh! shriek not, start not, stir not, loveliest creature! but let me kneel, and gaze upon your beauties.

Lou. Sir! Mr. Belcour, rise! What is it you do?

Bel. See, I obey you; mould me as you will, behold your ready servant! New to your country, ignorant of your manners, habits, and desires, I put myself into your hands for instruction; make me only such as you can like yourself, and I shall be happy.

Lou. I must not hear this, Mr. Belcour; go; should he, that parted from me but this minute, now return, I tremble for the consequence.

Bel. Fear nothing; let him come: I love you, madam; he'll find it hard to make me unsay that.

Lou. You terrify me; your impetuous temper frightens me; you know my situation; it is not generous to pursue me thus.

Bel. True; I do know your situation, your real one, Miss Dudley, and am resolved to snatch you from it; 'twill be a meritorious act: the old Captain shall rejoice, Miss Rusport shall be made happy; and even he, even your beloved brother, with whose resentment you threaten me, shall in the end applaud and thank me. Come, thou art a dear enchanting girl, and I'm determined not to live a minute longer without thee.

Lou. Hold! are you mad? I see you are a bold assuming man, and know not where to stop.

Bel. Who, that beholds such beauty can? By Heaven, you put my blood into a flame. Provoking girl! is it within the stretch of my fortune to content you? What is it you can further ask, that I am not ready to grant?

Lou. Yes, with the same facility, that you bestowed upon me Miss Rusport's diamonds. For shame! for shame! was that a manly story?

Bel. So! so! these devilish diamonds meet me every where—Oh! I could tear my tongue out for saying a word about the matter.

Lou. Go to her then, and contradict it; till that is done, my reputation is at stake.

Bel. Her reputation! Now she has got upon that, she'll go on for ever.—What is there I will not do for your sake? I will go to Miss Rusport.

Lou. Do so; restore her own jewels to her, which I suppose you kept back for the purpose of presenting others to her of a greater value; but for the future, Mr. Belcour, when you would do a gallant action to that lady, don't let it be at my expense.

Bel. I see where she points: she is willing enough to give up Miss Rusport's diamonds, now she finds she shall be a gainer by the exchange. Be it so! 'tis what I wished.—Well, madam, I will return to Miss Rusport her own jewels, and you shall have others of tenfold their value.

Lou. No, sir, you err most widely; it is my good opinion, not my vanity, which you must bribe.

Bel. Why, what the devil would she have now?—Miss Dudley, it is my wish to obey and please you; but I have some apprehension that we mistake each other.

Lou. I think we do: tell me, then, in few words, what it is you aim at.

Bel. In few words, then, and in plain honesty, I must tell you, so entirely am I captivated with you, that had you but been such as it would have become me to have called my wife, I had been happy in knowing you by that name; as it is, you are welcome to partake my fortune, give me in return your person, give me pleasure, give me love; free, disencumbered, antimatrimonial love.

Lou. Stand off, and let me never see you more.

Bel. Hold, hold, thou dear, tormenting, tantalizing, girl! Upon my knees, I swear you shall not stir till you have consented to my bliss.

Lou. Unhand me, sir: O, Charles! protect me, rescue me, redress me. [*Exit.*

Enter CHARLES DUDLEY.

Charles. Draw, villain, and defend yourself.

Bel. Villain!

Charles. The man, who wrongs that lady, is a villain —Draw!

Bel. Never fear me, young gentleman; brand me for a coward, if I balk you.

Charles. Yet hold! let me not be too hasty: your name, I think, is Belcour.

Bel. Well, sir.

Charles. How is it, Mr. Belcour, you have done this mean, unmanly, wrong, beneath the mask of generosity, to give this fatal stab to our domestic peace? You might have had my thanks, my blessing; take my defiance now. 'Tis Dudley speaks to you; the brother, the protector, of that injured lady.

Bel. The brother! give yourself a truer title.

Charles. What is't you mean?

Bel. You question me too late; the name of Belcour and of villain never met before; had you inquired of me before you uttered that rash word, you might have saved yourself or me a mortal error: now, sir, I neither give nor take an explanation; so, come on! [*They fight.*

Enter LOUISA, *and afterwards* O'FLAHERTY.

Lou. Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake hold!

O'Fla. Hell and confusion! What's all this uproar for? Can't you leave off cutting one another's throats, and mind what the poor girl says to you? You've done a notable thing, hav'n't you both, to put her into such a flurry? I think, o'my conscience, she's the most frighted of the three.

Charles. Dear Louisa, recollect yourself; why did you interfere? 'tis in your cause.

Bel. Now could I kill him for caressing her.

O'Fla. O, sir, your most obedient! You are the gentleman I had the honour of meeting here before; you was then running off at full speed, like a Calmuck, now you are tilting and driving like a bedlamite, with this lad here, that seems as mad as yourself: 'tis pity but your country had a little more employment for you both.

Bel. Mr. Dudley, when you have recovered the lady, you know where I am to be found. [*Exit.*

O'Fla. Well, then, can't you stay and that will save the trouble of looking after you? Yon volatile fellow thinks to give a man the meeting by getting out of his way: by my soul, 'tis a round-about method that of his. But I think he called you Dudley: harkye, young man, are you son of my friend, the old Captain.

Charles. I am. Help me to convey this lady to her chamber, and I shall be more at leisure to answer your questions.

O'Fla. Ay will I: come along, pretty one; if you've had wrong done you, young man, you need look no further for a second; Dennis O'Flaherty's your man for that: but never draw your sword before a woman, Dudley; damn it, never while you live draw your sword before a woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LADY RUSPORT'S *House.*

Enter LADY RUSPORT *and* SERVANT.

Serv. An elderly gentleman, who says, his name is Varland, desires leave to wait on your ladyship.

Lady R. Show him in; the very man I wish to see. Varland, he was Sir Oliver's solicitor, and privy to all his affairs; he brings some good tidings; some fresh mortgage, or another bond come to light; they start up every day.

Enter VARLAND.

Mr. Varland, I'm glad to see you; you are heartily welcome; honest Mr. Varland; you and I hav'n't

met since our late irreparable loss: how have you passed your time this age?

Var. Truly, my lady, ill enough: I thought I must have followed good Sir Oliver.

Lady R. Alack-a-day, poor man! Well, Mr. Varland, you find me here overwhelmed with trouble and fatigue; torn to pieces with a multiplicity of affairs; a great fortune poured upon me, unsought for and unexpected: 'twas my good father's will and pleasure it should be so, and I must submit.

Var. Your ladyship inherits under a will made in the year forty-five, immediately after Captain Dudley's marriage with your sister.

Lady R. I do so, Mr. Varland; I do so.

Var. I well remember it; I engrossed every syllable; but I am surprised to find your ladyship set so little store by this vast accession.

Lady R. Why, you know, Mr. Varland, I am a moderate woman; I had enough before; a small matter satisfies me; and Sir Stephen Rusport (Heaven be his portion!) took care I shou'dn't want that.

Var. Very true, very true; he did so; and I am overjoyed to find your ladyship in this disposition; for, truth to say, I was not without apprehension the news I have to communicate would have been of some prejudice to your ladyship's tranquillity.

Lady R. News, sir! what news have you for me

Var. Nay, nothing to alarm you; a trifle, in your present way of thinking: I have a will of Sir Oliver's, you have never seen.

Lady R. A will! impossible! how came you by it, pray?

Var. I drew it up, at his command, in his last illness: it will save you a world of trouble: it gives his whole estate from you to his grandson, Charles Dudley.

Lady R. To Dudley? his estate ! ley? I can't support it! I shall faint! me, you vile man! I never shall survive it!

Var. Lookye there now: I protest, I thought you would have rejoiced at being clear of the incumbrance.

Lady R. 'Tis false; 'tis all a forgery, concerted between you and Dudley; why else did I never hear of it before?

Var. Have patience, my lady, and I'll tell you: By Sir Oliver's direction, I was to deliver this will into no hands but his grandson Dudley's: the young gentleman happened to be then in Scotland; I was despatched thither in search of him: the hurry and fatigue of my journey brought on a fever by the way, which confined me in extreme danger for several days; upon my recovery, I pursued my journey, found young Dudley had left Scotland in the interim, and am now directed hither; where, as soon as I can find him, doubtless, I shall discharge my conscience, and fulfil my commission.

Lady R. Dudley then, as yet, knows nothing of this will?

Var. Nothing; that secret rests with me.

Lady R. A thought occurs: by this fellow's talking of his conscience, I should guess it was upon sale. [*Aside.*]—Come, Mr. Varland, if 'tis as you say, I must submit. I was somewhat flurried at first, and forgot myself; I ask your pardon: this is no place to talk of business; step with me into my room; we will there compare the will, and resolve accordingly——Oh! would your fever had you, and I had your paper! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miss Rusport, Charles, *and* O'Flaherty.

Miss R. So, so! My lady and her lawyer have re-

tired to close confabulation: now, Major, if you are the generous man I take you for, grant me one favour.

O'Fla. 'Faith will I, and not think much of my generosity neither; for, though it may not be in my power to do the favour you ask, look you, it can never be in my heart to refuse it.

Charles. Could this man's tongue do justice to his thoughts, how eloquent would he be! [*Aside.*

Miss R. Plant yourself, then, in that room: keep guard for a few moments upon the enemy's motions, in the chamber beyond; and, if they should attempt a sally, stop their march a moment, till your friend here can make good his retreat down the back-stairs.

O'Fla. A word to the wise! I'm an old campaigner; make the best use of your time; and trust me for tying the old cat up to the picket.

Miss R. Hush! hush! not so loud.

Charles. 'Tis the office of a centinel, Major, you have undertaken, rather than that of a field officer.

O'Fla. 'Tis the office of a friend, my dear boy; and, therefore, no disgrace to a general. [*Exit.*

Miss R. Well, Charles, will you commit yourself to me for a few minutes?

Charles. Most readily; and let me, before one goes by, tender you the only payment I can ever make for your abundant generosity.

Miss R. Hold, hold! so vile a thing as money must not come between us. What shall I say! O, Charles! O, Dudley! What difficulties have you thrown upon me! Familiarly as we have lived, I shrink not at what I am doing; and, anxiously as I have sought this opportunity, my fears almost persuade me to abandon it.

Charles. You alarm me!

Miss R. Your looks and actions have been so distant, and at this moment are so deterring, that, was it not for the hope that delicacy, and not disgust, inspires

this conduct in you, I should sink
apprehension; but time presses;
and plainly too—Was you now in possession of your
grandfather's estate, as justly you ought to be; and,
was you inclined to seek a companion for life, should
you, or should you not, in that case, honour your
unworthy Charlotte with your choice?

Charles. My unworthy Charlotte! So judge me Heaven, there is not a circumstance on earth so valuable as your happiness, so dear to me as your person; but to bring poverty, disgrace, reproach from friends, ridicule from all the world, upon a generous benefactress; thievishly to steal into an open, and unreserved, ingenuous heart, O Charlotte! dear, unhappy girl, it is not to be done.

Miss R. Nay, now you rate too highly the poor advantages fortune alone has given me over you: how otherwise could we bring our merits to any balance? Come, my dear Charles, I have enough; make that enough still more, by sharing it with me: sole heiress of my father's fortune, a short time will put it in my disposal; in the mean while you will be sent to join your regiment; let us prevent a separation, by setting out this very night for that happy country, where marriage still is free: carry me this moment to Belcour's lodgings.

Charles. Belcour's?—The name is ominous; there's murder in it: bloody, inexorable honour! [*Aside.*

Miss R. D'ye pause? Put me into his hands, while you provide the means for our escape: he is the most generous, the most honourable of men.

Charles. Honourable! most honourable!

Miss R. Can you doubt it? Do you demur? Have you forgot your letter? Why, Belcour 'twas that prompted me to this proposal, that promised to supply the means, that nobly offered his unasked asistance——

Enter O'FLAHERTY, *hastily.*

O'Fla. Run, run; for holy St. Anthony's sake, to horse, and away! The conference is broke up, and the old lady advances upon a full Piedmontese trot, within pistol-shot of your encampment.

Miss R. Here, here, down the back stairs! O Charles, remember me!

Charles. Farewell! Now, now I feel myself a coward. [*Exit.*

Miss R. What does he mean?

O'Fla. Ask no questions, but begone: she has cooled the lad's courage, and wonders he feels like a coward. There's a damned deal of mischief brewing between this hyena and her lawyer: egad I'll step behind this screen, and listen: a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush, as well as open field. [*Retires.*

Enter VARLAND.

Var. Let me consider—Five thousand pounds, prompt payment, for destroying this scrap of paper, not worth five farthings; 'tis a fortune easily earned; yes; and 'tis another man's fortune easily thrown away; 'tis a good round sum, to be paid down at once for a bribe; but 'tis a damned rogue's trick in me to take it.

O'Fla. So, so! this fellow speaks truth to himself, though he lies to other people—but, hush! [*Aside.*

Var. 'Tis breaking the trust of my benefactor, that's a foul crime; but he's dead, and can never reproach me with it: and 'tis robbing young Dudley of his lawful patrimony; that's a hard case; but he's alive, and knows nothing of the matter.

O'Fla. These lawyers are so used to bring off the rogueries of others, that they are never without an excuse for their own. [*Aside.*

Var. Were I assured now that Dudley would give

me half the money for producin
Rusport does for concealing it,
him, and be an honest man at ha
gentleman of my profession could lay his hand on his heart, and say the same thing.

O'Fla. A bargain, old gentleman! Nay, never start, nor stare, you wasn't afraid of your own conscience, never be afraid of me.

Var. Of you, sir! who are you, pray?

O'Fla. I'll tell you who I am: you seem to wish to be honest, but want the heart to set about it; now I am the very man in the world to make you so; for, if you do not give me up that paper this very instant, by the soul of me, fellow, I will not leave one whole bone in your skin that shan't be broken.

Var. What right have you, pray, to take this paper from me?

O'Fla. What right have you, pray, to keep it from young Dudley? I don't know what it contains, but I am apt to think it will be safer in my hands than in yours; therefore give it me without more words, and save yourself a beating: do now; you had best.

Var. Well, sir, I may as well make a grace of necessity. There; I have acquitted my conscience, at the expense of five thousand pounds.

O'Fla. Five thousand pounds! Mercy upon me! When there are such temptations in the law, can we wonder if some of the corps are a disgrace to it?

Var. Well, you have got the paper; if you are an honest man, give it to Charles Dudley.

O'Fla. An honest man! look at me, friend, I am a soldier, this is not the livery of a knave; I am an Irishman, honey; mine is not the country of dishonour. Now, sirrah, be gone; if you enter these doors, or give Lady Rusport the least item of what has passed, I will cut off both your ears, and rob the pillory of its due.

Var. I wish I was once fairly out of his sight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in STOCKWELL'S *House.*

Enter STOCKWELL.

Stock. I must disclose myself to Belcour; this noble instance of his generosity, which old Dudley has been relating, allies me to him at once; concealment becomes too painful; I shall be proud to own him for my son——But, see, he's here.

Enter BELCOUR, *and throws himself upon a Sofa.*

Bel. O my curs'd tropical constitution! 'Would to Heaven I had been dropped upon the snows of Lapland, and never felt the blessed influence of the sun, so I had never burnt with these inflammatory passions!

Stock. So, so, you seem disordered, Mr. Belcour.

Bel. Disordered, sir! Why did I ever quit the soil in which I grew; what evil planet drew me from that warm, sunny region, where naked nature walks without disguise, into this cold, contriving, artificial country?

Stock. Come, sir, you've met a rascal; what o'that? general conclusions are illiberal.

Bel. No, sir, I have met reflection by the way; I have come from folly, noise, and fury, and met a silent monitor—Well, well, a villain! 'twas not to be pardoned—pray never mind me, sir.

Stock. Alas! my heart bleeds for him.

Bel. And yet, I might have heard him: now, plague upon that blundering Irishman, for coming in as he did; the hurry of the deed might palliate the event: deliberate execution has less to plead—Mr. Stockwell, I am bad company to you.

Stock. Oh, sir; make no excuse, if you think I can render you any service, it may be worth your trial

to confide in me; if not, your secret is safer in your own bosom.

Bel. That sentiment demands my confidence: pray, sit down by me. You must know, I have an affair of honour on my hands, with young Dudley; and, though I put up with no man's insult, yet I wish to take away no man's life.

Stock. I know the young man, and am apprised of your generosity to his father; what can have bred a quarrel between you?

Bel. A foolish passion on my side, and a haughty provocation on his. There is a girl, Mr. Stockwell, whom I have unfortunately seen, of most uncommon beauty; she has withal an air of so much natural modesty, that, had I not had good assurance of her being an attainable wanton, I declare I should as soon have thought of attempting the chastity of Diana.

Enter SERVANT.

Stock. Hey day, do you interupt us?

Serv. Sir, there's an Irish gentleman, will take no denial: he says, he must see Mr. Belcour directly, upon business of the last consequence.

Bel. Admit him; 'tis the Irish officer, that parted us, and brings me young Dudley's challenge; I should have made a long story of it, and he'll tell you in three words.

Enter O'FLAHERTY.

O'Fla. 'Save you, my dear; and you sir, I have a little bit of a word in private for you.

Bel. Pray deliver your commands: this gentleman is my intimate friend.

O'Fla. Why, then, Ensign Dudley will be glad to measure swords with you, yonder, at the London Tavern, in Bishopsgate Street, at nine o'clock—you know the place.

Bel. I do; and shall observe the appointment.

O'Fla. Will you be of the party, sir? we shall want a fourth hand.

Stock. Savage as the custom is, I close with your proposal; and, though I am not fully informed of the occasion of your quarrel, I shall rely on Mr. Belcour's honour for the justice of it, and willingly stake my life in his defence.

O'Fla. Sir, you are a gentleman of honour, and I shall be glad of being better known to you—But, harkye, Belcour, I had like to have forgot part of my errand; there is the money you gave old Dudley: you may tell it over, 'faith: 'tis a receipt in full; now the lad can put you to death with a safe conscience, and when he has done that job for you, let it be a warning how you attempt the sister of a man of honour.

Bel. The sister?

O'Fla. Ay, the sister; 'tis English, is it not? Or Irish; 'tis all one; you understand me, his sister, or Louisa Dudley, that's her name, I think, call her which you will. By St. Patrick, 'tis a foolish piece of business, Belcour, to go about to take away a poor girl's virtue from her, when there are so many to be met with in this town, who have disposed of theirs to your hands. [*Exit.*

Stock. Why, I am thunderstruck! what is it you have done, and what is the shocking business in which I have engaged? if I understand him right, 'tis the sister of young Dudley you've been attempting: you talked to me of a professed wanton; the girl he speaks of has beauty enough indeed to inflame your desires, but she has honour, innocence, and simplicity, to awe the most licentious passion; if you have done that, Mr. Belcour, I renounce you, I abandon you, I forswear all fellowship or friendship with you for ever.

Bel. Have patience for a moment; we do indeed

speak of the same person, but she is not innocent, she is not young Dudley's sister.

Stock. Astonishing! who told you this?

Bel. The woman, where she lodges, the person, who put me on the pursuit, and contrived our meetings.

Stock. What woman? What person?

Bel. Fulmer her name is, I warrant you I did not proceed without good grounds.

Stock. Fulmer, Fulmer? Who waits?

Enter a SERVANT.

Send Mr. Stukely hither directly; I begin to see my way into this dark transaction. Mr. Belcour, Mr. Belcour, you are no match for the cunning and contrivances of this intriguing town.

Enter STUKELY.

Pr'ythee, Stukely, what is the name of the woman and her husband, who were stopped upon suspicion of selling stolen diamonds at our next-door neighbour's, the jeweller?

Stuke. Fulmer.

Stock. So!

Bel. Can you procure me a sight of those diamonds?

Stuke. They are now in my hand; I was desired to show them to Mr. Stockwell.

Stock. Give them to me—what do I see?—as I live, the very diamonds Miss Rusport sent hither, and which I entrusted to you to return.

Bel. Yes, but I betrayed that trust, and gave them Mrs. Fulmer, to present to Miss Dudley.

Stock. With a view, no doubt, to bribe her to compliance?

Bel. I own it.

Stock. For shame, for shame;—and 'twas this woman's intelligence you relied upon for Miss Dudley's character?

Bel. I thought she knew her;—by Heaven, I would have died, sooner than have insulted a woman of virtue, or a man of honour.

Stock. I think you would; but mark the danger of licentious courses; you are betrayed, robbed, abused, and, but for this providential discovery, in a fair way of being sent out of the world, with all your follies on your head.—Dear Stukely, go to my neighbour, tell him, I have an owner for the jewels; and beg him to carry the people under custody, to the London Tavern, and wait for me there.— [*Exit* STUKELY.] I see it was a trap laid for you, which you have narrowly escaped: you addressed a woman of honour, with all the loose incense of a profane admirer, and you have drawn upon you the resentment of a man of honour, who thinks himself bound to protect her. Well, sir, you must atone for this mistake.

Bel. To the lady, the most penitent submission I can make, is justly due; but, in the execution of an act of justice, it never shall be said, my soul was swayed by the least particle of fear. I have received a challenge from her brother; now, though I would give my fortune, almost my life itself, to purchase her happiness, yet I cannot abate her one scruple of my honour;—I have been branded with the name of villain.

Stock. Ay, sir, you mistook her character, and he mistook yours; error begets error.

Bel. Villain, Mr. Stockwell, is a harsh word.

Stock. It is a harsh word, and should be unsaid.

Bel. Come, come, it shall be unsaid.

Stock. Or else, what follows? Why, the sword is drawn; and to heal the wrongs you have done to the reputation of the sister, you make an honourable amends, by murdering the brother.

Bel. Murdering!

Stock. 'Tis thus religion writes and speaks the word; in the vocabulary of modern honour, there is no such term.—But, come, I don't despair of satisfying the one, without alarming the other; that done, I have a discovery to unfold, that you will then, I hope, be fitted to receive.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

STOCKWELL'S *House.*

CAPTAIN DUDLEY, LOUISA, *and* STUKELY.

Dud. And are those wretches, Fulmer and his wife, in safe custody?

Stuke. They are in good hands; I accompanied them to the tavern, where your son was to be, and then went in search of you. You may be sure, Mr. Stockwell will enforce the law against them as far as it will go.

Dud. What mischief might their cursed machinations have produced, but for this timely discovery!

Lou. Still I am terrified; I tremble with apprehension, lest Mr. Belcour's impetuosity, and Charles's spirit, should not wait for an explanation, but drive

them both to extremes, before the mistake can be unravelled.

Stuke. Mr. Stockwell is with them, madam, and you have nothing to fear;—you cannot suppose he would ask you hither, for any other purpose, but to celebrate their reconciliation, and to receive Mr. Belcour's atonement,

Dud. No, no, Louisa, Mr. Stockwell's honour and discretion guard you against all danger or offence. He well knows we will endure no imputation on the honour of our family; and he certainly has invited us to receive satisfaction on that score in an amicable way.

Lou. 'Would to Heaven they were returned!

Stuke. You may expect them every minute;—and see, madam, agreeably to your wish, they are here.

[*Exit.*

Enter CHARLES; *afterwards* STOCKWELL *and* O'FLAHERTY.

Lou. O Charles, O brother! how could you serve me so? how could you tell me, you was going to Lady Rusport's, and then set out with a design of fighting Mr. Belcour? But where is he; where is your antagonist?

Stock. Captain, I am proud to see you; and you, Miss Dudley, do me particular honour. We have been adjusting, sir, a very extraordinary and dangerous mistake, which, I take for granted, my friend Stukely has explained to you.

Dud. He has—I have too good an opinion of Mr. Belcour, to believe he could be guilty of a designed affront to an innocent girl; and I am much too well acquainted with your character, to suppose you could abet him in such design; I have no doubt, therefore, all things will be set to rights in a very few words, when we have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Belcour.

Stock. He has only stepped into the compting-house, and will wait upon you directly. You will not be over strict, madam, in weighing Mr. Belcour's conduct to the minutest scruple;—his manners, passions, and opinions, are not as yet assimilated to this climate; he comes amongst you a new character, an inhabitant of a new world, and both hospitality, as well as pity, recommend him to our indulgence.

Enter BELCOUR—*bows to* MISS DUDLEY.

Bel. I am happy, and ashamed, to see you;—no man in his senses would offend you; I forfeited mine, and erred against the light of the sun, when I overlooked your virtues; but your beauty was predominant, and hid them from my sight;—I now perceive, I was the dupe of a most improbable report, and humbly entreat your pardon.

Lou. Think no more of it; 'twas a mistake.

Bel. My life has been composed of little else; 'twas founded in mystery, and has continued in error:—I was once given to hope, Mr. Stockwell, that you was to have delivered me from these difficulties, but either I do not deserve your confidence, or I was deceived in my expectations.

Stock. When this lady has confirmed your pardon, I shall hold you deserving of my confidence.

Lou. That was granted the moment it was asked.

Bel. To prove my title to his confidence, honour me so far with yours, as to allow me a few minutes conversation in private with you.

[*She turns to her Father.*

Dud. By all means, Louisa;—come, Mr. Stockwell, let us go into another room.

Charles. And now, Major O'Flaherty, I claim your promise, of a sight of the paper, that is to unravel this conspiracy of my aunt Rusport's. I think I have waited with great patience.

O'Fla. I have been endeavouring to call to mind what it was I overheard; I have got the paper, and will give you the best account I can of the whole transaction. [*Exeunt.*

Bel. Miss Dudley, I have solicited this audience, to repeat to you my penitence and confusion: How shall I atone? What reparation can I make to you and virtue?

Lou. To me there's nothing due, nor any thing demanded of you but your more favourable opinion for the future, if you should chance to think of me; Upon the part of virtue, I am not empowered to speak; but if hereafter, as you range through life, you should surprise her in the person of some wretched female, poor as myself, and not so well protected, enforce not your advantage, complete not your licentious triumph; but raise her, rescue her from shame and sorrow, and reconcile her to herself again.

Bel. I will, I will. As I now cease to view you in that false light I lately did, can you cease also to reflect upon the libertine addresses I have paid you, and look upon me as your reformed your rational admirer?

Lou. Are sudden reformations apt to last? and how can I be sure the first fair face you meet will not ensnare affections so unsteady, and that I shall not lose you lightly as I gained you?

Bel. I know I am not worthy your regard; I know I am tainted with a thousand faults, sick of a thousand follies; but there's a healing virtue in your eyes, that makes recovery certain; I cannot be a villain in your arms.

Lou. That you can never be: whomever you shall honour with your choice, my life upon't, that woman will be happy.

Bel. Oh, seal it with your hand, then, loveliest of women; confirm it with your heart: make me honour-

ably happy, and crown your penitent, not with your pardon only, but your love.

Lou. My love!——

Enter O'FLAHERTY; *afterwards* DUDLEY *and* CHARLES, *with* STOCKWELL.

O'Fla. Joy, joy, joy! sing, dance, leap, laugh for joy. Ha' done making love, and fall down on your knees, to every saint in the calendar, for they are all on your side, and honest St. Patrick at the head of them.

Charles. O Louisa, such an event! by the luckiest chance in life, we have discovered a will of my grandfather's, made in his last illness, by which he cuts off my aunt Rusport, with a small annuity, and leaves me heir to his whole estate, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds to yourself.

Lou. What is it you tell me? O sir, instruct me to support this unexpected turn of fortune.

[*To her* FATHER.

Dud. Name not fortune, 'tis the work of Providence; 'tis the justice of Heaven, that would not suffer innocence to be oppressed, nor your base aunt to prosper in her cruelty and cunning.

[*A* SERVANT *whispers* BELCOUR, *and he goes out.*

O'Fla. You shall pardon me, Captain Dudley, but you must not overlook St. Patrick neither, for, by my soul, if he had not put it into my head to slip behind the screen, when your righteous aunt and the lawyer were plotting together, I don't see how you would ever have come at the paper there, that Master Stockwell is reading.

Dud. True, my good friend, you are the father of this discovery, but how did you contrive to get this will from the lawyer?

O'Fla. By force, my dear, the only way of getting any thing from a lawyer's clutches.

Stock. Well, Major, when he brings his action of assault and battery against you, the least Dudley can do is to defend you with the weapons you have put into his hands.

Charles. That I am bound to do, and after the happiness I shall have in sheltering a father's age from the vicissitudes of life, my next delight will be in offering you an asylum in the bosom of your country.

O'Fla. And upon my soul, my dear, 'tis high time I was there, for 'tis now thirty long years since I sat foot in my native country, and by the power of St. Patrick I swear I think its worth all the rest of the world put together.

Dud. Ay, Major, much about that time have I been beating the round of service, and 'twere well for us both to give over; we have stood many a tough gale, and abundance of hard blows, but Charles shall lay us up in a little private, but safe harbour, where we'll rest from our labours, and peacefully wind up the remainder of our days.

O'Fla. Agreed, and you may take it as a proof of my esteem, young man, that Major O'Flaherty accepts a favour at your hands, for, by Heaven, I'd sooner starve, than say I thank you, to the man I despise: but I believe you are an honest lad, and I'm glad you've trounc'd the old cat, for, on my conscience, I believe I must otherwise have married her myself, to have let you in for a share of her fortune.

Stock. Hey day, what's become of Belcour?

Lou. One of your servants called him out just now, and seemingly on some earnest occasion.

Stock. I hope, Miss Dudley, he has atoned to you as a gentleman ought.

Lou. Mr. Belcour, sir, will always do what a gentleman ought, and in my case I fear only you will think, he has done too much.

Stock. What has he done? and what can be too much? Pray Heaven, it may be as I wish! [*Aside.*

Dud. Let us hear it, child.

Lou. With confusion for my own unworthiness, I confess to you he has offered me——

Stock. Himself.

Lou. 'Tis true.

Stock. Then I am happy; all my doubts, my cares are over, and I may own him for my son.——Why, these are joyful tidings; come, my good friend, assist me in disposing your lovely daughter to accept this returning prodigal; he is no unprincipled, no hardened libertine: his love for you and virtue is the same.

Dud. 'Twere vile ingratitude in me to doubt his merit—What says my child?

O'Fla. Begging your pardon now, 'tis a frivolous sort of a question, that of yours, for you may see plainly enough by the young lady's looks, that she says a great deal, though she speaks never a word.

Charles. Well, sister, I believe the Major has fairly interpreted the state of your heart.

Lou. I own it; and what must that heart be, which love, honour, and beneficence, like Mr. Belcour's, can make no impression on?

Stock. I thank you; What happiness has this hour brought to pass!

O'Fla. Why don't we all sit down to supper, then, and make a night on't.

Stock. Hold, here comes Belcour.

Enter BELCOUR, *introducing* MISS RUSPORT.

Bel. Mr. Dudley, here is a fair refugee, who pro-

perly comes under your protection; she is equipped for Scotland, but your good fortune, which I have related to her, seems inclined to save you both the journey—Nay, madam, never go back! you are amongst friends.

Charles. Charlotte!

Miss R. The same; that fond, officious, girl, that haunts you every where: that persecuting spirit——

Charles. Say rather, that protecting angel; such you have been to me.

Miss R. O, Charles, you have an honest, but proud heart.

Charles. Nay, chide me not, dear Charlotte.

Bel. Seal up her lips, then; she is an adorable girl; her arms are open to you; and love and happiness are ready to receive you.

Charles. Thus, then, I claim my dear, my destined wife. [*Embracing her.*

Enter LADY RUSPORT.

Lady R. Hey day! mighty fine! wife, truly! mighty well! kissing, embracing—did ever any thing equal this? Why, you shameless hussy!—But I won't condescend to waste a word upon you.——You, sir, you, Mr. Stockwell; you fine, sanctified, fair-dealing man of conscience, is this the principle you trade upon? is this your neighbourly system, to keep a house of reception for runaway daughters, and young beggarly fortune hunters?

O'Fla. Be advised now, and don't put yourself in such a passion; we were all very happy till you came.

Lady R. Stand away, sir; hav'n't I a reason to be in a passion?

O'Fla. Indeed, honey, and you have, if you knew all.

Lady R. Come, madam, I have found out your

haunts; dispose yourself to return home with me. Young man, let me never see you within my doors again: Mr. Stockwell, I shall report your behaviour, depend on it.

Stock. Hold, madam, I cannot consent to lose Miss Rusport's company this evening, and I am persuaded you won't insist upon it; 'tis an unmotherly action to interrupt your daughter's happiness in this manner, believe me it is.

Lady R. Her happiness, truly! upon my word! and I suppose it's an unmotherly action to interrupt her ruin; for what but ruin must it be to marry a beggar? I think my sister had a proof of that, sir, when she made choice of you.

[*To* CAPTAIN DUDLEY.

Dud. Don't be too lavish of your spirits, Lady Rusport.

O'Fla. By my soul, you'll have occasion for a sip of the cordial elixir by and by.

Stock. It don't appear to me, madam, that Mr. Dudley can be called a beggar.

Lady R. But it appears to me, Mr. Stockwell; I am apt to think a pair of colours cannot furnish settlement quite sufficient for the heir of Sir Stephen Rusport.

Miss R. But a good estate, in aid of a commission, may do something.

Lady R. A good estate, truly! where should he get a good estate, pray?

Stock. Why, suppose now a worthy old gentleman, on his death-bed, should have taken it in mind to leave him one——

Lady R. Hah! what's that you say?

O'Fla. O ho! you begin to smell a plot, do you?

Stock. Suppose there should be a paper in the world, that runs thus—"I do hereby give and bequeath all my estates, real and personal, to Charles

Dudley, son of my late daughter Louisa, &c. &c. &c."

Lady R. Why, I am thunderstruck! by what contrivance, what villany, did you get possession of that paper?

Stock. There was no villany, madam, in getting possession of it; the crime was in concealing it, none in bringing it to light.

Lady R. Oh, that cursed lawyer, Varland!

O'Fla. You may say that, 'faith; he is a cursed lawyer; and a cursed piece of work I had to get the paper from him: your ladyship now was to have paid him five thousand pounds for it; I forced him to give it me of his own accord, for nothing at all, at all.

Lady R. Is it you that have done this? am I foiled by your blundering contrivances, after all?

O'Fla. 'Twas a blunder, 'faith, but as natural a one as if I had made it o'purpose.

Charles. Come, let us not oppress the fallen; do right even now, and you shall have no cause to complain.

Lady R. Am I become an object of your pity, then? Insufferable! confusion light amongst you! marry, and be wretched: let me never see you more. [*Exit.*

Miss R. She is outrageous; I suffer for her, and blush to see her thus exposed.

Charles. Come, Charlotte, don't let this angry woman disturb our happiness: we will save her, in spite of herself; your father's memory shall not be stained by the discredit of his second choice.

Miss R. I trust implicitly to your discretion, and am in all things yours.

Bel. Now, lovely, but obdurate, does not this example soften?

Lou. What can you ask for more? Accept my hand, accept my willing heart.

Bel. O, bliss unutterable! brother, father, friend, and you, the author of this general joy——

O'Fla. Blessing of St. Patrick upon us all! 'tis a night of wonderful and surprising ups and downs: I wish we were all fairly set down to supper, and there was an end on't.

Stock. Hold for a moment! I have yet one word to interpose—Entitled by my friendship to a voice in your disposal, I have approved your match; there yet remains a father's consent to be obtained.

Bel. Have I a father?

Stock. You have a father.—Compose yourself—you have a father, who observes, who knows, who loves you.

Bel. Keep me no longer in suspense; my heart is softened for the affecting discovery, and nature fits me to receive his blessing.

Stock. I am your father.

Bel. My father!—Do I live?

Stock. I am your father.

Bel. It is too much——my happiness overpowers me—to gain a friend, and find a father, is too much. I blush to think how little I deserve you.

[*They embrace.*

Dud. See, children, how many new relations spring from this night's unforeseen events, to endear us to each other.

O'Fla. O' my conscience, I think we shall be all related by and by.

Stock. How happily has this evening concluded, and yet, how threatening was its approach!—Let us repair to the supper room, where I will unfold to you every circumstance of my mysterious story.—Yes, Belcour, I have watched you with a patient, but inquiring, eye, and I have discovered, through the veil of some irregularities, a heart beaming with benevolence, and animated nature, fallible, indeed, but

not incorrigible; and your election of this excellent young lady, makes me glory in acknowledging you to be my son.

Bel. I thank you, and in my turn, glory in the father I have gained. Sensibly impressed with gratitude for such extraordinary dispensations, I beseech you, amiable Louisa, for the time to come, whenever you perceive me deviating into error or offence, bring only to my mind the Providence of this night, and I will turn to reason, and obey.

THE END.

SHEVA. — WHY DO YOU CRY ?

ACT. IV. SCENE. II.

DRAWN BY C. HEATH. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO 1807 ENGRAVED BY J. HEATH

THE JEW;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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REMARKS.

When a zealous christian* writes in favour of a jew, it is a proof of the truest christianity.

The author of this play has done more than befriend one unfortunate descendant of Abraham; he has taken the twelve tribes of Israel under his protection.

The bravery of this enterprise was equal to its charity—the execution has been masterly—and complete success the reward of that compassion, which incited him to his labour.

This is one of the very few dramas, on a simple construction, which have been eminently successful upon the English stage. The play, in its formation, is adverse to the public taste, and in its sentiments contrary to public prejudice; still the public were charmed with it. Nor is its power of giving delight

* Mr. Cumberland has written a reply to some of Gibbon's doubts, respecting the miracles contained in the New Testament.—Also a poem, entitled "Calvary" and other works in honour of his religion.

confined to the circle of a theatre; it has nearly the same influence in the closet.

One character alone supports this comedy; for those persons introduced exclusive of the Jew, are insignificant, or merely foils to him—but he is of himself so potent, that one other prominent character would have been superfluous; and would have perhaps weakened, by dividing, that interest, which he, by dint of moral principles, sound understanding, eloquent sentences, and a tender nature, creates.

So pointed are some of Sheva's replies, that they might justly receive the denomination of wit. Yet, with all his most excellent conversation, his most admirable observations, and keen retorts, his discourse is so natural, that it is never once elevated above the plainest familiarity.

Though Sheva has infinitely more of the force of novelty, by his professing the jewish faith, still his character would be new to the stage, common as it is in real life, were he the follower of any other doctrine.—A virtuous miser is as much a wonder in the production of a dramatist, as a virtuous jew; and Mr. Cumberland has in one single part, rescued two unpopular characters from the stigma under which they both innocently suffered.

Poets, whose poverty is in general the consequence of their extravagance, condemn the miser's wealth and independence; whilst, with the same pen, they lament their own indigence and slavery. They should reflect, that it is wise in the hoarder of money to prevent in himself the sin of peevish discontent, malice,

and all the temptations consequent to dependence which assail the bosom of the prodigal. They should reflect too, that the accumulator of riches *may* be a good man, whilst the profuse can never be such. The spendthrift's means are lavished on himself, or upon the instruments of his luxurious pleasures; and yet his reputation stands fairer with the inconsiderate multitude, than his, who neglects even the nourishment of his own body, to preserve a sane and purified mind.

Burnet has said, in the cause of morality and religion—"Economy is the greatest security of principles." And Johnson has said, in the cause of self-interest—"A man who keeps his money, has more use from it than he can have by spending it."

Notwithstanding the testimonies of those great men, indiscriminate profusion has been the dramatic hero's virtue in every comedy, till Cumberland showed to the long blinded world, that—the less a man gives to himself, the more, it is probable, he bestows upon his neighbour. This conclusion is derived from the certainty that—the less a man loves himself, the more he is affectionate to others.

In the representation of this part of miser, jew, and philanthropist, Mr. Bannister did the highest honour to his art, in combining the three characters so excellently, that they seemed all to be united with strict adherence to nature. On the first night of performing this play, when the last character of a benevolent man burst forth from the other two degraded names, the audience, as taken by surprise, seemed

suddenly to recollect the following lines of the Prologue, and gave token of their admiration by enthusiastic applause.

" ——To your candour we appeal this night,
" For a poor client, for a luckless wight,
" Whom bard ne'er favour'd; whose sad fate has been,
" Never to share in one applauding scene.
" In souls like yours, there should be found a place
" For ev'ry victim of unjust disgrace."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM	*Mr. Aickin.*
FREDERIC	*Mr. Palmer.*
CHARLES RATCLIFFE	*Mr. Wroughton.*
SAUNDERS	*Mr. Mattocks.*
SHEVA	*Mr. Bannister.*
JABAL	*Mr. Suett.*
MRS. RATCLIFFE	*Mrs. Hopkins.*
ELIZA RATCLIFFE	*Miss Farren.*
MRS. GOODISON	*Mrs. Booth.*
DORCAS	*Miss Tidswell.*

SCENE—London.

THE JEW.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM.

Enter SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM *and* FREDERIC.

Sir Step. Why do you press me for reasons I'm not bound to give? If I chuse to dismiss an assistant clerk from my counting house, how does it affect you?

Fred. That clerk you took at my recommendation and request: I am therefore interested to hope you have no reasons for dismissing him that affect his character.

Sir Step. I am your father, sir, and in this house sole master; I have no partners to account to; nor will I brook any comments on my conduct from my son.

Fred. Yet, as your son, may I not, without risking your displeasure, offer one humble word upon the part of a defenceless absent friend?

Sir Step. A friend!

Fred. Yes, sir, I hope I need not blush to call

Charles Ratcliffe friend. His virtues, his misfortunes, his integrity, (you'll undeceive me if I err) have much endeared him to me.

Sir Step. Say rather his connexions: Come, I see where all his friendship points—to folly, to disgrace—therefore no more of it! Break off! new friendships will cost you dear; 'tis better you should cease to call him friend, than put it in his power to call you brother. In one word, Frederic, I never will accept of Ratcliffe's sister as my daughter-in-law—nor, if I can prevent it, shall you so far forget yourself as to make her your mistress.

Fred. Mistress! Good Heaven!—You never saw Miss Ratcliffe.

Sir Step. I wish you never had—But you have seen your last of her, or me—I leave it to your choice. [*Exit.*

Fred. I have no choice to make; she is my wife—and if to take beauty, virtue, and elegance without fortune, when my father would have me take fortune without them, is a crime that merits disinheritance, I must meet my punishment as I can. The only thing I dread is the severe but honourable reproach of my friend Ratcliffe, to whom this marriage is a secret, and whose disinterested resentment I know not how to face: I must dissemble with him still, for I am unprepared with my defence, and he is here.

Enter CHARLES RATCLIFFE.

Char. Well met, Frederic!

Fred. I wish I could say so.

Char. Why? what's the matter now?

Fred. I have no good news to tell you.

Char. I don't expect it, you are not made to be the bearer of good news; knavery engrosses all fortune's favour, and fools run up and down with the tidings of it.

Fred. You are still a philosopher.

Char. I cannot tell that, till I am tried with prosperity: it is that which sets our failings in full view; adversity conceals them.—But come, discuss: tell me in what one part of my composition the ingenious cruelty of fortune can place another blow.

Fred. By my soul, Charles, I am ashamed to tell you, because the blow is now given by a hand I wish to reverence. You know the temper of Sir Stephen Bertram: he is my father, therefore I will not enlarge upon a subject that would be painful to us both. It is with infinite regret I have seen you (nobly descended, and still more nobly endowed) earning a scanty maintenance at your desk in his counting-house: It is a slavery you are now released from.

Char. I understand you; Sir Stephen has no further commands for me. I will go to him, and deliver up my trust, [*Going.*

Fred. Have patience for a moment.—Do you guess his reasons for this hasty measure?

Char. What care I for his reasons, when I know they cannot touch my honour!

Fred. Oh Charles, my heart is penetrated with your situation; what will become of those beloved objects?—

Char. Why, what becomes of all the objects misery lays low? they shrink from sight, and are forgotten.—You know, I will not hear you on this subject; 'twas not with my consent you ever knew there were such objects in existence.

Fred. I own it; but in this extremity methinks you might relax a little from that rigid honour.

Char. Never; but, as the body of a man is braced by winter, so is my resolution by adversity. On this point only we can differ. Why will my friend persist in urging it?

Fred. I have done. You have your way.

Char. Then, with your leave, I'll go to your father.

Fred. Hold! Here comes one that supersedes all

other visiters—old Sheva, the rich Jew, the merest muckworm in the city of London: How the old Hebrew casts about for prodigals to snap at!—I'll throw him out a bait for sport.

Char. No, let him pass: what sport can his infirmities afford?

Enter SHEVA.

Sheva. The good day to you, my young master! How is it with your health, I pray? Is your fader, Sir Stephen Bertram, and my very good patron, to be spoken with?

Fred. Yes, yes, he is at home, and to be spoken with, under some precaution, Sheva: if you bring him money, you would be welcome.

Sheva. Ah! that is very goot. Monies is welcome every where.

Fred. Pass on, pass on! no more apologies—Good man of money, save your breath, to count your guineas.

Sheva. Ah! dat is goot, very goot. [*Exit* SHEVA.

Fred. That fellow would not let his shadow fall upon the earth, if he could help it.

Char. You are too hard upon him. The thing is courteous.

Fred. Hang him! His carcase and its covering would not coin into a ducat, yet he is a moving mine of wealth.

Char. You see these characters with indignation: I contemplate them with pity. I have a fellow-feeling for poor Sheva: he is as much in poverty as I am, only it is poverty of another species: He wants what he has, I have nothing, and want every thing. Misers are not unuseful members of the community; they act like dams to rivers, hold up the stream that else would run to waste, and make deep water where there would be shallows.

Fred. I recollect you was his rescuer; I did not know you were his advocate.

Char. 'Tis true, I snatched him out of jeopardy. My countrymen, with all their natural humanity, have no objection to the hustling of a jew. The poor old creature was most roughly handled.

Fred. What was the cause?

Char. I never asked the cause. There was a hundred upon one; that was cause enough for me to make myself a second to the party overmatched.—I got a few hard knocks, but I brought off my man.

Fred. The synagogue should canonize you for the deed.

Enter SHEVA.—CHARLES *retires.*

Sheva. Aha! there is no business to be done: there is no talking to your fader. He is not just now in the sweetest of all possible tempers—Any thing, Mr. Bertram, wanted in my way?

Fred. Yes, Sheva, there is enough wanted in your way, but I doubt it is not in your will to do it.

Sheva. I never spare my pains, when business is going: be it ever such a trifle, I am thankful. Every little helps a poor man like me.

Fred. You speak of your spirit, I suppose, when you call yourself a poor man. All the world knows you roll in riches.

Sheva. The world! The world knows no great deal of me. I live sparingly, and labour hard, therefore I am called a miser—I cannot help it—an uncharitable dog—I must endure it—a bloodsucker, an extortioner, a Shylock—hard names, Mr. Frederic, but what can a poor jew say in return, if a christian chuses to abuse him?

Fred. Say nothing, but spend your money like a christian.

Sheva. We have no abiding place on earth, no

country, no home: every body rails at us, every body flouts us, every body points us out for their may-game and their mockery. Hard dealings for a poor stray sheep of the scattered flock of Abraham! How can you expect us to show kindness, when we receive none?

Char. [*Advancing.*] That is true, friend Sheva, I can witness; I am sorry to say, there is too much justice in your complaint.

Sheva. Bless this goot light! I did not see you—'tis my very goot friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, as I live.—Give me your pardon, I pray you, sir, give me your pardon: I should be sorry to say in your hearing, that there is no charity for the poor jews. Truly, sir, I am under very great obligations to you for your generous protection t'other night, when I was mobbed and maltreated; and, for aught I can tell, should have been massacred, had not you stood in my defence. Truly, sir, I bear it very thankfully in my remembrance; truly I do, yes, truly.

Fred. Leave me with him, Charles; I'll hold him in discourse whilst you go to my father.

[*Exit* CHARLES.

Sheva. Oh! it was goot deed, very goot deed, to save a poor jew from a pitiless mob, and I am very grateful to you, worthy Mr.——Ah! the gentleman is gone away: that is another thing.

Fred. It is so, but your gratitude need not go away at the same time! you are not bound to make good the proverb—"Out of sight, out of mind."

Sheva. No, no, no; I am very much obliged to him, not only for my life, but for the monies and the valuables I had about me; I had been hustled out of them all, but for him.

Fred. Well, then, having so much gratitude for his favours, you have now an opportunity of making some return to him.

Sheva. Yes, yes, and I do make him a return of my

thanks and goot wishes very heartily. What can a poor jew say more? I do wish him all good things, and give him all goot words.

Fred. Good words, indeed! What are they to a man who is cast naked upon the wide world, with a widowed mother and a defenceless sister, who look up to him for their support?

Sheva. Good lack, good lack! I thought he was in occupations in your fader's countinghouse.

Fred. He was; and from his scanty pittance, piously supported these poor destitutes: that source is now stopped, and, as you, when in the midst of rioters, was in want of a protector, so is he, in the midst of his misfortunes, in want of some kind friend to rescue him.

Sheva. Oh dear! oh dear! this world is full of sadness and of sorrow; miseries upon miseries! unfortunates by hundreds and by thousands, and poor Sheva has but two weak eyes to find tears for them all.

Fred. Come, come, Sheva, pity will not feed the hungry, nor clothe the naked. Ratcliffe is the friend of my heart: I am helpless in myself; my father, though just, is austere in the extreme; I dare not resort to him for money, nor can I turn my thoughts to any other quarter for the loan of a small sum in this extremity, except to you.—So, let me have your answer.

Sheva. Yes, yes, but my answer will not please you without the monies: I shall be a jewish dog, a baboon, an imp of Beelzebub, if I don't find the monies; and when my monies is all gone, what shall I be then? An ass, a fool, a jack-a-dandy!—Oh dear! oh dear! Well, there must be conditions, look you.

Fred. To be sure: security twice secured; premium and interest, and bond and judgment into the bargain: only enable me to preserve my friend, give me that transport, and I care not what I pay for it.

Sheva. Mercy on your heart! what haste and hur-

ry you are in'! How much did you want? One hundred pounds, did you say?

Fred. More than one, more than one.

Sheva. Ah, poor Sheva! More than one hundred pounds! What! so much as two hundred? 'tis a great deal of monies.

Fred. Come, friend Sheva, at one word—three hundred pounds.

Sheva. Mercies defend me, what a sum!

Fred. Accommodate me with three hundred pounds; make your own terms; consult your conscience in the bargain, and I will say you are a good fellow. Oh! Sheva, did you but know the luxury of relieving honour, innocence, and beauty from distress!

Sheva. Oh! 'tis great luxury I dare say, else you would not buy it at so high a price. Well, well, well! I have thought a little, and if you will come to my poor cabin in Duke's Place, you shall have the monies.

Fred. Well said, my gallant Sheva! Shall I bring a bond with me to fill up?

Sheva. No, no, no: we have all those matters in my shop.

Fred. I don't doubt it—All the apparatus of an usurer. [*Aside.*]—Farewell, Sheva! be ready with your instruments, I care not what they are: only let me have the money, and you may proceed to dissection as soon after as you please. [*Exit* FRED.

Sheva. Heigho! I cannot chuse but weep—Sheva, thou art a fool—Three hundred pounds by the day, how much is that in the year!—Oh dear, oh dear! I shall be ruined, starved, wasted to a shred. Bowels, you shall pinch for this: I'll not eat flesh this fortnight: I'll feed upon the steam of an alderman's kitchen, as I put my nose down his area.—Well, well! but soft, a word, friend Sheva! Art thou not rich? monstrous rich, abominably rich? and yet thou livest

on a crust—Be it so! thou dost stint thine appetites, to pamper thine affections; thou dost make thyself to live in poverty, that the poor may live in plenty.

Enter CHARLES RATCLIFFE, *not noticing the* JEW.

Char. Unfeeling, heartless man, I've done with you. I'll dig, beg, perish, rather than submit to such unnatural terms—I may remain: my mother and my sister must be banished to a distance—Why, this Jew, this usurer, this enemy to our faith, whose heart is in his bags, would not have used me thus—I'll question him—Sheva!

Sheva. What is your pleasure?

Char. I do not know the word.

Sheva. What is your will, then? speak it.

Char. Sheva!—You have been a son—you had a mother—dost remember her?

Sheva. Goot lack, goot lack! do I remember her!—

Char. Didst love her, cherish her, support her?

Sheva. Ah me! ah me! it is as much as my poor heart will bear, to think of her—I would have died for my moder.

Char. Thou hast affections, feelings, charities—

Sheva. I am a man, sir, call me how you please.

Char. I'll call you christian, then, and this proud merchant jew.

Sheva. I shall not thank you for that compliment.

Char. And hadst thou not a sister too?

Sheva. No, no sister, no broder, no son, no daughter; I am a solitary being, a waif on the world's wide common.

Char. And thou hast hoarded wealth, till thou art sick with gold, even to plethory: thy bags run over with the spoils of usury, thy veins are glutted with the blood of prodigals and gamesters.

Sheva. I have enough; something perhaps to spare.

Char. And I have nothing, nothing to spare but

miseries, with which my measure overflows—by Heaven, it racks my soul, to think that those beloved sufferers should want, and this thing so abound. [*Aside.*] —Now, Sheva, now, if you and I were out of sight of man, benighted in some desert, wild as my thoughts, naked as my fortune, should you not tremble?

Sheva. What should I tremble for?—You could not harm a poor defenceless aged man.

Char. Indeed, indeed I could not harm you, Sheva, whilst I retained my senses.

Sheva. Sorrow disturbs them: yes, yes, it is sorrow. Ah me, ah me! poor Sheva in his time has been driven mad with sorrow,—'Tis a hard world.

Char. Sir, I have done you wrong—You pity me, I'm sure you do: those tones could never proceed but from a feeling heart.

Sheva. Try me, touch me; I am not made of marble. I could say something; it is in my thoughts; but no, I will not say it here: this is the house of trade; that is not to my purpose—Come home with me, so please you—'Tis but a little walk, and you shall see what I have shown to no man, Sheva's real heart—I do not carry it in my hand—Come, I pray you come along. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

MRS. RATCLIFFE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter ELIZA RATCLIFFE.

Eliza. Oh happy me! possessed of all my heart delights in; and miserable me, for having ruined what

I, love. Alas! poor Bertram, fond to desperation, generous to thy destruction!—Why then did I marry? Wherefore did I suffer him to be the victim of fatal passion? What power perverted understanding, heart, humanity? What power, but that, which can do all things, good or ill, make virtue, and unmake it, animate our courage, and extinguish it?—Love is at once my crime and my excuse. Good Heavens! my mother!

Enter MRS. RATCLIFFE.—ELIZA *takes her Hand, and kisses it.*

Mrs. R. Eliza; Child! what means this more than usual agitation?

Eliza. Is it then more than usual?

Mrs. R. You weep—

Eliza. Do I? 'Tis natural, when I contemplate a face so dear and so decayed, furrowed with cares and sorrows for my sake.—Ah! my dear mother, you have loved me much too well.

Mrs. R. My darling, can that be, seeing I love your brother also? You share my heart between you.

Eliza. Give all to him; he has deserved it better.

Mrs. R. Heaven bless him to the extent of his deservings! On him rests all our hope; to him we cling, as to the lest dear relic of our wrecked nobility. But he's a man, Eliza, and endowed with strength and fortitude to struggle in the storm; we are weak helpless women, and can do no more than suffer and submit.

Eliza. True, but there is a part allotted to the weakest, even to me; an humble one indeed, and easily performed, since nothing is required but to obey, to love you, and to honour you.

Mrs. R. And you have done it faithfully, my child.

Eliza. You think so, my dear mother, but your praise is my reproach.—Oh! had I now a crime upon

my conscience, and should kneel thus, and beg for pardon at your feet, what would you say?

Mrs. R. Astonishment might keep me silent for a while, but my first words would be to pity and forgive you.

Eliza. That I can err, this guilty hand will witness. —Well may you start. That hand is Bertram's; and that ring, pledged at the altar, was put by him this very morning—I am Bertram's wife.

Mrs. R. Rise, quit this supplicating posture, till you find yourself in presence of some person less disposed to pardon you than I am.

Eliza. How mild is that rebuke! how merciful! Your eye, like nature's, penetrates my heart; you see it weak, as woman's resolution is.

Mrs. R. I see myself reflected in my child; justice demands a censure: conscious recollection checks me from pronouncing it: but you have a brother, whose high soaring spirit will not brook clandestine marriages: your husband has a father of another spirit, as I fear. Alas! my child, betwixt the lofty and the low, you must steer well to keep a steady course.

Eliza. I see my danger; and though Bertram's ardour painted it in fainter colours than its true complexion may demand, yet I should hope the nature of a father cannot be so stern as never to forgive a choice that disappoints, but, let me hope, does not disgrace him.

Mrs. R. The name of Ratcliffe cannot. A daughter of your house, in better days, would hardly have advanced his knighthood higher than her footcloth.

Eliza. Ay, madam, but the pride of birth does but add stings to poverty. We must forget those days.

Mrs. R. Your father did not.

Eliza. Ah, my father!—

Mrs. R. Your brother never will.

Eliza. Yet he is humble for our sakes. Think what he does. Good Heavens, my husband's father's clerk! Dear madam, tell me why he did not rather go, where his courage called him, where his person would have graced the colours that he carried.

Mrs. R. Child, child, what colours? Surely you forget the interdiction of a father barred him from that service.

Eliza. Alas, alas!

Mrs. R. The bread would choke him, that he earned under a father's curse.

Eliza. We have bled for our opinions, and we have starved for them; the axe and sword and poverty have made sad havoc with our family: 'tis time we were at peace. The world is now before us: on this hour depends the fate of all perhaps that are to come. Frederic is with his father: he is determined to avow his marriage, and to meet the consequences. I never saw Sir Stephen, and have nothing but conjecture to direct me; I tremble for the event.

Mrs. R. 'Tis a distressful interim; and it is now the hour, when I expect your brother.

Eliza. Oh! that is worse than all; for pity's sake hide me from him till Frederic returns: let me retire.

Mrs. R. Come then, my child! I know not what it is, but something whispers me that all will yet be well.

Eliza. Ten thousand blessings on you for that cheering hope: how my heart bounds to embrace it! 'Tis an auspicious omen, and I hail it like the voice of inspiration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SHEVA'S *House.*

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. Why, Jabal? I say, Jabal? Where are you, sluggard?

Enter JABAL.

Jabal. Here am I, Mother Dorcas! Oh! what a starving star was I born under, to be the rich Jew's poor servant. No rest, no peace, whilst you are awake. Lud-a-mercy! If you did but know how your pipe echoes in this empty house!—

Dorcas. Child! child! you must not think to be idle here.

Jabal. What would you have me do? Brush the bare walls, for a breakfast? A spider could not make a meal upon them.

Dorcas. I warrant thou hast filled thy belly, cormorant.

Jabal. I have not had a bellyfull since I belonged to you. You take care there shall be no fire in the kitchen; master provides no prog upon the shelf; so, between you both, I have plenty of nothing but cold and hunger.

Dorcas. Hunger indeed! How should thy stomach ever be filled, when there is no bottom to it? 'tis like the Dead Sea, fathomless.

Jabal. 'Tis like the Dead Sea so far, that neither fish nor flesh are to be found within it.

Dorcas. Sirrah! you have a better master than you think for. It is unknown, the charities he gives away.

Jabal. You're right, it is unknown; at least I never found the secret out. If it is charity to keep an empty cupboard, he has that to boast of; the very rats would run away from such a caterer. If it is charity to clothe the naked, here is a sample of it; examine this old drab; you may count the threads without spectacles; a spider's web is a warm blanket to it. If it is charity to feed the hungry, I have an empty stomach at his service, to which his charity at this present moment would be very seasonable.

Dorcas. You must mortify your carnal appetites: how often shall I teach you that lesson?

Jabal. Every time I set eyes upon you.

Dorcas. Hav'n't you the credit of belonging to one of the richest men in the city of London?

Jabal. I wish I was turnspit to the poorest cook's shop instead. Oh! if my master had but fixed his abode at Pye Corner, or Pudding Lane, or Fish Street Hill, or any of those savoury places? What am I the fatter for the empty dignity of Duke's Place? I had rather be a miser's heir than a miser's servant.

Dorcas. And who knows what may happen? Master has not a relation I ever heard of in the universal world.

Jabal. No, he has starved them all out. A cameleon could not live with him; He would grudge him even the air he feeds on.

Dorcas. For shame, slanderer! His good deeds will shine out in time.

Jabal. I shan't stand in their light; they may shine through me, for I am grown transparent in his service.—Had not he like to have been torn to pieces, t'other day, by the mob, for whipping a starved cat out of his area?

Dorcas. And whose fault was that but thine, ungracious boy, for putting it there? I am sure I have cause to bless the gentleman that saved him.—But, hush! here comes my good master; and, as I live, the

very gentleman with him—Ah! then I guess what is going forward.

Enter SHEVA *and* CHARLES RATCLIFFE.

Sheva. So, so, so! What's here to do with you? Why are you not both at your work!—Dorcas, a cup of cold water—I am very thirsty. [*Exit* DORCAS.

Jabal. Are you not rather hungry too, sir?

Sheva. Hold your tongue, puppy! Get about your business; and, here! take my hat, clean it carefully; but mind you do not brush it—that will wear off the nap.

Jabal. The nap indeed! There is no shelter for a flea. [*Exit.*

Sheva. Aha! I am tired. I beg your pardon, Mr. Ratcliffe; I am an old man. Sit you down, I pray you, sit you down, and we will talk a little. [DORCAS *brings a Glass of Water.*] So, so, that is right. Water is goot.—Fie upon you, Dorcas; why do you not offer the glass to my guest before me?

Dorcas. Lord love him! I'd give him wine, if I had it.

Sheva. No, no, it is goot water, it is better than wine: wine is heating, water is cooling; wine costs monies, water comes for nothing—your good health, sir— Oh! 'tis delicious, it is satisfying: go your ways, Dorcas, go your ways.—[*Exit* DORCAS.] Sir, I have nothing to ask you to but that water, which you would not drink: 'twas goot water, notwithstanding.—Ah! Mr. Ratcliffe, I must be very saving now: I must pinch close.

Char. For what? are you not rich enough to allow yourself the common comforts of life?

Sheva. Oh, yes, oh, yes! I am rich to be sure—Mercy on me, what a world of monies should I now have, if I had no pity in my heart!

Char. But if you are so charitable to others, why then can you not spare a little to yourself?

Sheva. Because I am angry with myself for being

such a baby, a child, a chicken. Your people do not love me, what business have I to love your people? I am a Jew; my fathers, up to Abraham, all were jews—Merciless mankind, how you have persecuted them! My family is all gone, it is extinct, my very name will vanish out of memory when I am dead—I pray you pardon me! I'm very old, and apt to weep; I pray you pardon me.

Char. I am more disposed to subscribe to your tears, than to find fault with them.

Sheva. Well, well, well! 'tis natural for me to weep, when I reflect upon their sufferings and my own.—Sir, you shall know—but I won't tell you my sad story: you are young and tender-hearted—It is all written down—You shall find it with my papers at my death.

Char. Sir! At your death!

Sheva. Yes, sure, I must die some time or other: though you have saved my life once, you cannot save it always: I did tell you, Mr. Ratcliffe, I would show you my heart. Sir, it is a heart to do you all possible good whilst I live, and to pay you the debt of gratitude when I die.

Enter JABAL.

Jabal. A gentleman, who says his name is Bertram, waits to speak with you—I fancy he comes to borrow money, for he looks wond'rous melancholy.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, knave; what is it to you what he comes for?

Jabal. I am sure he does not come for dinner, for he has not brought it with him.

Sheva. I pray you, Mr. Ratcliffe, pass out that way. I would not have you meet.—Admit Mr. Bertram. [*Exeunt* JABAL *and* CHARLES.

Enter FREDERIC.

You are welcome, Mr. Bertram: our business may

quickly be despatched. You want three hundred pounds—I have made shift to scrape that sum together, and it is ready for you.

Fred. Alas, Sheva! since last I saw you I am so totally undone, that it would now be robbery to take your money.—My father has expelled me from his house.

Sheva. Why? for what cause?

Fred. I have married—

Sheva. Well, that is natural enough.

Fred. Married without his knowledge—

Sheva. So did he without yours. What besides?

Fred. Married a wife without a farthing.

Sheva. Ah! that is very silly, I must say.

Fred. You could not say so, did you know the lady.

Sheva. That may be, but I do not know the lady: you have not named her to me.

Fred. The sister of Charles Ratcliffe.

Sheva. Ah! to Miss Ratcliffe? Is it so? And she is goot and lovely, but she has no monies; and that has made your fader very angry with you?

Fred. Furious, irreconcileable.

Sheva. Why, truly monies is a goot thing, and your fader is not the only man in England that does think so: I confess I'm very much of his mind in respect of monies.

Fred. Are you? then keep your money, and good morning to you.

Sheva. Hold, hold, be not so hasty! If I do love my monies, it may be because I have it in my power to tender them to you.

Fred. But I have said, I never can repay you, whilst you are in this world.

Sheva. Perhaps I shall be content to be repaid when I am out of it—I believe I have a pretty many *post obits* of that sort upon the file.

Fred. I do not rightly understand you.

Sheva. Then pray you have a little patience till I'm better understood.—Sir Stephen had a match for you in view?

Fred. He had.

Sheva. What was the lady's fortune?

Fred. Ten thousand pounds.

Sheva. That's a goot round sum; but you did not love her, and you do love your wife.

Fred. As dearly as you love your money.

Sheva. A little better, we will hope, for I do lend my monies to my friend.—For instance, take these bills, three hundred pounds—What ails you?—They are goot bills, they are bank—Oh! that I had a sack full of them!—Come, come, I pray you, take them. They will hire you very pretty lodging, and you will be very happy with your pretty wife—I pray you, take them.—Why will you be so hard with a poor jew, as to refuse him a goot bargain, when you know he loves to lay his monies out to profit and advantage?

Fred. Are you in earnest? You astonish me.

Sheva. I am a little astonished too, for I did never see a man so backward to take money: you are not like your fader. I am afraid you are a little proud.

Fred. You shall not say so: I accept your generous tender.

Sheva. I wish it was ten thousand pounds, then your good fader would be well content.

Fred. Yes, of two equal fortunes, I believe he would be good enough to let me take my choice.

Sheva. Oh! that is very kind; he would give you the preference when he had none himself.

Fred. Just so; but what acknowledgment shall I give you for these bills?

Sheva. None, none; I do acknowledge them myself with very great pleasures in serving you, and no small pains in parting from them. I pray you, make yourself and pretty wife comfortable with the monies,

and I will comfort myself as well as I can without them. I must go in about some business—I pray you pardon my unpoliteness.

Fred. No apology: I am gone—Farewell, Sheva! Thou a miser! thou art a prince. [*Exit.*

Sheva. Jabal! open the door.

Enter JABAL.

Jabal. 'Tis done, sir.

Sheva. How now, sirrah! You was listening at the key-hole.

Jabal. Not I, sir; I was only oiling the lock: You love to have your bolts slip easily.

Sheva. You are a jackanapes; I shall slip you out of my door by and bye. [*Exit* SHEVA.

Jabal. You may slip me through the crack of it, if I stay much longer with you.

Enter DORCAS *behind.*

But to be sure I did listen, that is the truth of it. Hip! Holloa! Mother Dorcas!

DORCAS *comes forward.*

O! I am glad you are in the way. Lend me your one ear, and I'll tell you a secret.

Dorcas. Let us hear it, Jabal, I love a secret—

Jabal. I have made a discovery.

Dorcas. I have no objection to a discovery. Out with it.

Jabal. Mother Dorcas, I have discovered that our old master is no more a miser than I am.

Dorcas. I told you so.

Jabal. So you did, but that's not all. I have found out, besides, that he is no Hebrew, no more a Jew than Julius Cæsar; for to my certain knowledge he gives away his money by handfuls to the consumers of hog's flesh.

Dorcas. He is merciful to all mankind.

Jabal. Yes, and to all sheep and oxen, lambs and

calves, for he will not suffer us to touch a morsel of their flesh. Now, because he lives without food, that's no reason I should starve for want of eating.—Oh, Mother Dorcas! 'tis untold what terrible and abominable temptations I struggle with.

Dorcas. How are you tempted, child? Tell me what it is that moves you.

Jabal. Why, 'tis the devil himself, in the shape of a Bologna sausage: Gracious! how my mouth did water, as I saw a string of them dangling from the penthouse of an oilman's shop! The fellow would have persuaded me, they were made of asses' flesh.—Oh! if I could have believed him.

Dorcas. Oh! horrible! You must not touch the unclean beast.

Jabal. No, to be sure; our people have never tasted bacon, since they came out of the land of Ham.

Dorcas. Jabal, Jabal, what an escape you have had!

Jabal. So had the sausages, for my teeth quivered to be at them.

Dorcas. Come, my good lad, thou shalt be recompensed for thy self-denial: I have an egg for thee in the kitchen.

Jabal. I hope it is an ostrich's, for I am mortally sharp set—Oh, mother, I have a thought in my head—I will give old master warning, and seek my fortune elsewhere.

Dorcas. Where will you seek it?

Jabal. Where there is plenty of prog, be assured—I will go upon the stage, and turn actor: there is a great many eating parts, and I hope to fill them all. I was treated t'other night to a play, when there was a notable fine leg of lamb served up.—Oh, how I did long to be the attorney!—I won't say, so many good things would have come out of my

mouth, but a pretty many more would have gone into it.

Dorcas. How you ramble, sirrah! What megrims you have in your head!

Jabal. Emptiness breeds them.—Mercy, how glad I should be, to see it written down in my part—*Enter Jabal, with a roast chicken!*

Dorcas. Come, come, homelier fare must content you.—Let us light the lamp, and boil our egg.

Jabal. An egg! What! is it between us? One egg, and two to eat it!

Dorcas. Well, I care not if I spend sixpence for a treat, so thou wilt be sociable and merry when it is over.

Jabal. Agreed!—only give me good cheer for my dinner, and we will have good humour for the desert. Oh, that leg of lamb, that leg of lamb! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

MRS. RATCLIFFE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. RATCLIFFE *and* FREDERIC.

Fred. Can you forgive me? Has my lovely advocate sued out my pardon, and may I now invoke a blessing on my love and me?

Mrs. R. Heaven in its bounty bless you both!—May all good fortune follow you, all comforts light

upon you, and love and happiness ever subsist between you!

Fred. Such piety can never pray in vain.—Where is Eliza?

Mrs. R. She does not know you are here:—Shall I call her?

Fred. Not yet.—I have a little sum, and you must be our banker: Charles is too proud to touch it: his spirit is of a pitch too high to stoop to worldly matters. We have been warm and cordial friends, how we may fare as brothers, Heaven only knows: I have some fears.

Mrs. R. Eliza is impressed with the same apprehensions; but if Sir Stephen acquiesces, all will be well. I hope this is a token of his forgiveness.

Fred. 'Twill serve to set us out. I have provided lodgings more commodious; I hope you will permit Eliza to remove; and I make further suit, that you will have the goodness to accompany her.

Mrs. R. Well; but you do not answer to my question.—Hav'n't you seen your father?

Fred. I have seen him.

Mrs. R. And explained to him——

Fred. I have.

Mrs. R. Well, what says he?

Fred. If he had said what would have done him honour, and given ease to my Eliza's mother, I should not have waited for your question.—May I now see Eliza? There is a cloud on my heart also, which only her bright presence can dispel.

Mrs. R. Ah, sir! she can be only bright henceforward by reflection; her sunshine must be caught from yours.——However, I will send her to you.

[*Exit.*

Fred. Oh that my father was now standing by me to behold her, and confess how irresistible she is!—

Enter ELIZA.

Oh my soul's joy, my treasure, my Eliza!
[*Embracing her.*

Eliza. Frederic, what tidings?

Fred. None but of love, increasing with each moment; glowing with every beam, that those soft eyes diffuse, and heightened into rapture by those charms, those graces, that each look, word, and motion spread around you.

Eliza. These are fond flattering words; but where's the consolation that you would have given me, had you brought back a pardon from your father? This ardour only proves, that you had too much love, and I too little generosity.

Fred. Take courage, Eliza! I have not lost the field, only prolonged the fight: I have but skirmished with him yet; he has not felt my strength. Let me set you in sight, and——

Eliza. Oh! you rash man, why did you take such pains to be undone? Why lull me into dreams of happiness, till I forgot that I was poor and wretched!—Deceiver of yourself and me, I thought we trod on flowers, and never spied the precipice before us.

Fred. I see no precipice—I fear none.

Eliza. Hear me, my Frederic, let love stand off a while, and give your ear to reason.—'Tis fit, that you should know the heart, for which you have risked so much.—Our marriage was a rash one; be that my witness how I loved you. But, though I wanted firmness to oppose your love, I am not void of courage to prevent your ruin.—Have patience! hear me out—Sir Stephen Bertram wished for money; I have none to give him; the fortune of my house is crushed, the spirit yet survives, even in me, the weakest, and, perhaps, the humblest of the name: but I resist con-

tempt, and, if he spurns my poverty, I have a sure resource, that shall compel him to applaud my spirit.

Fred. What do you mean? Your looks, your language terrify me.

Eliza. Oh! I have loved you far too well to trifle. I will convince the world 'twas not by interest my heart was gained; 'twas not to keep off want, to live at ease, and make the noble relics of my family retainers of his charity, I married to Sir Stephen Bertram's son; it was with worthier, purer views, to share his thoughts, unite my heart to his, and make his happiness my own. These sentiments are my inheritance; if these will not suffice for his ambition, they will teach me how to act becoming of my birth, under the imputation of his son's seducer.

Fred. Hence with that word! It is a profanation to your lips. Was ever man so blest, so honoured, so exalted, as I am!—If pride will not see it, if avarice cannot feel it, is that a reason why humility and gratitude should not be blest in the enjoyment of it?

Enter MRS. RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. R. Eliza, your brother is come.

Eliza. Leave me, I beseech you, Frederic, leave me! Let me confer with him alone; there's no way else to pacify him.

Mrs. R. Come, let us yield to her request: I do believe she's right.

[*Exeunt* MRS. RATCLIFFE *and* FREDERIC.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Alone! How is my dear Eliza? You look pale, my love—Have you been out, or are you going out? Has any thing occurred? You are more dressed than usual,

Eliza. Am I? No, sure; you have seen this dress before. I have nothing new.

Char. I can't say quite as much, for I have a new livelihood to seek. Sir Stephen has discarded me.

Eliza. Oh! fie upon him!

Char. No, no! the man is worldly wise, no more. He has a son, Eliza, and he has found out I have a portionless sister. Who can blame him?—To confute suspicion, and put this careful merchant at his ease, we will cut short the question, and retire from London.

Eliza. Where must we go?

Char. Far enough off for his repose, be sure.—I am sorry on account of Frederic, for I love him;—but he has been too frequent in his visits here, and he knows I think so.—He will be happier for our parting.

Eliza. I doubt that—Is your resolution taken?

Char. Irrecoverable—Where is my mother?

Eliza. Stay! Hear your sister first.

Char. What ails you? What is coming? Why do you tremble?

Eliza. Oh, Charles! [*Weeps, and hides her Face.*

Char. What is it? Speak.

Eliza. I am the wife of Frederic.

Char. Heaven and good angels forbid it!

Eliza. Heaven and good angels, as I hope, have witnessed it.

Char. Rash girl, you have undone him: torn asunder nature's strongest tie—set father against son—When was the name of Ratcliffe dishonoured until now?

Eliza. Charles!—Brother!—Benefactor!—Is there yet a name more tender, an appeal more sacred? Did hard fortune leave me only one protector, one dear friend! and will not he forgive me?—Take me then, and hurl me to the ground, as one not worth preserving. [*Throws herself on his Neck.*

Char. Wretched Eliza! did I ever till this moment meet your embrace with coldness? Have I not loved you, heaven and earth, how much!—How then have I deserved to be dishonoured by you, and to have my name stamped as the joint seducer of a fond weak youth, who will have cause to execrate the hour, when first he called me friend?

Eliza. Strike me not to the heart with your reproaches, but in pity hear me: I am not lightly-minded, not ignobly taught how to distinguish honour, for I am your sister, and have a saint, that does not blush to call me daughter: she has pronounced my pardon.

Char. She is all pity: sorrow has melted her fond heart to weakness.

Eliza. And can you find no excuse for mine?

Char. We'll have no more of this, Eliza. There is a weakness lurking at my heart, that warns me how I trust myself too far; you have made wreck of your own honour, wretched girl; I may still rescue mine. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERIC *and* MRS. RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. R. Eliza!—my dear child! how has it passed?

Fred. It is too plain how it has passed—She is in tears, pale, and trembling—By my soul, it is too much!—Why did I leave you to his keen reproaches? By Heavens, I'll follow, and——

Eliza. Pray stay.—Let me persuade you. Give me your arm—Lead me into the other room; I shall recover there, if you will be patient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SIR STEPHEN'S BERTRAM'S *House.*

Enter SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM *and* SAUNDERS.

Sir S. Well, Saunders, what news have you been able to collect of my undutiful son?

Saun. I have not seen Mr. Bertram, but I am told he has settled himself in very handsome lodgings, and is gone to remove his lady to them.

Sir S. His lady, do you call her? Can you find no fitter term? Where should he get the means to settle? He was not furnished with them by me; who else will do it? If he attempts to raise money upon expectancies, be it at their peril who are fools enough to trust him: No prudent man will be his bubble.—If I were sure that was his practice, I should hold it a matter of conscience to advertise against his debts.

Saun. Perhaps there may be some persons in the world, who think you will not always hold out against an only son.

Sir S. Then let those persons smart for their opinion:—they little know the feelings of an injured father;—they cannot calculate my hopes, my disappointments, my regret.——He might have had a lady with an ample fortune:—A wife without a shilling is——but what avails complaint?—Could you learn nothing further, who supplies him, who holds him up?

Saun. I hear that he had money of your broker, Sheva.

Sir S. That must be false intelligence. He will as soon make gold by transmutation as wring it from the gripe of that old usurer: No, no, Sheva is

too wary, too much a jew, to help him with a shilling.

Saun. Yet I was so informed by his own servant, Jabal.

Sir S. It mocks all belief; it only proves, that Sheva, the most inveterate miser in existence, has a fellow jew for his servant, one of the completest liars in creation.

Saun. I am apt to give him credit for the fact, notwithstanding.

Sir S. Then give me leave to say, you have more faith than most men living: was I to give so much credit, Mr. Saunders, I should soon stop.

Saun. I am not quite so fixed in my persuasion of old Sheva's character as you are. In his dealings, all the world knows he is punctiliously honest; no man's character stands higher in the Alley; and his servant tells me, though he starves himself, he is secretly very charitable to others.

Sir S. Yes, this you may believe, if you are disposed to take one jew's word for another jew's character: I am obstinate against both; and if he has supplied the money, as I am sure it must be on usurious principles, as soon as ever I have the old miser in my reach, I will wring either the truth from his lips, or the life out of his carcase.

Enter SHEVA.

Sheva. How does my worthy master? I am your very humble servant, goot Sir Stephen Bertram. I have a little private business to impart to you, with your goot leave, and if your leisure serves.

Sir S. Leave us, if you please.

[*Exit* SAUNDERS.

Sheva. Aha! I am very much fatigued: there is great throng and press in the offices at the Bank, and I am very feeble.

Sir S. Hold, sir:—Before I welcome you within these doors, or suffer you to sit down in my presence, I demand to know, explicitly, and without prevarication, if you have furnished my son with money secretly, and without my leave?

Sheva. If I do lend, ought I not to lend it in secret? If I do not ask your leave, Sir Stephen, may I not dispose of my own monies according to my own liking? But if it is a crime, I do wish to ask you who is my accuser? that, I believe, is justice every where, and in your happy country I do think it is law likewise.

Sir S. Very well, sir, you shall have both law and justice. The information comes from your own servant, Jabal. Can you controvert it?

Sheva. I do presume to say, my servant ought not to report his master's secrets; but I will not say he has not spoken the truth.

Sir S. Then you confess the fact—

Sheva. I humbly think there is no call for that: you have the information from my footboy—I do not deny it.

Sir S. And the sum—

Sheva. I do not talk of the sum, Sir Stephen, that is not my practice; neither, under favour, is my footboy my cashier. If he be a knave, and listen at my keyhole, the more shame his; I am not in the fault.

Sir S. Not in the fault! Wretch, miser, usurer! you never yet let loose a single guinea from your gripe, but with a view of doubling it at the return. I know what you are.

Sheva. Indeed! 'tis more than I will say of myself. —I pray you, goot Sir Stephen, take a little time to know my heart, before you rob me of my reputation. I am a jew, a poor, defenceless, aged jew; that is enough to make me miser, usurer—Alas! I cannot help it.

Sir S. No matter: you are caught in your own trap: I tell you now, my son is ruined, disinherited, undone. One consolation is, that you have lost your money.

Sheva. If that be a consolation to you, you are very welcome to it. If my monies are lost, my motives are not.

Sir S. I'll never pay one farthing of his debts; he has offended me for life; refused a lady with ten thousand pounds, and married a poor miss without a doit.

Sheva. Yes, I do understand your son is married.

Sir S. Do you so? By the same token I understand you to be a villain.

Sheva. Aha! dat is a bad word, dat is very bad word—villain. I did never think to hear that word from one who says he knows me. I pray you, now, permit me to speak to you a word or two in my own defence. I have done great deal of business for you, Sir Stephen; have put a pretty deal of monies in your pocket by my pains and labours: I did never wrong you of one sixpence in my life: I was content with my lawful commission.—How can I be a villain?

Sir S. Do you not uphold the son against the father?

Sheva. I do uphold the son, but not against the fader; it is not natural to suppose the oppressor and the fader one and the same person. I did see your son struck down to the ground with sorrow, cut to the heart: I did not stop to ask whose hand had laid him low; I gave him mine, and raised him up.

Sir S. You! you talk of charity!

Sheva. I do not talk of it: I feel it.

Sir S. What claim have you to generosity, humanity, or any manly virtue? Which of your money-making tribe ever had sense of pity? Show me the terms, on which you have lent this money, if you

dare! Exhibit the dark deed, by which you have meshed your victim in the snares of usury; but be assured, I'll drag you to the light, and publish your base dealings in the world.

[*Catches him by the Sleeve.*

Sheva. Take your hand from my coat—my coat and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together—There, there! be patient—moderate your passions, and you shall see my terms: they are in little compass: fair dealings may be comprised in few words.

Sir S. If they are fair, produce them.

Sheva. Let me see, let me see!—Ah, poor Sheva! —I do so tremble, I can hardly hold my papers— So, so! Now I am right—Aha! here it is. Take it. [*Gives a Paper.*] Do you not see it now? Is it not right?

Sir S. [Reads.] *Ten thousand pounds, invested in the three per cents, money of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram!*

Sir S. I'm thunderstruck!

Sheva. Are you so? I was struck too, but not by thunder. Heaven was not angry with a poor old man. And what has Sheva done to be called villain? —I am a jew, what then? Is that a reason none of my tribe should have a sense of pity? You have no great deal of pity yourself, but I do know many noble British merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuse your tribe.

Sir S. I am confounded and ashamed; I see my fault, and most sincerely ask your pardon.

Sheva. Goot lack, goot lack! that is too much. I pray you, goot Sir Stephen, say no more; you'll bring the blush upon my cheek, if you demean yourself so far to a poor jew, who is your very humble servant to command.

Sir S. Did my son know Miss Ratcliffe had this fortune?

Sheva. When ladies are so handsome, and so good, no generous man will ask about their fortune.

Sir S. 'Tis plain I was not that generous man.

Sheva. No, no, you did ask about nothing else.

Sir S. But how, in the name of wonder, did she come by it?

Sheva. If you did give me money to buy stock, would you not be much offended, were I to ask you how you came by it?

Sir S. Her brother was my clerk. I did not think he had a shilling in the world.

Sheva. And yet you turned him upon the world, where he has found a great many shillings: The world, you see, was the better master of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I will humbly take my leave. You wished your son to marry a lady with ten thousand pounds; he has exactly fulfilled your wishes: I do presume you will not think it necessary to turn him out of doors, and disinherit him for that.

Sir S. Go on, I merit your reproof. I shall henceforward be ashamed to look you or my son in the face.

Sheva. To look me in the face, is to see nothing of my heart; to look upon your son, and not to love him, I should have thought had been impossible.—Sir Stephen, I am your very humble servant.

Sir S. Farewell, friend Sheva!—Can you forgive me?

Sheva. I can forgive my enemy; much more my friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH,

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM *and* SAUNDERS.

Sir S. I am wrong, Saunders, totally wrong, in the manner I have resented my son's marriage.

Saun. I flattered myself you would not hold out long against a worthy son: It is not in the nature of a father to resent so deeply.

Sir S. Very true, Saunders, very true; my heart is not a hard one—but the lady he has married has ten thousand pounds for her fortune.

Saun. Oh! that indeed makes all the difference in life. This is a mollifying circumstance, I confess.

Sir S. I know not how she came by it. It seems to be the work of magic; but so it surely is; I saw the stock in Sheva's hands.

Saun. Well, sir, you could not have it from better hands than from the author himself.

Sir S. How! What! from Sheva! Impossible! Ratcliffe is of a great family—Some sudden windfall—some relation dead. You'll see him in mourning the next time you meet.

Saun. He has not put it on yet, for I left him this minute in the counting-house: he is waiting to speak with you.

Sir S. So, so, so! Now then the news will come out—But, pr'ythee, don't let the gentleman wait. We must make up for past slights by double civility. Pray inform Mr. Ratcliffe I shall be most happy to

receive his commands. [*Exit* SAUNDERS.] Now I shall be curious to see how this young man will carry himself in prosperity. Had I but staid one day longer without discharging him, I could have met him with a better face.

Enter CHARLES RATCLIFFE.

Char. Sir Stephen Bertram, I shall not engross much of your time. My business will be despatched in a very few words.

Sir S. Whatever commands you may have for me, Mr. Ratcliffe, I am perfectly at your service.

Char. I don't doubt it, sir; but I shall not put your spirit to any great trial. My explanation will not be a hostile one, unless you chuse to understand it as such.

Sir S. Far be it from me to wish it: Good terms between near connexions, you know, sir, should always be cultivated.

Char. You are pleased to be facetious, but your irony will not put me from telling you, that your son's connexion with my family is no match of my making. If my sister has dishonoured herself, it behoves me to say, and to say on my solemn word, that the whole transaction was kept perfectly secret from me, and has received every mark of my displeasure and resentment, that I have as yet had an opportunity to give it.

Sir S. Proud as Lucifer himself! [*Aside.*]—Well, sir, if you are dissatisfied with the match, I can only say I am not in the fault of it: but when you say your sister is dishonoured, I protest I do not perfectly understand you; nor did I quite expect such an expression from you.

Char. Probably you did not; your studies perhaps have laid more in the book of accompts than in the book of honour.

Sir S. You are very high, sir; I am afraid your unexpected good fortune has rather intoxicated you.

Char. No, sir; the best good fortune I have known this day was that which discharged me from your connexion, not this which unwillingly imposes it upon me.

Sir S. Very well, Mr. Ratcliffe! It was not with this sort of conversation I was prepared to entertain you; the sooner we put an end to it the better: Only this I must take leave to tell you, that the fortune of the family into which your sister has married, is by no means overbalanced by the fortune she has brought into it.

Char. Ay, now your heart's come out: that mercenary taunt is all you have to say. But had my wish prevailed, you never should have had it in your power to utter Ratcliffe's name, without a blush for your unwarranted suspicion of his honour. [*Exit.*

Sir S. He's mad; his head is turned: Prosperity has overset him. If the sister of the same blood is provided with no better brains, poor Frederic has made a precious bargain. We shall breed candidates for Bedlam. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SHEVA'S *House.*

Enter SHEVA.

Sheva. Aha! Very goot, very goot! I am at home. Now I will sit down in my own parlour, and not ask leave of any body—I did not think I could have given so large a sum away, and yet outlived it; but I am pretty well—There is but one man in the world poorer than he was, and he is going out of it: and there is a couple at least a great deal hap-

pier, and they are coming into it. Well, well, well! that is two for one, cent. per cent. so I have made a pretty goot bargain,—Now I will ring my bell, and order my dinner: Yes, yes, I will eat my dinner, for I am hungry. [*Sits.—Rings.*

Enter JABAL.

Sheva. Oh! you knave! Oh! you picklock! how dare you listen at my door, and hear my secrets? sirrah, I will have your ears nailed to it.—Don't you speak, don't you speak: you will make me angry, and that will spoil my appetite.—What have you got in the house for my repast?

Jabal. Plenty, as good luck will have it.

Sheva. Plenty, say you? What is it? Let me hear.

Jabal. One egg-shell, and the skins of three potatoes: shall I serve them up at once, or make two courses of them?

Sheva. How now, you jackanapes! One egg-shell is nothing goot for a hungry man.—Have you left some of the potatoes in the skins?

Jabal. Not an atom; you may have the broth they were boiled in.

Sheva. You are a saucy knave, to make a joke of your master. Do you think I will keep a jack-pudding in my house like you, to listen at my key-hole, and betray my conversation? Why did you say I gave away my monies?

Jabal. What harm did I do? Nobody believed me.

Sheva. Go your ways, go your ways; you are not for my purpose, you are not fit to be trusted; you do let your idle tongue run away with you.

Jabal. That is because you won't employ my teeth.

Sheva. You do prate too much; you do chatter, and bring your poor master into great straits; I have been much maltreated and abused.

Jabal. Have you so? I wish to goodness I had been by.

Sheva. Sirrah! you wish you had been by, to hear your master abused?

Jabal. Yes, for I would have dealt the fellow that abused you, such a recompense in the fifth button, that he should have remembered it as long as he lived. Damn it! do you think I would stand by, and hear my master abused?

Sheva. Don't you swear, don't you swear—That is goot lad, but don't you swear.

Jabal. No, though I may be starved in your service, I will die in your defence.

Sheva. Well, well; you are a merry knave—but my eyes do water a little: the air is sharp, and they are weak. Go your ways, go your ways—send Dorcas to me. [*Exit* JABAL.] I cannot tell what ails my heart all this day long, it is so troublesome. I have spent ten thousand pounds, to make it quiet; but there must be a little fraction more—I must give the poor knave something for his good will—Oh, dear, oh dear! What will become of me?

Enter DORCAS.

So, so! Come hither, Dorcas. Why do you look sad? what ails you, girl? Why do you cry?

Dorcas. Because you are going to turn away Jabal: He is the kindliest, willingest, goodnaturedest soul alive—the house will be a dungeon without Jabal.

Sheva. Then tell him, 'tis at your request I let him stay in this dungeon. Say, that I was very angry with him, but that you pacified my anger.

Dorcas. Lord love your heart! that is so like you.

Sheva. Hark you, Dorcas, I will give you this piece of money to make the poor knave merry! but

mind that you bestow it on him as your own little present, and promise not to say it comes from me.

Dorcas. Well! to be sure you do not give your money like other people. If ever I do a good turn, I take care the person I favour should know from whence it comes, that so he may have the pleasure of returning it. Here comes your friend and neighbour, Mrs. Goodison; she will take care of you. [*Exit.*

Enter MRS. GOODISON.

Mrs. G. Ah! my good sir, I perceive you are at your old sport; no smoke in your chimney, no cloth upon your table, full coffers and an empty cupboard.

Sheva. No, no, my coffers are not full, I am very poor just now.

Mrs. G. Come, then, and partake with one whom your bounty has made rich.

Sheva. Do not talk of my bounty; I do never give away for bounty's sake; if pity wrings it from my heart, whether I will or not, then I do give: How can I help it!

Mrs. G. Well, sir, I can be silent, but I cannot forget—And now, if you will come and share my grateful meal, perhaps I can show you one of the loveliest objects in creation, a beautiful and amiable young bride, who, with her husband and mother, is now my lodger. She was married this very morning, to your friend Sir Stephen Bertram's son, who, between you and me, has brought himself into sad trouble with his father by the match. But surely, if there is a woman upon earth worth a man's being ruined for, it must be this young creature—So modest, so sweet-tempered, so engaging—Oh that Sir Stephen had your heart!

Sheva. It might be inconvenient to him, if he had: It is not kept for nothing, I assure you.

Mrs. G. You would not turn such a daughter-in-law from your doors—

Sheva. Nor will he, perhaps.

Mrs. G. Ah, sir! I know a little better: This poor young gentleman himself told me he was ruined. "But don't be afraid to take me into your house," added he, with a sigh that went to my heart, "I am provided with the means of doing justice to you, by a generous friend," showing me a bank bill of one hundred pounds—Heaven bless the generous friend! quoth I—and at that moment I thought of you, my good Mr. Sheva, who rescued me from the like distress when my poor husband died.

Sheva. You may think of me, Mrs. Goodison; but I beg you will not speak of me in the hearing of your lodgers.

Mrs. G. Well, well, sir, if I must not speak, I must not; yet a strange thing came out in conversation with the mother of the bride, a very excellent lady, from whom I found out that she is the widow of that very gentleman we knew at Cadiz by the name of Don Carlos.

Sheva. Mercies upon his heart! he was the preserver of my life! but for his charitable succour, this poor body would have fed the fires of an *Auto da fe.* is it possible Mrs. Ratcliffe is the widow of my benefactor?

Mrs. G. Most certain that she is; which you may soon be convinced of; but I perceive you know the lady's name.

Sheva. Did you not name the lady yourself?

Mrs. G. No, on my word. Ah, sir! you are fairly caught; you have betrayed yourself: Ill deeds, they say, will come to light, and so will good ones, it should seem.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, hold your tongue; you forget that I am fasting, and without a dinner; go your ways, and I will follow; you are nimble, I am slow; you will be shamed with your lodgers, if they see you with a poor old jew like me.

Mrs. G. Ah ! You are cunning in your charities; but I'll do as you would have me, and be ready at the door, to receive and welcome you. [*Exit.*

Sheva. The widow of my preserver from the inquisitors of Cadiz, and the mother of my rescuer from the mob of London !—Dear me, dear me ! How Providence disposes all things !—The friend, that's dead, wants nothing; the friend that is alive, shall likewise want nothing, that I can give him; Goot lack ! goot lack ! I did always think, when I did heap up monies with such pains and labour, that I should find an use for them at last. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MRS. GOODISON'S *House.*

MRS. RATCLIFFE, ELIZA, *and* CHARLES.

Char. I have cleared myself to his father, and I'll clear myself to all the world.

Mrs. R. Charles, Charles, you soar too high.

Char. Madam, Madam !

Mrs. R. How is your honour slighted, when your friend did not even consult his father ?

Char. He knew his father's mind too well.

Mrs. R. And what would you have done ?

Char. I would have saved my friend.

Eliza. And sacrificed your sister—That, let me say, is a high strain of friendship, but no great proof of brotherly affection.

Char. Sister, there is more peace of mind sacrificed by indulging in an act to be repented of, than by foregoing a dishonourable propensity. The woman without fortune, that consents to a clandestine marriage with a man whose whole dependence is upon an unforgiving father, never can be justified.

Eliza. You argue from the unforgiving nature of Sir Stephen Bertram: You had experience of it, I had none.

Char. You might have had, by an appeal to his consent before you gave your own.

Mrs. R. You bear too hard upon your sister. You forget her sex, her situation, your own tenderness, and the affection you have ever borne her.

Char. No, madam, if I could forget how proudly I have thought of her, I should not be so humbled by her conduct as I am. I own I stand in amaze at your indifference. You think I am too proud; you tell me, that I soar too high. How was it when I was this Bertram's clerk? I bore my lot with patience; I submitted without murmuring to poverty: I cannot brook disgrace.

Eliza. Well, Charles, if you could love me only whilst you thought me faultless, I must wonder how it was that we were friends so long: And now you have said all that rigid justice can enforce against me: had you said less, I should have felt it more.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. Charles—Brother—Friend!—Will you not give me joy? Come, man, shake off this cloud, and smile upon my happiness; we catch it but by gleams.

Char. Yes, sir, we sometimes catch it by surprise and stealth; we catch it by a breach of promise and good faith—Then to congratulate a man, in my sense of the word, would be to libel him.

Fred. I have frequently seen cause to applaud your philosophy, Charles: Now I must think you carry it too far.

Char. It touches you too near, therefore you like it not.

Fred. To that remark I should return an answer, were not these dear pledges present, that might a little

ruffle your philosophy, perhaps, but it would fully vindicate my principle.

Char. Postpone it, then, but don't forget it.

Fred. When friends fall into altercation on such points as these, there should be none to witness their folly.

Char. Folly!—

Mrs. R. Son, son, no more of this.

Eliza. Stop, I conjure you both!—Charles, Charles, if you have love or pity left, let this dissension go no further.—And you, Frederic—Husband! You, whose generous heart has put to hazard every hope for me, add yet another proof of love, by suffering these rebukes with patience; perhaps my brother thinks ambition, meanness, artifice, might have some part, some influence, in moving me to what I've done.—I spurn such motives, disavow them all—Were I in Frederic's place, and he in mine, I should have done as he did! I should have thought no sacrifice too great to have secured a lasting interest in a heart like his.

Char. This had been only ruin to yourself, and would have had the plea of spirit, therefore more excusable: but this no man of honour would have suffered! therefore 'tis only said, not done.

Fred. Whatever my Eliza says is done; her actions verify her words, and he, that doubts them, would dispute against the light of Heaven. 'Tis I that am advanced, she is abased; 'tis I that am enriched, Eliza is impoverished: I only risk a few sharp words from an ungentle father, she suffers keen reproaches, undeserved, from an injurious brother.

Char. Urge me no further—I can bear no more.

Eliza. Oh, my dear mother! [*Falls into her Arms.*

Fred. There, there! You've struck her to the heart, and that's a coward's blow! [*Apart to* CHARLES, *in an under Voice.*] My life, my soul, look up! Dear madam, take her hence.

[MRS. RATCLIFFE *takes* ELIZA *out.*

Char. A coward's blow !—you recollect those words, and know their meaning, I suppose—

Fred. Yes, and will meet your comment when you will, and where you will.

Char. Then follow me, and we'll adjust that matter speedily.

Fred. I will but drop a tear upon the ruin you have made, and then be with you.

Char. I'll wait for you below.

Enter ELIZA, *hastily.*

Eliza. Where are you both, rash men ? Ah, Frederic ! alone ! What is become of Charles ? Why is he gone away ? What have you said to him ? I am sure you have quarrelled.

Fred. No, no, not quarrelled—only jarred, as friends will sometimes do—all will be set to rights.

Eliza. How ? When ? why not this moment, in my hearing ? I shall be happy to make peace between you.

Fred. Peace will be made, assure yourself, sweet love : these little heats are easily adjusted.

Eliza. But I could do it best ! you are too hot, both, both too hot and fiery.

Fred. We shall be cooler soon : such heats soon spend themselves, and then the heart is laid to rest.

Eliza. Heaven grant such rest to yours !

Fred. Indeed !

Eliza. What says my Frederic ? You struggle to get loose—Are these soft toils uneasy to you; will not your proud swelling heart endure such gentle fond imprisonment.

Fred. Oh ! thou angelic virtue, soul dissolving softness, would I might thus expire, enfolded in these arms! Love, I conjure thee to bear up ! I am sure my father will take pity, and be kind to thee : I shall assail his feelings in a manner, that no parent can resist. I am going now to put it to the proof.—Farewell !

Eliza. Why in such haste?—Stay yet a little while—If you depart so soon, you'll meet with Charles again, and then—

Fred. What then?

Eliza. Some fatal accident will be the issue of it. Alas! you know not what his passions are when once inflamed; let them burn out, and then he's as calm as water.

Fred. Where does this tend? You would not make a coward of your husband?

Eliza. No; nor would you make a distracted wretch of your poor Eliza: therefore I will not let you loose, till you have promised me not to provoke him to more violence: Promise me this, and you shall go.

Fred. Well, then, if that will set your mind at rest, I promise you I'll have no further altercation with him, not another word to gall him.

Eliza. You'll not renew your quarrel?—

Fred. No, my Eliza, we will end it, and dismiss it.

Eliza. And this you promise on your honour—

Fred. Yes, I do promise.

Eliza. Then all my fears are over—Now you may go—Well! What withholds you? What more do you wish than freedom, and release from my fond arms?

Fred. To snatch one last dear moment, and then die within them—Oh! my soul's better part, may Heaven preserve and bless you! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Tavern.

Enter FREDERIC, *attended by a* WAITER.

Fred. Is the porter returned, who went with my message to Mr. Saunders, at Sir Stephen Bertram's?

Wait. He is, sir; the gentleman will be with you presently.

Fred. Show him up, as soon as he comes—There will be another gentleman call; I believe you know Mr. Ratcliffe?

Wait. Yes, we know Mr. Ratcliffe very well.

Fred. If he comes while Mr. Saunders is with me, request him to wait a few minutes, till he is gone.

Wait. I shall, sir—Any other commands?

Fred. None. [*Exit* WAITER.] I scarce know what I've written to my father; yet perhaps these few lines, in such a moment, may dispose him to protect the widow, if fate will have it so, of a discarded son.—Now I am ready for this angry champion; and since he is resolved to vindicate his courage by his sword, let him produce his weapons when he will, I'll not refuse the satisfaction he demands.

Enter JABAL, *hastily.*

Jabal. Oh, sir, sir! I'm overjoyed to find you—Come, I pray you, come away to my old master, who is pining till he sees you.

Fred. Who is your master, and who are you?

Jabal. As if you did not know Jabal, who lives—No, hold there, who does not live, but starves, with your old friend, in Duke's Place. Why, lud-a-mercy, I knew your honour at the length of the street, and saw you turn into this tavern: the puppily waiter would have stopped me from coming up to you.

Fred. I wish you had taken his advice.

Jabal. That would not be your wish, if you knew all. Sure enough I must hunt up Mr. Ratcliffe also; for there is an iron in the fire for each of you: Master is making his will—Lawyer Dash is at his elbow.

Fred. If the devil was at his elbow, I cannot come to him.

Jabal. I would not carry such a message back for all the world—Why, when Lawyer Dash has pen and ink in hand, and a will under his thumb, he'll dash you in, or dash you out, in a crack.

Fred. Then temper the apology to your taste; only let your master understand I cannot come.

Jabal. I'll tell him then you are married—That will be a silencer at once.—[*Aside.*] What, has he got a sword! Some mischief going forward—I'll tell my old master.

Fred. Begone! make haste! [*Exit* JABAL.]—Married! How cutting is that recollection! Joys just in sight, shown only to be snatched away. Dear, lost, undone Eliza!—But I won't think, for that is madness—Inexorable honour must be obeyed.

Enter MR. SAUNDERS.

Saun. Mr. Bertram, I came to you the first moment I could get away; for I longed to give you joy.

Fred. Be silent on that subject, I conjure you.

The favour, I have to ask you, is simply this—Here is a letter for my father; deliver it to him with your own hands—You seem surprised.

Saun. I am indeed—the impatience of your looks—the hurry of your speech—the place in which I meet you—

Fred. The letter will explain all that—I could not give it you in presence of my—Well, no matter—I take you for a man of honour, and my friend. Will you give the letter?

Saun. Assuredly; but, if I am a man of honour, and your friend, why will not you let me stay with you? In truth, dear Frederic, I am a friend, that, if you want him, will not flinch.

Fred. The friend I want, is one that will not force his services upon me when I can't accept of them: but take my word at once, and leave me.

Saun. Enough! I am gone. [*Exit.*

Fred. I have been harsh with that good man; but this suspense is terrible.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Mr. Ratcliffe desires to know if you are at leisure.

Fred. Perfectly—Let him know I'm at his service.

[*Exit* WAITER.

Enter CHARLES RATCLIFFE.

Char. I have brought my sword; I presume you have no objection to the weapon.

Fred. None on my own account; a little, perhaps, on the score of vanity, as thinking I have some advantage over you in point of skill and practice.

Char. As far as that opinion goes, you are welcome to all the advantages it gives you. Oh! sir, this is a sorry business—Will nothing else convince you I am incapable of giving a coward's blow?

Fred. You have offered nothing else: it is a mode of your own chusing.

Char. Your language forced it on me: you have touched my feelings to the quick. Words, such as you made use of, cannot be passed over without absolute disgrace, unless you will revoke them by apology.

Fred. You may well conceive, Mr. Ratcliffe, with what repugnance I oppose myself to you on this occasion. Whether the event be fatal to you or to myself, small consolation will be left for the survivor. The course you take is warranted by every rule of honour, and you act no otherwise than I expected: but, as my expression justifies your challenge, so did your provocation justify my expression; and your language being addressed to a lady, whom I have the honour to protect, it is not in my power to retract one tittle of what I said; for, was you to repeat the same insult, I should follow it with the same retort.

Char. If you hold to the words, I know not how we can adjust it amicably.

Fred. I will speak plainly to you, and the rather as I am now perhaps speaking to you for the last time. —Admitted by your sister's favour into a family, whose representative resents her conduct, I will not so disgrace her choice in your eyes, who have opposed it, as to submit in the first instance to the most distant hint at an apology.

Char. No more—defend yourself. [*They fight.*

Fred. What's that? I've wounded you!

Char. No.

Fred. Yes; I'm sure of it. 'Tis in your arm; you cannot poise your sword. [CHARLES *is disarmed.*

Char. It is too true: your point has hit me through the guard: I'm at your mercy.

Fred. I am at yours, dear Charles, for pardon and forgiveness: now I retract my words, and blush for

having used them—Let me bind up your wrist: here is a handkerchief—Shall I call for assistance?

Char. No, no; a scratch; 'tis nothing. It scarce bleeds—Hark! somebody is at the door—Take up the swords.

Sheva. [*Without.*]—Let me in; I pray you, gentlemen, let me in. I am Sheva, your friend.

Char. Open the door, Frederic.

Enter SHEVA.

Sheva. Dear me! dear me! what have you been about? Gootness defend me? is it come to this? Are you not friends? Are you not brothers? Is that a reason you should quarrel? And if you differ, must you fight? Can your swords argue better than their masters? You call that an affair of honour, I suppose; under your favour, I do not think it a very honourable affair; 'tis only giving a fine name to a foul deed. Goot lack, goot lack! what is the matter with your wrist?

Char. Nothing to signify; a trifling scratch.

Sheva. A scratch you call it; I pray you come to my poor house, and let that scratch be healed; you had great care for me, let me have some for you: that is my sense of an affair of honour; to pay the debt of gratitude that I do owe to you, and to your fader, who preserved my life in Spain, that is my point of honour.

Char. My father! did you know my father?

Sheva. That you shall hear, when I have shown you how I purpose to dispose of my affairs.—As for you, Mr. Bertram—Come, come, let us depart: put up your swords, I hope we have no further use for them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

MRS. GOODISON'S.

SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM *and* MRS. GOODISON.

Mrs. G. Your son is not at home, Sir Stephen, but Mrs. Bertram is; and if you will allow me to call her down, I'm sure she will be happy to pay her duty to you.

Sir S. A moment's patience, Mrs. Goodison.—You seem much interested for this young bride, your lodger.

Mrs. G. It is impossible to be otherwise. She has beauty to engage the eye, and manners to interest the heart.

Sir S. Some pride of family about her, I should guess; a little of her brother's vivacity perhaps.

Mrs. G. None that appears: mildness, and modesty, and every gentle grace, seem inherently her own.

Sir S. Be pleased to tell her, I attend to pay my compliments; and, as young ladies' characters are not so easily developed in the company of their mothers, I would be glad she would allow me to confer with her alone. [*Exit* MRS. GOODISON.] Now I shall have this mystery unravelled. Saunders's notion, that the fortune comes from Sheva, is romantic in the extreme. Why should he portion her? She has no jew's blood in her veins, we'll hope; and as to a deception, that he dare not practise—She comes! By Heavens, a lovely creature!

Enter ELIZA.

Eliza. You honour me most highly, sir—

Sir S. Not so, madam; the honour is conferred on me.

Eliza. How have I merited this condescension?

Sir S. Call it not condescension: it is no more than is due from one, who is proud to embrace the title you have allowed him to assume.

Eliza. This is beyond my hopes. Will you permit me then to call myself your daughter, and entreat a blessing and a pardon on my knees?

Sir S. Not for the world, in that submissive posture. All you can ask is granted, with acknowledgments on my part for the happiness you have bestowed upon my son—Had certain circumstances occurred before your marriage, that have since turned up, I presume you would not have precipitated matters, at least not in the secret manner they were carried.

Eliza. What circumstances, sir, may you allude to?

Sir S. The death, as I suppose, in your family—

Eliza. Good Heaven forbid! What death? is it my brother—

Sir S. No; your brother, madam, no! Pray be not thus alarmed!—I know your brother's circumstances too well, to suppose your sudden fortune could proceed from him——Perhaps some distant relation, or some friend, may have bequeathed——

Eliza. What? let me ask.—I know of no bequest.

Sir S. Call it a gift, then, a donation on your marriage—It must have been an agreeable surprise to my son, to have been presented with a fortune so unexpected.

Eliza. I am loath to think Sir Stephen Bertram can descend to ridicule my poverty;—that I should be regarded by you as an unwelcome intruder upon your family, I can well believe. Conscious that I have incurred your displeasure, I shall patiently endeavour to soften it by submission and obedience.

Sir S. Madam, that answer is at once so pacifying, and so candid, that, if the information I have had of your being possessed of ten thousand pounds for your

fortune, be false, though I thought I had pretty strong evidence of it——

Eliza. Impossible!—I'm sure your son, I'm sure my brother, never told you this?

Sir S. I did not say they did.

Eliza. No, they would disdain so gross and palpable a deceit.

Sir S. Well, be it as it may, with or without a fortune, portioned or pennyless, I feel myself so irresistibly impelled to open my arms to you as a father, that whether Sheva has or has not deceived me, I here deposite my resentment; and, by what I experience of your power over my heart, most thoroughly acquit my son for having surrendered his.

Eliza. It is the impulse of your own generosity, not any impression of my giving, that moves your heart to pity and forgiveness.——But who is Sheva, that you seem to point at as the author of this falsehood?

Sir S. Sheva, the Jew——Surely you know the man?

Eliza. Thank Heaven, I do not: I can safely say, I never, to my recollection, heard his name before.—Some vile impostor, I suppose.

Sir S. Not quite that, though bad enough to be so treated, if he has practised this deceit on me.—Sheva is my broker; your husband knows him well; a miserly methodical old Alley drudge, who showed me, what I believed, a true receipt for ten thousand pounds, vested in your name, in the funds.—One of my people would have persuaded me, it was his own voluntary benefaction.—But if you don't know him, never saw him, never heard his name, the thing's impossible.

Eliza. Totally so, without one ray of probability. No jew of that or any other name, do I know.

Sir S. Your merit, then, and not your fortune, shall endear you to me. I will strike out ten thousand

pounds, that I perceive you are not possessed of, and write in ten thousand graces, which I perceive you are possessed of, and so balance the account.—Now, Saunders, what's the matter?

Enter SAUNDERS.

Saun. Your son requested me to give this letter into your hands.

Sir S. No, no—there needs no letter—Tell him, it is done; say, that you found me conquered in less time than he was. Bid him make haste hither in person, before I run away with his wife: and let him write no more letters, for I won't read a word of them.

[*Exit* SAUNDERS.

Eliza. Won't you be pleased to open your letter?

Sir S. Positively I will not read it, because Frederic shall not have to say, that his rhetoric had any share in making me a convert. If it is, as I suppose, a recital of your graces and good qualities, I do not want his description to assist my sense of what I see; but if you have a wish to see your own fair person painted by his hand, you are welcome to indulge it. [*Takes the Letter, and gives it to* ELIZA.] Break the seal——

Eliza. 'Tis short—I'll read it to you—*I am this instant summoned, by Charles Ratcliffe, on a point of honour, sword to sword*——Oh! Heavens!—I can no more—— [*Drops the Letter.*

Sir S. What is it? What alarms you?

Eliza. Oh! that letter! that letter!—My husband and my brother!—or one or both have fallen!

Sir S. Merciful powers forbid it!

[*Takes up the Letter.*

Eliza. Stop not to read it! fly! and take me with you—plant me between them; I am the cause of quarrel!—

Enter FREDERIC, *followed by* CHARLES.

Fred. My love, my life, my ever dear Eliza!—

Eliza. Where is your wound?—Are you not dying? —What is become of Charles?

Char. Here is your happy brother—all is well.

Fred. We are both here, with friendly hearts and joyful news, to greet you.

Eliza. Don't speak of joy too soon: 'twill overthrow my senses—Let me survey you both. Don't deceive me; you have wounds about you——Ah! Charles, what's this?

Char. The least, but luckiest wound, that ever man received:—this little glance of your brave husband's sword, disarmed me of my weapon, and both our rash hearts of their anger.—Now lay aside your fears, and prepare yourselves for wonders.

Fred. Oh, sir, I have offended you; but—

Sir S. But what? You have an advocate, that makes all hearts her own. Spare your appeal; you will but waste your words.

Enter MRS. RATCLIFFE.

Eliza. Oh, my dear madam! I have joy to give you—Let me present you to my Frederic's father.

Sir S. Yes, madam; and the greatest joy that son ever conferred upon me, is the title he has given me, to claim a father's share with you in this angel of a daughter.

Mrs. R. Such she has been to me. I am blest to hear you say, that you approve her.

Sir S. Frederic, give me your hand—If you had brought me half the Indies with a wife, I should not have joined your hand to hers with such sincere delight.

Fred. How generous is that declaration!—Now, Charles, 'tis time to introduce our friend.

[*Exit* CHARLES.

Mrs. R. What does he mean, Eliza?

Eliza. I know no more than you: Some new wonder, I suppose.

Sir S. Ha! Sheva here? This is indeed a wonder.

Enter CHARLES, *with* SHEVA.

Char. This is the man—My benefactor; yours Eliza; Frederic's; yours, dear mother! all mankind's: The widow's friend, the orphan's father, the poor man's protector, the universal philanthropist.

Sheva. Hush, hush! you make me hide my face.

[*Covers his Face with his Hands.*

Char. Ah, sir! 'tis now too late to cover your good deeds: You have long masked your charities beneath this humble seeming, and shrunk back from actions princes might have gloried in: You must now face the world, and transfer the blush from your own cheeks to theirs, whom prejudice had taught to scorn you. For your single sake, we must reform our hearts, and inspire them with candour towards your whole nation.

Sheva. Enough, enough! more than enough—I pray you spare me: I am not used to hear the voice of praise, and it oppresses me: I should not know myself, if you were to describe me; I must refute the praises of that gentleman.—That lady, I believe, is Mrs. Ratcliffe: she does not know me: I will not touch upon a melancholy subject, else I could tell a story—Merciful Heaven! what horrors was I snatched from by her husband, now, alas! no more.

Mrs. R. Oh, gracious powers!—The Jew of Cadiz.

Sheva. The very same—your debtor in no less a sum than all I possess, the earnings of a life preserved, first by your husband, and now again by your son. Why am I praised then, if I am merely honest, and discharge my debts?

Sir. S. Ah! now the mystery's solved. The ten

thousand pounds were yours—Give them to Ratcliffe; I will have nothing from fortune, where nature gives so much.

Sheva. That is a noble speech, and worthy of a British merchant; but monies does not lessen merit, at least not always, as I hope, for Mr. Ratcliffe's sake, for he is heir of all that I possess.

Mrs. R. What can I say? My heart's too full for utterance.—O Charles, the fortunes of your house revive! Surely the blessed spirit of your departed father now sympathizes in our joy. Remember, son, to whom you owe this happiness, and emulate his virtues.

Char. If I forget to treat my fortune as becomes the son of such a father, and the heir of such a benefactor, your warning will be my condemnation.

Fred. That will never be; the treasure, that integrity has collected, cannot be better lodged than in the hands of honour.

Sir S. It is a mine of wealth.

Sheva. Excuse me, good Sir Stephen; it is not a mine, for it was never out of sight of those who searched for it: the poor man did not dig to find it: and where I now bestow it, it will be found by him again. I do not bury it in a synagogue, or any other pile; I do not waste it upon vanity, or public works: I leave it to a charitable heir, and build my hospital in the human heart.

THE END.

FIRST LOVE

SABINA.—MY LORD! MY HUSBAND!
ACT V. SCENE I.

Printed by Singleton. Published by Longman & Cº March 1816. Engraved by C.Heath

FIRST LOVE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

The author of this comedy, as the author of the comedy of "The West Indian" and "The Jew," gives high importance to the work; and yet his very reputation as a dramatist, may here prove the means of disappointment to many of his readers; for, in "First Love," though possessing much merit, there is scarce a page which denotes dramatic talents, such as Mr. Cumberland has evinced in the before named productions.

It would be unjust to send forth this play from the stage to the closet, without intimating to the reader, who may, possibly, be unacquainted with all the numerous dramas by the same writer—that this, he is going to peruse, is inferior to every one of them. Still it was successful on its appearance, is now occasionally acted, and receives that degree of encomium, which must ever attach even to the most hasty or negligent composition of a man of genius.

That the interest excited by "First Love" is not deep, nor the events forcible; that no peculiar passion is awakened, no comic effect produced by any incident or character, may, in part, be attributed to the locality of the subject—the sorrows of a French emi-

grant—which seem to have stimulated the author to write, without affording him the means to write with his accustomed skill. What could fiction add, what could imagination invent, what could poetic description supply, to heighten the real sufferings of, or increase the general compassion for, those outcasts of their country?

The very materials which give to *this* drama the semblance of real life, have cast an insipidity upon the whole substance. The author, placing his dependence upon a fact, has spared his powers of invention their usual labour; and, lulled into security by the charms of a popular topic, has slumbered throughout his employment, nearly to the sleep of death.

But whilst there is no part of this comedy which claims high praise, still less is there any one scene deserving of censure. They will each produce, both for readers and auditors, a degree of entertainment worthy of their leisure; though by no means equal to that delight, which the same author has been in the constant habit of dispensing.

Some excellent instruction to the married will be found in the connubial conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle; particularly at the conclusion of the fourth act: and moral lessons, to which the author in all his various writings most virtuously adheres, will be read in every page, and plainly seen to pervade almost every occurrence and every character.

Lord Sensitive is, perhaps, the only exception to the success of moral effort in this play; for, with all his lordship's pretended susceptibility, he is even too

unfeeling for an example. Men, of his class in iniquity, have hearts too hard for warnings to impress: their cruelties are the effect of deliberation, and their amendment (like his) but the result of whim. No incident, perhaps, in the whole piece, is more whimsical than the sudden reformation of this vile lord. Poetic justice has at least been dealt to him; for his repentance is as ludicrous as his transgression was enormous.

May this atrocious character never be brought forward to invalidate the following most excellent description of Mr. Cumberland, as a writer, by the poet Goldsmith:

" A flattering painter, who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless.
— — — — — — —
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters, thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SENSITIVE	*Mr. Wroughton.*
SIR MILES MOWBRAY	*Mr. King.*
FREDERICK MOWBRAY	*Mr. Palmer.*
DAVID MOWBRAY	*Mr. Bannister, Jun.*
MR. WRANGLE	*Mr. Benson.*
BILLY BUSTLER	*Mr. Suett.*
ROBIN, SERVANT *to* SIR MILES	*Mr. Hollingsworth.*
SERVANT *to* LADY RUBY	*Mr. Trueman.*
SERVANT *to* MR. WRANGLE	*Mr. Webb.*
SABINA ROSNY	*Mrs. Jordan.*
LADY RUBY	*Miss Farren.*
MRS. WRANGLE	*Miss Pope.*
MRS. KATE	*Miss Tidswell.*
WAITING WOMAN *to* LADY RUBY	*Miss Heard.*

FIRST LOVE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter FREDERICK MOWBRAY, *followed by* DAVID.

David. Well! I could almost swear—yet I won't be sure. I wish he would look back once again.—Yes it is, by St. George, it is my dear brother Frederick! —Ah! my sweet fellow, welcome to England! Don't you remember little David?

Fred. David! may I believe my eyes? Tis, he sure enough! Come to my arms, my brave lad! Why you are altered out of knowledge! and in the navy-uniform —That's right, my boy, there you're in your proper line.

David. Ay, ay, sir!—But we'll talk of that by-and by. How are you, in the first place? How fares it with you, my hearty? where are you come from? what sort of a cruize have you had in t'other country? Have you fallen in with father?

Fred. No, nor do I wish him to know of my arrival as yet.

David. Be it so, be it so! Mum's the word for that.—Are you come home full or empty? Egad, you'll find father cling plaguily by the claws, damn'd

close in the lockers: if you are bare of the ready, I've plenty.

Fred. Thank you, David, thank you heartily; but I can shift. Keep your money, my good lad.

David. Not that, with your leave; I know a little better than so, we may hope.—But what brings you home o'the sudden?

Fred. My father's peremptory commands.

David. Enough said: then 'tis on account of sister's wedding.

Fred. I believe not—but I did not know till this moment she was married. Tell me the particulars, for 'tis interesting intelligence.

David. Why, she's married, that's all I can tell you: she has got a mate of father's own chusing; so he thinks he has done a mighty feat, and rigged her out for a fair weather voyage; but between you and me, I suspect there's foul wind in feather-bed lane, and a kind of cat-and-dog harmony on board between 'em, that's my notion.

Fred. I can well believe it: She has not the best temper in the world. What is the gentleman's name and condition?

David. Wrangle is his name, and wrangling I suspect to be his condition; but I heartily dislike the man, and therefore I would not have you take his character from me: see him, and judge for yourself.

Fred. There is one marriage in our family then to begin with; and now I must tell you, David, in confidence, that I do not believe it was on account of this wedding my father called me home in such haste, but with a view to another.

David. Like enough; that's your look out, thank Heaven, and not mine.

Fred. Bad luck for me, David, if it is as I fear; but you know Sir Paul Ruby is now dead, and my first love is a widow, young, blooming, and mistress of a mine of wealth: You can remember Clara Mid-

dleton, how devotedly I was attached to her, and how cruelly my father tore me from her?

David. Do I remember it? Yes, to be sure, and in my mind never forgave old crusty for his hardheartedness, to this hour; but if that be his sport, let him come on: By the Lord Harry, Fred. you'll be a gay fellow if you can bring that prize into harbour.

Fred. Hush! hush! that can never be.

David. Why you are in the right not to be too sure, for all the world is after her; but if she has a hankering for you still, you know—

Fred. Heaven forbid!

David. Well, well, I won't flatter you, brother, you are a little gone off, to be sure, rather the worse for wear, a small matter out of trim, but we can soon put that to rights, if your timbers are but staunch.

Fred. It is not there I should fail, let us hope; but if death was the alternative, I could not give my hand to Lady Ruby.

David. I take you now; you'll be no man's second; I see how it is with you, first oar or none at all.—Lord love you, what a whim is that! 'Tis no denial to a good ship because another man has commanded her.

Fred. You are wide of the mark, friend David; it is not that I object to Lady Ruby as a widow, for I dare say she is still beautiful as an angel.

David. That's more than I know, for I never saw one; but I'm sure she is as fresh and as fine as a daisy.

Fred. Why, that is as lowly a similitude as you can well find for her; but with all her charms, and all her riches, and all the love she could bestow upon me, were it warm and flattering as in our fondest moments, the barrier between us would be insuperable: fate has disunited us for ever.

David. Then fate has played you a very foul trick, let me tell you; for, 'search the world through, you will no where find her fellow.

Fred. If I dare trust you with a secret, I would put that to the trial; and yet I think you are too good a fellow to tell tales.

David. Give me none to tell, and that's a sure way to prevent it; but I think you might venture to trust me too.

Fred. This it is, and I'll make a short story of it.

David. Do so!

Fred. I have brought a virtuous and lovely girl with me into England.—

David. Indeed!

Fred. Who has been the preserver of my life, the companion of my journey from Padua to this place, and whom I have pledged myself to make the partner of my fortune.

David. Your wife?

Fred. My wife: the word is past, and I must keep it.

David. To be sure you must: but I'm sorry for it; there's no more to be said.—Death and fury! What a torrent will you have about your ears! Why father will come down upon you like a water-spout.

Fred. I am now seeking out some place where she can be lodged and boarded with people of reputation, till I can arrange my affairs; but I have been so long out of England, that I am almost as much a stranger in London as herself. Perhaps, David, you can help me out.

David. Why that's what I'm a thinking of: I have a friend, a right one, as staunch an old cock as ever crowed, my navy agent, Billy Bustler by name. I'm to dine with him to-day—and he has a sister Kate by the same token; a good soul! but if your miss isn't of the right sort, look you—

Fred. Oh fie, fie! Can you suppose any otherwise?

David. Well, well! but a word in time, you know—for Kate's a pure maiden, you must think, with a good deal of the buckram about her. Lord! how I do

set her up sometimes! So, if you've stowed away all your courtship, d'ye see, and got your marriage tack fairly aboard, why, upon these terms, I think I have interest enough with Kate to coax her into compliance.—Now, what say you?

Fred. Let us about it directly; for my lovely charge is expecting me, and time is precious.

David. Say no more, my bright fellow! As for Billy, he's a sure card. Give me your arm, and we'll be down upon him in a whiff. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in MR. WRANGLE'S *House.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. WRANGLE.

Mrs. W. Ah, my dear dear Mr. Wrangle, I have been sighing for a sight of you this many a long hour: Where in this world have you hidden yourself from the eyes of your fond, doting wife?—Come, come, my love, look kindly upon me: We, that are so happy in each other, should always meet with rapture.

Mr. W. Well, my dear Lyddy, and who is so rapturous as I? Where is the husband that so dotes upon his wife?

Mrs. W. Don't say so, don't say so. Can you lay your hand on your heart, and say you love me to the full as well as ever you did?

Mr. W. Better, better.

Mrs. W. No, you don't.

Mr. W. Yes, I do.

Mrs. W. I'll swear you don't; I know to a certainty your affection abates, whereas mine increases

every hour: nay, it is so excessive, that I am almost afraid it grows troublesome to you.

Mr. W. Don't fear it; from my soul I believe our fondness for each other is equal and alike: The uninterrupted harmony of our nuptial state, and the fidelity I have ever manisfested——

Mrs. W. Well, and what has my fidelity been, I would ask? Notorious, unique, the talk of all the town. I am really so pointed at in all companies, as a mere domestic creature, that I am almost ashamed to show my face in any fashionable circle.

Mr. W. Never mind their sneering; your own conscience can acquit you of deserving it.—If I were you, Mrs. Wrangle, I would sometimes pass an evening at home, if it were only to show them you despise their spleen.

Mrs. W. Sometimes, Mr. Wrangle! sometimes pass an evening at home! Where is the woman of fashion passes so many evenings at home as I do?

Mr. W. The present won't be one of the number, if I may judge from your dress.

Mrs. W. The present indeed! How can you expect it? Isn't it opera night? Would you wish to deprive me of my only pleasure? Is there any thing in life I love so well as an opera?

Mr. W. Oh yes! your husband.

Mrs. W. Well, my husband to be sure—my husband is before every pleasure, so you need not take me up so quickly; for you know, my dear, you are all in all to me.

Mr. W. With the opera to help out.

Mrs. W. The opera indeed! You should be ashamed to mention the opera; where, I think, considering [illegible] things, I might expect to be indulged with a bo[illegible] myself, instead of scrubbing into the pit, as I [illegible] present; which, give me leave to say, few wom[illegible] my pretensions would put up with.

Mr. W. Keep your temper, Mrs. Wrangle.

Mrs. W. And don't I keep my temper, Mr. Wrangle? Isn't it the part of a friend, to let you know the whole town cries out upon you? that you're the public talk? your character suffers by it—People know what a fortune I brought you, and you know in your heart, my dear, that if you had a little more of the gentleman in your spirit—

Mr. W. 'Sblood, madam, if I had a great deal less, you are enough to call it up.

Mrs. W. There, there! now you are going to be in one of your tantarums.

Mr. W. Then why do you provoke me to it?

Mrs. W. I provoke you! I only tell you of your faults, and you have not temper to hear of them.

Mr. W. You are very sharp-sighted in spying out my faults, methinks, and at the same time either shut your eyes upon your own, or find them too incurable to meddle with.

Mrs. W. I plead to no fault but the fault of keeping terms with you; and that I'm resolved to correct out of hand: I'll put up with your ill humours no longer; my father, my family, the whole town, shall know your treatment of me. I could bear my lot well enough, if the world did but know I was not that happy wife they suppose me to be.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Lady Ruby. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. Best impart your sorrows to her then; she, you know, is your bosom friend.

Enter LADY RUBY.

Mrs. W. My dear Lady Ruby!

Lady R. My dear Mrs. Wrangle!

Mr. W. Here's a tender greeting! An honest man would suppose these women had a regard for each other; nothing less at heart with either. [*Aside.*

Lady R. Oh! you incorrigible creature! *tête-à-tête* with your own wife.

Mr. W. I have the grace at least of taking a hint, when the friends of my wife would dispense with my company. [*Exit.*

Lady R. Did you ever see the like? Upon my life, Lydia, you have spoilt that good man of yours, and made him as freakish as a humour'd child: There is not one in a thousand of that silly sex can bear being petted.

Mrs. W. Never think about him; he grows quite intolerable.

Lady R. Bless me! I could not have believed it.

Mrs. W. No, because you will believe me what I am not, never have been, nor ever shall be—happy with that man: My temper is quick, his sullen; my nature is open and sincere, his dark and jealous.

Lady R. He jealous! Mr. Wrangle jealous!

Mrs. W. Oh! extremely so.

Lady R. I could not have believed it.

Mrs. W. Now cannot I for the life of me comprehend why you could not have believed it; because, though I am sufficiently guarded in my conduct, especially before him, yet I should hope I am not too vain, when I suppose some few attractions, some small pretensions, may still be said to belong to me—though comparatively nothing with what your ladyship possesses.

Lady R. Certainly, my dear madam, you have charms in full measure; and if you rather chuse to be complimented upon them than your discretion, your husband shall be credited by me for all the jealousy you think fit to ascribe to him, with as much or as little cause for it is as you may be disposed to allow of.

Mrs. W. I believe there is no woman but would be mortified if her husband was to say to her, "It is not in your power to make me jealous."

Lady R. I grant you the power is desirable; the exercise of it an experiment of some danger: 'tis like a dormant title; one would not give it up, though it may not suit us to assume it.

Mrs W. A-propos to a title—now your year of widowhood is up, have you asked a certain question of that little heart of yours, and has the sly thing ever been brought to confession about this same Lord Sensitive, who follows you up and down like your shadow?

Lady R. Oh, yes—I've talked with the sly thing as you call it, by the hour about him, and a very edifying conversation it was, I assure you.

Mrs. W. Ay, indeed! as how?

Lady R. Why, I took it roundly to task; for I began to perceive it had got some foolish fluttering, which you good wives know nothing of—now this I did not like, for, being as you see, a free woman, I resolve to profit by past sorrows, and not enslave myself any more.

Mrs. W. Humph! that's a widow's resolution, made without meaning, and broken without remorse; but for my part, as I don't believe you are at all in love with him, I must wonder what amusement you can find in tormenting him.

Lady R. Law, child! the man torments himself; he takes all trouble off my hands, and makes me a bye-stander in my own quarrels: He sees things that never had existence, hears things that were never said, and seems to have a phantom ever at his beck, like a conjuror's familiar, that whispers in his ear, and drives him upon extravagancies that exceed all credibility.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Lord Sensitive begs permission to pay his respects to you.

Lady R. Look you there, now—phantom again—Better send him away; for if he gets a haunt of your house, he'll be under your couch, behind your bed-curtains; not a corner, closet, nor cupboard will be free from him.

Mrs. W. Now I won't send him away, for I perceive she's jealous—Provoking creature! how vexatiously well dressed she is! [*Aside.*]—Show my Lord Sensitive up. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. I have presumed upon the privilege of an old acquaintance—

Mrs. W. To come in search of a new one.—I am much beholden to Lady Ruby for the honour of this visit.

Lord S. Now that is quite cruel, Mrs. Wrangle; it really gives me pain; but it is my misfortune to have every attention of mine misunderstood.

Mrs. W. Would your lordship be understood then to have no attention for any lady in this room besides myself?

Lord S. I would be thought not to want more temptations than one for visiting Mrs. Wrangle; but whatever interpretation you may please to put upon my intentions, I must think myself highly honoured when they are regarded as an object either by yourself or Lady Ruby.

Lady R. My lord!—meaning me?—

Lord S. Madam!

Lady R. I thought I heard my own name; that was all.

Lord S. And do I offend by pronouncing it! if so, I fear I am guilty even in my sleep—nay in my prayers; for I am apt to name you then.

Mrs. W. Now that's too much, by all that's tender!—Heavens, what a Philander! Such milk and sugar speeches make me sick. [*Aside.*

Lord S. I am very unlucky, ladies, and perhaps unseasonably intrude upon some more interesting business; Lady Ruby's thoughts at least seem to be otherwise engaged than upon the present subject.

Lady R. You are not quite out of your guess; they were just then upon a ramble.—I think, my lord, you was last summer in Italy—

Lord S. In Italy! Yes, yes, madam, I was in Italy.

Lady R. Did you visit Padua?

Lord S. Padua! No—What do I say? Yes, I have been at Padua.

Lady R. Did you make any long stay there?

Lord S. Really I—I have almost forgot how long I stayed.—But pray, madam, why do you wish to know? Have you any particular motive for inquiring how long I stayed at Padua, or what passed whilst I was there?

Lady R. None, none at all; not the least curiosity, be assured.

Mrs. W. Don't believe her, my lord; she has a motive for every thing, and never speaks without forethought.

Lady R. How can you say so? Oh! you spiteful thing, what a persecution have you drawn upon me!

Lord S. Indeed and indeed, Lady Ruby, you have alarmed me: I feel every thing that falls from you, and am tremblingly alive to the slightest whisper that may wound my reputation where I am most interested to guard it. I entreat, if you have heard any thing against me, that you will suffer me to defend myself.

Mrs. W. No time like the present, therefore I'll charitably leave you together—which is a goodnatured way of making you perfectly disagreeable to each other. [*Exit.*

Lord S. It is now in your power, Lady Ruby, to make this abrupt departure of Mrs. Wrangle's the

kindest action of her life, and the happiest moment of mine—

Lady R. My lord, I don't perfectly understand you.

Lord S. By permitting me to justify my character to your entire satisfaction: I will suppose, madam, you have heard that I had an idle attachment at Padua.

Lady R. I did not hear it was idle.

Lord S. Admit it was a serious one then, for argument's sake—such fooleries, I should hope, do not stick fast to a man's character, especially after the object is shaken off, and forgotten.

Lady R. Perhaps that may be the worst part of the story, if the lady was not unworthy—but I am no inquisitor.

Lord S. I'll not impeach the lady's reputation, neither will I allow it to be said, I have dealt dishonourably with her in any shape—If any gentleman dares to fix that aspersion upon me, I am ready with my answer.

Lady R. I don't doubt it; there's a certain argument that answers every thing.

Lord S. I guess from whom your information is derived: Mr. Frederick Mowbray has been at Padua —is there still perhaps.

Lady R. Hold, my lord, I must set you right in one particular; and I insist on your believing me when I declare to you, upon my honour, that Frederick Mowbray is not my informer, neither does my information come by any other channel from him.

Lord S. May I ask the lady's name you suppose me to have been attached to?

Lady R. Sabina Rosny, of noble parents, who had perished under the axe in France; an orphan fugitive, young, beautiful, and friendless.

Lord S. I befriended her, I protected her.—If our best deeds are to be perverted by detraction, and, then urged against us as crimes, who is safe?

Lady R. Innocence.

Lord S. Well, madam, I hope that is my case.

Lady R. I hope it is—and if it is, you'll treat such stories with contempt.

Lord S. And so I do; but I am penetrated, cut to the heart, confounded with—with contrition—no, not that—but with shame and vexation, that such stories should be entertained by you in any serious light.

Lady R. Your agitation makes them serious.

Lord S. My agitation is proportioned to the—to the agony it gives me to say, that I regard myself as dismissed, discarded, banished from your sight for ever. [*Exit.*

Lady R. Guilty, upon my honour!

Enter MRS. WRANGLE.

Mrs. W. Well, my dear lady, you have quarrelled, as I supposed, and parted with high words: and now if his lordship should fall to his prayers, I should doubt if it will be a blessing he'll bestow upon you.

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. I step back once more, and for the last time—Confusion! Mrs. Wrangle here?— [*Exit.*

Mrs. W. Shall I stop him?

Lady R. No, I beseech you let him go.

Mrs. W. He is terribly agitated.

Lady R. Not a whit more than will do him good; let us hope his fermentation will refine him.

Mrs. W. Ah, my dear lady, I see plainly how it will be; you will marry that man; positively you will marry him.

Lady R. If you are positively right and infallible

in your predictions, it must be so; if I have any thing to say to it, I shall beg leave to doubt—But time flies fast in your society, and I have been making you a most unconscionable visit. May I request your servant to order up my coach?

Mrs. W. Must I part from you?—Who waits?

Enter a SERVANT.

Order Lady Ruby's servants.

Lady R. Well, good bye to you!—we shall meet at the opera.

Mrs. W. My dear dear friend, all happiness attend you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in BILLY BUSTLER'S *House.*

Enter BILLY BUSTLER *and* MRS. KATE.

Billy B. Well, Kate! well, girl; now let us hear how it goes in the kitchen quarter—It comes a little mal-a-propos, to be sure, for I'm plaguy busy; but I know you like to set out a dinner, so give us your bill o' fare.

Kate. Why, you know, Billy, this is Michaelmas day.

Billy B. Yes, yes, I know that fast enough: I hope you have a goose?

Kate. Law! brother! how you snap one up—to be sure there is a goose.

Billy B. At first course, I hope, bottom dish.—

Kate. No, the goose is at top.

Billy B. I tell you, no; my goose shall be at bottom.

Kate. Why then you must have two gooses, for no one shall cut it up but myself. There's a boiled leg of corned pork for your carving; I hope you call that a bottom dish—with a pease pudding on one side, and a bowl of apple sauce on the other.

Billy B. I'll tell you what, Kate, I can't give up the goose; I love to have him under my own nose, smoking, with sage and onions—Oh! he's a savoury fellow!—can't give him up, Kate; can't, upon my soul.

Kate. Then you must give up me, for I won't sit at table on any other terms.—You, indeed, to dispute with me about tops and bottoms!—with me, who could have set out seven and eleven before you was man enough to tuck a napkin under your chin! Do, pr'ythee, keep to your own receipt book, and leave me to mine; I know it all, from a lark to a loin of beef, and, in the economy of the table, wou'dn't hold a candle to Hannah Glass herself, if she was living, and here present.

Enter DAVID.

David. Heyday! how came this to pass? here's a breeze, indeed! here's a ripple!—Kitty, my charmer, who has vexed you?

Kate. Why, Billy has vexed me; he will chatter about things he knows nothing of.

Billy B. I've done, I've done: serve up the goose in your own way.

David. Out upon him, for a lubber! he has been running foul of the kitchen hawlyards, after his old fashion.

Billy B. No, no, it's all over; there's an end; I

knock under: Your presence, Pickle, always makes peace.

David. Why, how long have you lived by the sea, friend Bustler, not to find out that it's sure to make rough water where two tides meet? Kitty's temper is as smooth as a mill-pond, if you won't put in your oar. Come, come, let us be all in good humour with each other, for I've a favour to ask of you.

Kate. What is that, lapwing?

David. Oh! quite a small matter; I know you'll grant it at the first word.

Kate. It shall go hard but I'll try for it. Let us hear it.

David. Why, 'tis only to accommodate a friend of mine with a night or two's lodging in your spare cabin.

Kate. Is that all?

David. Yes; that's all.

Billy B. Any friend of yours, my dear boy, shall be welcome to my house, bed and board, for as long as he likes.—Why did'n't you bring the gentleman with you?

David. Gentleman! No, no, the gentleman in this case happens to be a lady.

Kate. Ah, gemini! you little wicked devil, would you foist your naughty husseys into my house?

David. Who says she's a naughty hussey? She's as spotless a virgin as yourself, only she is not so obstinately bent to continue one; for she's about to be married out of hand.

Kate. Get you gone, get you gone! I'll have nothing to do with her.

Billy B. Hold, hold; let us understand this a little better. What is the lady's name—who is she going to marry—and how are you interested about her? I don't think David Mowbray would bring a bad woman into my family.

David. Why, who can suppose I would? But with

respect to entering into her history with you, I can't do it; for 'tis brother Frederick's affair, and he'll satisfy you in all points. It is not I that am going to marry her, but he: all I know is, that she is a person of rank, and an emigrant. Take notice, I have never seen her, and moreover it is a close secret from father.

Kate. Billy, Billy, if it is a secret affair, don't meddle or make with it: as sure as can be, you'll get into hot water with Sir Miles Mowbray.

Billy B. Hot water, indeed! let him take care, then, he don't scald his own fingers. I shall act the straight part by my friend David; if he deceives me, that is his fault; if I deceive him, I am a flincher, and no true Englishman—so, I say, the lady shall be welcome: I say it, and who shall gainsay it?

David. Come, sweet Kate, it only wants your concurrence; take a little pity into your heart for a poor orphan stranger, driven out of her own country by the murderers of her parents, and give her a small sample of your hospitality, for the honour of old England.

Kate. Nay, if she is an orphan, and a stranger, and a fugitive from that cruel country, who but a monster would refuse to take her in? I'll not be outdone in charity by any body.—Let her come when she will, I'll do every thing in my power for her.

Billy B. Well said, Kate! thou art a kind soul, though a dear lover of a little contradiction.

David. When there's a good heart at bottom, what matters it how you get to it?—But I'm going to my brother, and, when I bring him in my hand, I shall bring one, for whose honour I will vouch with my life. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

MR. WRANGLE'S *House.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. WRANGLE.

Mr. W. So, child, how comes it to pass you are not at the opera to-night?

Mrs. W. The fates decreed it otherwise.

Mr. W. Nonsense! the fates, indeed! You have other reasons than they can give you.

Mrs. W. Well, if you are not contented with the fates, you must make inquiry amongst the casualties. —Your coach broke down with me at the opera door.

Mr. W. My coach! my new coach!

Mrs. W. The very same; and, for an accident, methinks you have come off reasonably well. If my limbs had been broken at the same time, you would have had double repairs on your hands.

Mr. W. Humph! are my horses safe?

Mrs. W. They are jobs, you know; you need have no feeling for them.

Mr. W. How did you come home?

Mrs. W. Took the first carriage that was offered me.

Mr. W. And whose was that?

Mrs. W. Colonel, Colonel—I can't think of the man's name.

Mr. W. Come, come, I know your man. I'll bet ten to one, 'twas Colonel Doricourt's.

Mrs. W. That's high odds but you'd win the wager.

Mr. W. You came home with Colonel Doricourt—

Mrs. W. Exactly so.

Mr. W. Damnation! then there are more repairs on my hands than a broken carriage; there is a ruined reputation.

Mrs. W. Carry in your damages: the gentleman will satisfy you.

Mr. W. And do you think I'll be satisfied with this cool contempt, this insolent indifference to my just remonstrances? No, madam, your new method of insensibility won't serve: I'll make you feel, before we part.

Mrs. W. Keep your temper, Mr. Wrangle.

Mr. W. I'll not keep my temper.

Mrs. W. Throw it aside then, and get a better; for it is thoroughly worn out, and no longer fit for any gentleman's wear.

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. So, so, so! very good, very good! Here you both are, close as ever: here I left you, and here I find you, still the same, ever fond and loving, ever happy in each other.

Mr. W. Oh! supremely happy—

Mrs. W. Both superlatively blest—

Sir M. Yes, yes, I know it well: and why are you so superlatively blest, but because you had the grace to discover that I could chuse better for you than you could for yourself? Why is a father called the head of his family, but as it is his business to think for all those whose heads can't think for themselves? The human heart, children, has been my peculiar study; and as I have kept myself exempt from all those passions that disturb it, I may say without vanity, I am master of the subject.

Mr. W. And pray, sir, may I ask how you became thus learned in the passions, having never experienced the effects of them?

Sir M. As a physician finds out a disease without feeling it; by natural intuition and deep reflection.

Mrs. W. And by which of these do you discover to a certainty that I am as happy as I pretend to be?

Sir M. Can I fail to discover it is day when the sun shines? If there were any hypocrisy in your heart, can you suppose it would escape me? When your brother Frederick was in love, did not I find it out? Yet I never was the dupe of that nonsensical passion myself.

Mrs. W. So I should think, sir, when you undertook to reason him out of it.

Sir M. Ay, madam, and now you shall see I'll reason him into it.

Mr. W. That I should guess will be no hard task, if Lady Ruby is the object. Mr. Mowbray will be a happy man if he obtains her.

Mrs. W. He'll be a rich one at least: why you should so decidedly say he will be a happy one, I am at a loss to guess, because I know the lady is no favourite of yours.

Mr. W. I can have no favourites, whilst one reigns mistress of my heart, compared with whom all other objects are as nothing.

Sir M. Do you hear that, Lyddy? By my soul, Wrangle, though I say it to my daughter's face, (and she's a good girl, I confess) thou art enough to spoil any wife in England.

Mrs. W. Not with kindness, I should think.

Mr. W. Can I possibly be too kind to such a wife?

Sir M. No, but you may talk too much about it: you may turn her head with too many fine speeches.

Mrs. W. I wish you had heard what fine speeches he made to me just now.

Sir M. I don't doubt it.

Mrs. W. I had the misfortune to have my coach broke down at the opera. I have seen husbands that will fret and fume at such an accident, and scold the poor wife without mercy.

Sir M. Ay, those are peevish paltry fellows truly.

Mrs. W. Are they not? yet even those, who are such tyrants out of sight, shall be sycophants to your face, and pass themselves upon the world for the best of husbands, by the mean resource of flattery and fine speeches.

Sir M. Very true, they are the most loathsome characters in nature.

Mrs. W. I think so from my soul—and all the while the poor wife, though in fact the most miserable of beings, shall be falsely supposed the happiest of women.

Sir M. That is the most provoking circumstance of all.

Mrs. W. Insupportably so in my opinion—Then the odious creature is so jealous upon every trifling occasion, and so petulant withal, that one knows not which he is most to be despised for, his capriciousness or his cruelty.

Sir M. Ah child, child! had you been refractory and self-willed, all these miseries might have fallen upon you; whereas, by following my judgment in the great concern of life, you have all the blessings of wedlock, and escape its sorrows.—So farewell! I leave you happy; I have made you happy: and if I have the same success with Lady Ruby, to whom I am now going, we shall all be happy. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. My dearest life, permit me to attend upon you—Honour me so far as to give me your hand.

Mrs. W. Oh! that I could recall the day when I did give you my hand! neither force, nor flattery, nor all the fortune upon earth, should prevail with me to consent to it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in LADY RUBY'S *House.*

Enter LADY RUBY *and* WAITING WOMAN.

Lady R. When Lord Sensitive's confidential servant informed you of his attachment for Sabina Rosny, did he speak of her as a woman of character?

W. Woman. Oh yes, my lady; he gave the young gentlewoman a very high character.

Lady R. For her discretion, I ask you?

W. Woman. For her good qualities, my lady, her accomplishments, and, above all, for her beauty.

Lady R. Pooh! her beauty is out of the question; I am simply talking of her character, of her conduct.

W. Woman. Pardon me, madam, I did not think it handsome to be over-curious about conduct; for I concluded Mr. Carrington too much a man of honour to betray his master's secrets.

Lady R. So it should seem indeed, by his taking you into counsel for the keeping them.—You may leave me. [*Exit* WAITING WOMAN.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Lord Sensitive delivered this himself, and bids me say, he attends to know your ladyship's pleasure. [*Delivers a Note.*

Lady R. Very well! [*Reads it.*]—My compliments to his lordship, and, if he wishes to walk up, I am at home. [*Exit* SERVANT.] So! here's another explanation to undergo—Ah! man, man! positively thou art the most irrational, nonsensical animal in the creation.

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. Am I permitted once more to approach you?

Lady R. You have the same permission, my lord, that you always had.

Lord S. I am sensible my visits can no longer be acceptable to you: where suspicion has taken hold, kindness cannot keep its place; I had therefore determined never to intrude again, but a natural wish to attempt my justification, and, more than all, a natural weakness, which my heart cannot instantly shake off, induce me once more, and for the last time, to solicit an admission.

Lady R. I am happy to see your lordship upon any terms; and I hope you will repeat your visits for the last time so often, that our acquaintance will improve by it.

Lord S. Ah, madam, madam, whilst you can sport with my feelings in this manner, your levity convinces me how indifferent I am to you: nay, I believe, from my soul, I am become your aversion; and I am astonished, when your ladyship so well knows the real motives of my visits here, you have not ordered your doors to be shut against so unwelcome an intruder.

Lady R. Pray, my lord, what is our quarrel just now? and why should my doors, that are apt to be open to all persons of honour, and my friends in general, be shut against you in particular?

Lord S. Because I understand some tattling busybody has impressed you with unfavourable notions of my conduct, in an affair, which delicacy forbids me to explain.

Lady R. Then let delicacy prevail with you to forbear the subject. We may be good friends, without searching into the secrets of each other's heart.

Lord S. Right, madam; 'tis a compromise that saves us both from an unpleasant task: my heart is not pure enough for your inspection; yours, was I to search it, would disclose all the tender feelings, all the fond, unabated, affections, that are there glowing and alive for a certain person, who sways it still, though absent and neglectful.—'Sdeath, madam! it is a discovery that would drive me into madness, nor will I stoop to friendship, where I have once aspired to love!

Lady R. That is sincere, at least: you think my nature steady to a first attachment; credit yourself for the same principle, and we have each of us our separate pursuits; they clash no longer.

Lord S. May I then be permitted to ask you one plain question?

Lady R. With all my heart; propose it.

Lord S. Are you not, at this moment, still so wedded to a first attachment, as to be no longer susceptible of any other?

Lady R. That is a question, let me observe to you, that none but the most intimate friend could expect an answer to; how, then, can your lordship look for it, when you will not submit to be regarded in that character?

Lord S. But if a lover presumed to put such a question, would you wave it in his case?

Lady R. If he was a man I disliked, I might, perhaps, avail myself of so fair an opportunity for getting rid of him; if he was one I esteemed, I should be sorry to find he had so self-tormenting a curiosity belonging to him.

Lord S. Oh, loveliest of women! ever charming, ever irresistible, pardon my too anxious sensibility, and pity one who lives but in your sight. I find it is impossible to escape—scorn me, trifle with me, torture me as you will, still I must adore you.

Lady R. Must you be always in extremes? Now you are more intolerable than ever.—Let go my hand, I desire of you.

Lord S. Grudge me not this short respite from my anguish; for pity's sake, do not leave me.

Lady R. Positively I must.—Ah! you have crushed my hand—release it, I beseech you.

Lord S. Spare me these few moments; I am not so presumptuous as to flatter myself they can last.

Lady R. I hardly think they should; I don't believe any human hand could bear to be so squeezed much longer.

Lord S. Thus let me atone the injury I have done it. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Lady R. I perceive, my lord, our interviews should last no longer than whilst we keep up the spirit of controversy; as soon as ever we begin to be of the same mind, it is time we should part.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Miles Mowbray begs the honour of a few minutes conversation with your ladyship.

Lord S. There, there, there! all my apprehensions are verified.

Lady R. Hush! hush!—wait without a few moments.—[SERVANT *retires.*]—I confess I am puzzled to account for this visit.

Lord S. So am not I—His motives are too clear: your fortune is the loadstone; he comes to make proposals for his son.

Lady R. Ridiculous! Go, go, you shall not stay a minute longer; I must admit him.—Who waits?—Tell Sir Miles Mowbray, I am at his service.

Lord S. Well, madam—if it must be so, and if Sir Miles's business is so very interesting—

Lady R. Don't be so tiresome.

Lord S. I will obey—And yet—Oh! Lady Ruby, think of me! [*Exit.*

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. I am your ladyship's very humble servant —greatly obliged to you for this indulgence, very greatly obliged to you indeed. I am a suitor to your ladyship, under favour, for a few moments of your patience, if my request be not unseasonable.

Lady R. I am entirely at your command, Sir Miles.—Be pleased to take a chair.

Sir M. Not so, my lady; let me entreat you to be seated first.

Lady R. Pray, use no ceremony—With your leave, I will sit by you.

Sir M. I humbly thank you.—In truth, my lady, I do greatly covet to be near you, near in every sense. Believe me, I should greet the moment as the happiest in my life, that connected me and mine in the closest and nearest alliance with your ladyship.

Lady R. Has that always been your wish?

Sir M. Madam!—My lady!—Ahem! I am not sure I rightly comprehend your ladyship's question.

Lady R. If I remind you of your past opinion, Sir Miles, it is because I would not have you be deceived as to your present one—I do not think that, within the period since you and I have ceased to be acquainted, I have any such acquirements to boast of as should induce you to think better of me, now that I am a widow, than you did before I was a wife.

Sir M. 'Tis a proof of your modesty, that you are pleased to say so; and what is so engaging? 'tis a token of your candour and sincerity (amiable qualities!) and I always did you the justice to say, that you possessed them in a very eminent degree.

Lady R. Indeed! did you say that?

Sir M. I did, I did, upon my soul—I said it, and I thought it.

Lady R. Then I suspect you do not think better of a woman for being only modest, candid, and sincere.

Sir M. Pardon me, madam! Can I give a stronger proof how highly I esteem those virtues than by tendering you my son, my eldest son Frederick?

Lady R. Bless me! would you recommend so bad a bargain to your son?

Sir M. How so, my lady? how so? Why do you say so bad a bargain?

Lady R. Because you have only reckoned up a ragged troop of virtues, which you once turned from your doors, when they were in better plight than at present, without naming money, which, I believe, in your opinion, is a virtue worth them all.

Sir M. I know the value of money, madam, though I won't call it a virtue; and I own to you, that Sir Paul Ruby's property, so worthily bequeathed to your ladyship, and consolidated with what Frederick, as my heir, may expect, are circumstances not to be overlooked in the calculations of a prudent father.

Lady R. Well, Sir Miles, I am still so much your son's friend as to rejoice at having discovered, that, when interest prompts you to seek out an alliance for him, the good qualities of the lady you contract with will be no bar to your bargain.

Sir M. Very much on the contrary, very much indeed; and therefore let me hope, my good lady, when my son, whom I look for hourly, shall arrive, you will graciously permit me to lay him at your feet.—In this hope, I humbly take my leave—

Lady R. Your patience for a moment: Whatever hopes you are pleased to found upon this conversation, I must candidly tell you they are not at all to be depended upon; and recollect, Sir Miles, that if my affection for your son is now extinguished, it was your own authority that put an end to it;—let me add,

that, if I am not greatly flattered by the honour of this visit, it is because I clearly comprehend the motives of it.

Sir M. My lady, I—I—I am your very humble servant.

Lady R. Your most obedient, Sir Miles Mowbray. —Who waits? [*Exit* SIR MILES.] O, Frederick, Frederick! false, forgetful man! Did you but feel those wishes, which your interested father expresses, how little would you need an advocate!—how easily would my resentment be appeased! [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

BILLY BUSTLER'S *House.*

FREDERICK *and* SABINA.

Fred. Friend of my life! my benevolent preserver! I have now happily accomplished one effort of my gratitude, by escorting you to an asylum, where persecution cannot reach you.

Sabina. Generous Mowbray! I do wish to tell you, in the language you have taught me, how my poor heart is penetrated with your goodness to me, but I am not eloquent; I can only say, I do thank you for your care of me, and for bringing me to your cha-

ritable country, which I do honour from my soul; indeed, I do honour it; but, alas! it is not for me ever to be happy in it.

Fred. Why do you say that? I am incapable of deceiving you: this instant I am going to my father, and be assured it shall not be many days before the dubious situation you are in shall be honourably done away, and all my promises fulfilled.

Sabina. No, no, no, my good friend; I shall not call upon you from those promises; we are now in England, and those promises are nothing—they are void.

Fred. What can you mean, Sabina? Do you suspect my integrity?

Sabina. I do not suspect you at all—but you was sick, take notice, very sick, and deranged in your senses, when, because I did do my possible, in pity and compassion, to assist you in your malady, you was pleased to make those promises you speak; and I did let them pass for the time, saying nothing to the contrary of them, because they were very good and commodious for me, as a single woman, travelling alone with you, under protection of your honour; but now that you are at home again, and, thanks to Heaven! in good health, I shall not be so base to let you ruin yourself by marrying poor me, only because you pledged your word, when you did hardly know what that word meant.

Fred. Nobly conceived! But I am not that wretch, to sacrifice my honour to a mean, mercenary evasion: Though my heart has been wounded, as you know, it has not been debased; and I am determined to go this instant to my father, and announce the resolution I have taken.

Sabina. Stop, I conjure you, stop! I have something on my mind to tell you.—Ah, misericorde! What is a-coming now?

Enter LADY RUBY.

Lady R. Bless me! I did not know this room was occupied: I beg a thousand pardons—Mr. Mowbray!—

Fred. Lady Ruby!—this is indeed a surprise.

Lady R. I desire I may not break in upon your conference, sir. My business with the master of this house may be transacted in his office.

Fred. Our conference, madam, is at an end. I was on the point of my departure.

Lady R. By no means let me hasten it—I should be sorry to deprive the lady of one moment of your company.

Fred. It has been my good fortune to be the lady's companion for some time, and we are just arrived in England. Mademoiselle Rosny is an emigrant of noble birth, as much to be admired for her virtues, as she is to be pitied for her misfortunes.

Lady R. Rosny, is that the lady's name?

Sabina. Yes, madam, that is my name: Alas! I am the last that bear it: Those, that did honour to it once, are now no more: I am a miserable, solitary relict.

Lady R. So young an orphan! How my heart bleeds for you!

Sabina. How good, to feel for the distressed and stranger! Ah, had you known my parents!—They perished at Marseilles; I fled to Padua, but sorrow overtook me; I had great sufferings there.

Lady R. I can well believe it.—Lord Sensitive has that to answer for. [*Aside.*

Fred. Sabina, you shall spare yourself the painful recital: Lady Ruby, if I rightly know her, is not curious to inquire into the private histories of the unfortunate.

Lady R. In point of idle curiosity, I hope you do me no more than justice; but to know misfortunes, for the purpose of relieving them, permit me to say

that I am curious.—If Mademoiselle Rosny should prefer the protection of one of her own sex to her present situation, my heart and house are open to receive her.

Sabina. Oh! that is great consideration for me, truly.

Lady R. What say you, amiable Sabina? I am, like you, a solitary woman: will you consent to be my companion and friend?

Sabina. I have all possible empressement for your goodness; and certainly so charming a lady cannot fail to have a tender heart for the unhappy; but I am without a friend in England, except this worthy gentleman, and I do think he will advise me for the best. It seems to me that you are not quite estranged to one another: Mr. Mowbray is very honourable and good to poor me; I pray you, let me hear what he will say.

Lady R. Speak, Frederick.

Fred. I scarce know how to answer.

Lady R. If you believe me worthy of the trust, and sincere in wishing for it—

Fred. How can I doubt of either? But my connexion with this lady is a delicate one.

Lady R. I must suppose it is an honourable one.

Fred. In the strictest sense. Gratitude not less than, under Providence, for my life, bind me to Sabina Rosny. Through the sad period of an excruciating illness, her soothing pity was my only support —snatched by her care from death, or a condition worse than death, could I do less than dedicate what's left of life and senses to the generous preserver of them? I am now going to my father—I need not say how much my fate depends upon that interview.

Sabina. No, no, no! I do once more pray and implore of you, Mr. Frederick, not to speak of me to your father: I have reasons for that, which it would

be great pain and difficulty for me to explicate, to you; but since my lady is so good to permit me to come to her, I do pray you let me avail myself of her kind favour, and then, when I will make my confession to her, you shall find yourself very happy that you have not spoken to your father.

Fred. Go, then, and may you find your happiness where mine was lost!—Oh, Lady Ruby, pardon a distracted mind—

Sabina. Be tranquil, my good friend, you shall have no cause to complain of me; and I am persuaded this lady, who has the beauty of an angel, has also the benevolence of one.

Enter KATE *and* BILLY BUSTLER, *hastily.*

Kate. My lady, I am your ladyship's most obedient humble servant!—Pray, my lady, excuse this seeming want of manners; if we had had any item of your ladyship's doing us this great honour, things should have been in another sort of fashion, to have welcomed such a visitor.

Billy B. Sister and I had but just stepped out.

Kate. Yes, my lady, brother Billy and I had but just stepped out to provide something dainty for our charming guest—and a lovely young lady she is, though I say it to her face, as any in the kingdom, your ladyship always excepted.

Lady R. No apology to me, my good Mrs. Catherine; your brother knows that my business relates only to some small accounts of Sir Paul Ruby's, and those can be adjusted at any other time as well as the present.

Billy B. They are all ready, my lady; examined, vouched, and balanced; with your leave, I will bring up the abstract, and pay in the amount.

Lady R. Another time, if you please: till then I will trouble you to be my banker; every body knows your punctuality, my good friend.

Billy B. Pretty correct, pretty correct, I flatter myself, fair lady: hav'n't lost my credit yet—hope I never shall.

Lady R. There is a loss, however, you must be prepared for; I am going to rob you of your amiable guest: you must pardon me if I take Mademoiselle Rosny with me.

Billy B. Every thing this house contains is so entirely at your ladyship's command, that, if you was to take away not only my amiable guest, but sister Kate into the bargain, I must submit and obey.

Kate. Law, brother, how you talk! as if such a person as me could be company for her ladyship—but Miss Rosny deserves better entertainment than we can give her; and, to be sure, if your ladyship so wishes, much as we shall feel the loss of her sweet society, yet, with Mr. Frederick's consent, we shall resign her.

Sabina. I am very thankful, indeed I am, good madam and good sir, for your politeness; and, I am persuaded, that the more I had known you, the more and more I should have loved you; but adieu for the present; I will pay you my devoirs as soon as it is in my power.

Kate. The blessing of blessings light upon you, sweet innocent! they must be monsters who could harm you.

Lady R. Come, my dear, are you ready?

Sabina. One word with you, Mr. Frederick—Ah, my good friend, give me your hand: I shall see you soon, and you shall know all my sad history; then you will pity and excuse me: meanwhile I do pray, if you regard my happiness or your own, say not one word to your father on the subject we were speaking of.

Fred. So far I promise you, till the mystery is cleared up.—Lady Ruby, I commit to your protec-

tion a tender pledge, which, if I had not kept sacred whilst under guardianship of my honour, I were a wretch too hideous for society. What she has to reveal to you, I know not: if misfortunes, you will pity them; if mistakes, you will pardon them—wronged she may be, guilty she cannot be.

Lady R. Oh, Frederick! Frederick! I have much to say to you—many things to explain, and something to impart that will surprise you.—Be cautious in your language to your father. After you have conferred, let me see you.

Fred. Is it possible you can wish it? Is there an object so unwelcome, so proscribed as I am?

Lady R. If your heart suggests that question, why do you trust me with a charge so dear to you? And, if you were unwelcome, why did I solicit the trust? Ah! where is your wonted intuition?

Fred. I can make no reply; I'll strive to fortify my heart, and wait upon you.—Shall I attend upon you to your coach?

Lady R. By no means; stay where you are.—Here is my beau.

[*Exit, attended by* BUSTLER, *and followed by* SABINA *and* MRS. CATHERINE.

Fred. Where am I? What is this obscurity, that gathers like a cloud ready to burst upon me? Sabina meditates to set me free—but why? I cannot penetrate her motives: I have no trace of what I may have divulged in the wanderings of my reason. Perhaps she has discovered my first love in the person of this lady, and means to make a generous sacrifice of her right in me.—I'll not permit it: no! though my heart should burst with the recoil of that unconquerable affection, which the sight of my enchantress has revived, I never will submit to be a villain, and abandon my preserver.—David!

Enter DAVID MOWBRAY.

David. Ay, sure enough I am he.—Where's Mademoiselle?

Fred. Gone with Lady Ruby.

David. Is she so? then I caught a glimpse of her, for the first time.—Well! I say nothing, every man to his own fancy; but, for my part, brother Frederick, if little England cou'dn't furnish me with a mate to my liking, I would be content to go single for the rest of my days.

Fred. David, we won't talk upon that subject just now.

David. Very well, then you must keep clear of father, for he will talk of nothing else; yet I think you should speak him quickly, for it's out of chance for you to lie hid in this tattling town much longer.

Fred. I waited only till Sabina was disposed, and am going to him directly. Will you accompany me?

David. To be sure I will, if you wish it—But harkye, Frederick; I hope you don't take in ill part what I said to you, only because I thought it a pity an honest Englishman should go out of his own country for a wife; whereas, do you see, if your heart is pledged, why, there's an end of the matter.

Fred. There let the matter end then.

David. Enough said; leave it there: only, if father comes down upon you with a spanking breeze, I would not have him take you at a nonplus.

Fred. A man, who knows his duty, cannot be surprised: I am his son in all lawful service; but where my honour is engaged, friend David, I think you will agree with me, that an honest heart ought not to be shaken either by menaces or soothings—so let us boldly set forward, face our fortune, and defy its malice.

David. Come on, my brave fellow! to the last

breath of my life I will stand by you; and, if father cuts you off with a shilling, and leaves me his estate, the shilling shall be mine, and the estate shall be yours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in SIR MILES'S *House.*

ROBERT *passes the Stage*—MR. WRANGLE *follows.*

Mr. W. Robin! Robin!—A word in your ear—

Robert. I humbly beg your pardon, Mr. Wrangle, I did not see you.

Mr. W. No offence, my good friend, no offence—How are you, honest Robin?

Robert. Thank you, sir! What are your commands, I pray?

Mr. W. Where's your master? where's Sir Miles? I want a word or two with him in private.

Robert. I'll tell him as much. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. Do so, do so! I'm determined it shall come out: she threatens to complain of me to her father; and, as she always takes care to have the last word, it is but fair that I should have the first.

Enter ROBERT.

Robert. I crave your pardon, sir; but I hope you have no bad news about my young mistress?

Mr. W. Why should you suppose it, Robin?

Robert. Because I hear she had an accident at the opera door; no bad consequences from the fright, I hope—Oh, here my master comes! [*Exit.*

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. So, Wrangle, what's the best news with you?

Mr. W. I cannot say, Sir Miles, that I have any particular good news to impart to you; and yet, with your leave, I would fain solicit your attention for a few minutes.

Sir M. What's the matter now? Why do you round me with a circumbendibus in this manner, when I so often desire you to speak plainly, and to the point at once?

Mr. W. Well, sir, then to the point at once.

Sir M. To be sure, that's the way to be understood, son Wrangle; whereas, to be verbose and circumstantial, is to be tedious; and, when a man is tedious, you know, 'tis ten to one if his hearers are not tired with his preamble, before he lets them into the body of his bill.

Mr. W. At the present moment I conceive that fault does not lie with me.

Sir M. I don't say it does, I don't say it does; yet a fault it is, lie where it will; and every man has his faults, which it is the part of a friend to tell him of, it is the part of a father—You yourself are not without faults, son Wrangle.

Mr. W. I own it, sir; I do not affect to disguise them; but the faults I would recommend to your cognizance are secret faults, which you do not see, and which I cannot remedy without your help.

Sir M. Come, come, sir, my insight may go deeper than you are aware of; I have spied out some little lurking peccadilloes in a certain person, which I shall not descant upon in your hearing.

Mr. W. Peccadilloes, do you call them? they merit a much harder name, believe me.

Sir M. Well, well, well; if, for obvious reasons,

I don't give them hard names, let that be no proof with you I mean to overlook them.

Mr. W. I hope you will not.

Sir M. Be sure of that, son Wrangle; you will hardly doubt but I have my daughter's interest very thoroughly at heart, and, having been the author of your union, feel myself responsible for the happiness or unhappiness that may result from it.

Mr. W. Sir Miles, I honour you for the candour of that very liberal confession: ours was not a match of passion; prudence concerted our alliance, and on your wisdom I reposed my hopes; but indeed, and indeed, I am not what I seem; I am not that happy man you supposed me to be.

Sir M. Why, I'm sorry for it; but don't despair; confiding your situation to me, you take a prudent step, and you shall find me, my dear Wrangle, a zealous friend to serve you—Tempers may be corrected; there shall be no want of admonition on my part, in your behalf; in the mean time, let it be a secret between you and me; don't tell your wife a word of what has passed: I shall take the affair into my own hands.

Mr. W. Well, sir, on that condition I will not let her know I have appealed to you.

Sir M. Every husband ought to keep up his consequence and authority; whereas this would only tend to lower you in her respect, as if you had not power of yourself to regulate your own concerns, without calling me in to assist you.

Mr. W. 'Tis very true; I see your motives, and am beholden to you for them. Under your fatherly correction, worthy sir, I may now flatter myself we shall go on better than ever.

Sir M. I hope you will—and now you see the good effects of plain speaking; let me advise you never to be circumlocutory any more.

Enter ROBERT, *hastily.*

Robert. Oh, sir! sir! sir! rare news! Master Frederick is arrived well and hearty. Heaven be praised for all things! Humbly beg pardon for my boldness, but I cou'dn't contain myself for joy. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* DAVID.

Sir M. How, how, how is all this?—Ay, there he is, sure enough, my own dear boy come home again! —Welcome, Freddy, welcome, again and again! And how are you, my brave fellow? glad to see old England once more?

Fred. I am happy to see you, sir, in such health and spirits.

Sir M. Why, for health, thank Heaven! I am pretty well; for spirits, look you, I am all the better for the sight of you.—But hold, hold! here's a new relation of yours, Caleb Wrangle, Esquire, husband to our Lyddy, and such a husband—Bear up, Wrangle! I'm no blab.—[*Aside.*]—(Ay, that's right, that's right! take him by the hand; give him joy!) though I say it to his face, I don't know such another. Davy knows what a fond couple they are; don't you, Davy?

David. Not I, father; that's only known to themselves.

Sir M. Out upon thee, surly boots! wilt never be civilized?—Wrangle, I am staunch, I'll stand by you. [*Aside.*

Mr. W. We are so rarely favoured with our brother David's company, that he cannot witness what he does not see: I flatter myself Mr. Frederick will be more neighbourly; but I'll not intrude upon moments so precious—I'll run home to my beloved, and gladden her fond heart with the joyful tidings. [*Exit.*

Sir M. There he goes, the paragon of husbands, bating a few infirmities of temper, which I shall soon correct.

David. I'll lend you a hand heartily at that job, father, if you want a mate.

Sir M. Hold your tongue, sirrah; if you were as free to find out your own failings, and as candid to confess them, as he is, you would be fitter for society than you are.—I hope, son Frederick, you at least like your new brother-in-law.

Fred. I hope my sister does, sir; that is most to the purpose: all I can say of him is, that he seems a very civil, smooth-spoken gentleman.

Sir M. You are right, a little too oily tongued; that is a fault, to be sure, but I shall correct that: I own I like a man that speaks his mind boldly.

David. Not when it does not fall in with your own, father.

Sir M. Peace, puppy!—I'm now coming to the point with you, Frederick.—I have sent for you home, upon an affair of the last consequence to your happiness and my own: your first love, Lady Ruby, is now a free woman, and one of the greatest fortunes in the kingdom.

Fred. Her fortune is no lure to me.

David. You like a man that speaks his mind boldly.

Sir M. Get out of my sight!—Her fortune no lure! You was in love with her then for her poverty, was you not? You liked her best when you had a fair chance of starving with her?

Fred. Not so, sir; but, as you considered her good qualities but as dust in the scale, till money was thrown into it, I consider money but as dust to dust.

Sir M. Your humble servant, sir!—You may march back to your old quarters; your head is turned, you

have filled it with foreign vapour and outlandish rhodomontade.

Fred. I hope I did not go out of my own country to be taught the duties of a man of honour.

Sir M. I wish you would learn the duties of a son, and not insult my ears with that puppily word, honour: I can remark you have always the honour to think differently from me; if it was not for that same honour of running counter to my wishes, you would run into this lady's arms; your honour was eager enough for it, when I stood your friend, and opposed it.

David. Ay, father, you spoke your mind boldly then, and now it's Frederick's turn to speak his.

Sir M. Saucebox! jackanapes! impudent varlet! If you don't instantly vanish, by the horns of Jupiter Ammon, I swear I will extinguish you.

David. Say no more, father! I'm off!—Good morning to you. Marry, I'd rather mess with you a week than a fortnight.—By the horns of Jupiter Ammon—that's a good one, by the Lord Harry! [*Exit.*

Fred. With your permission, sir, I will take my leave for the present—

Sir M. Sir, you may take it for everlasting—I care not what becomes of a reprobate son.—[*Exit* FREDERICK.]—Ah! poor Wrangle! he has a thousand faults, but what then? he has the grace to own them. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LADY RUBY'S *House.*

LADY RUBY *and* SABINA.

Lady R. I pry not into your secrets, amiable Sabina; tell me nothing that will give you pain to reveal; but treat me as a friend, who needs no spur to serve you, nor any other testimonies of your innocence than you carry in your countenance.

Sabina. Ah, my dear good lady! you are very considerate of me, and have great pity for unhappy Sabina; but it is my duty to explain to you my follies, as well as my misfortunes: you are too good in crediting me for my innocence, but I will not be a deceiver, though I have myself been sacrificed by deceit.

Lady R. What do I hear? Has Frederick—

Sabina. Oh! no, no, no! He is perfection of a man, and if he did know my wrongs, I do believe he would expose his life for my redress; therefore I will not let the name of my betrayer pass my lips, for fear that it should reach his ears.

Lady R. How's this, Sabina? Have you been wronged, betrayed, and yet did you consent to Frederick's proposal?

Sabina. Not for the universe would I consent; for I do know his heart too well, and my own conscience still better. Ah, my dear lady, if you can pity me,

a stranger, for my sufferings, what must you feel for his, when you shall know yourself to have been the cause of them?

Lady R. I!—I the cause of them?

Sabina. Ah! yes, indeed; it was your marriage broke his heart, his brain; he was a dying, a distracted man.

Lady R. How could my marriage so affect him? Had he not forsaken me, had he not renounced me, I would have suffered death ere I would have joined my hand to any other man's.

Sabina. I know not how that was; I only know how he did rave when his poor mind was gone, and his life almost at the last moment: I'm sure, if ever woman was adored by man, you are by Mr. Frederick; for myself, then, if I was free (which I am not) judge if I could in honour marry him.

Lady R. Did he not freely offer it? Does he not still most strongly press it?

Sabina. He presses it in honour, not in heart; and, when he offered it, he was beside himself with rage and disappointment for the loss of you: in fine, my lady, I do wish I had a friend just now, who would say to Mr. Frederick, that Sabina Rosny cannot, if she would, accept his hand; and further, if she could, for his sake she would not.

Lady R. And who so fit to say that, as Sabina Rosny herself?

Sabina. Alas! alas! how difficult for me, how dangerous for him! If I should say how I was treated by a certain person of this country (I did believe all Englishmen were honest) would he not force me to confess the whole? And then—Oh terrible! is it not better I should bury my sad story in my heart, and suffer in secret?

Lady R. A villain should be dragged to light, and punished by the world's contempt.

Sabina. Let his own conscience be his punishment!

Though he has ruined me, basely betrayed me by a pretended marriage, and then cruelly abandoned me; what can I say or do? Shall a poor alien like me contend with power like his?—Your laws will not redress me; my religion is not his religion: I know not who is that Italian monk that married us; I know not where to find him; or, if I could, what then? My lord would little care for that.

Lady R. My lord shall care; doubt not but there are means to make him care, and feel and tremble for his character, which public fame shall blast through all the world, unless he does you right.

Sabina. But you don't know him; I did say too much, when I said, unawares, " my lord;" but yet I have not named him.

Lady R. I know his name; his nature too I know, and how susceptible he is of the world's fame, how quick of feeling.—Am I not right, Sabina? is he not very, very—Sensitive?

Sabina. Ah! [*Shrieks.*]—You are magicienne.

Lady R. Come, come, you see you might as well have trusted me at once; I've fathomed your deep secret. Be now convinced, Sabina, a man cannot do wrong in this country, and escape discovery; in the next place, assure yourself Lord Sensitive is not that man, who can offend without atoning for it: Honour belongs to him still, though he can shift it off a while, but nakedness will soon shame him into wearing it again.—Hark! we have a visitor—perhaps you'll wish to ponder on these things in private.

Sabina. I pray you let me retire—my heart is very full. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. If I am too bold in approaching you, without special permission, your servants are in the

fault, who said they had orders to admit me without reserve.

Lady R. They told you truth; you may remember I said, my doors were open to all persons of honour, and who fulfils that character more completely than Lord Sensitive?

Lord S. But might I not have interrupted a conversation more agreeable than Lord Sensitive's—Frederick Mowbray is come home.

Lady R. Well, if he is?

Lord S. Then there is one more votary (and no mean one, I confess) to offer incense at the shrine of that divinity whom all men worship, and all women envy.

Lady R. I could give you a reason, my lord, which I am sure you would admit to be conclusive against Mr. Mowbray's addressing me.

Lord S. May I ask what should prevent him from paying his addresses to your ladyship?

Lady R. Simply this—because he has pledged them elsewhere, and is too much a man of honour to violate his engagements.

Lord S. Oh! if he is engaged elsewhere—that is, if—if he is absolutely bound—that alters the case.

Lady R. To be sure it does: I knew you would allow the reason to be good; I knew you would feel the force of it.

Lord S. I do, indeed—I feel the force of it very thoroughly.

Lady R. I'm satisfied you do, and I hope you will credit me, when I declare to you, upon the word of truth, that if Frederick Mowbray was the one man whom I preferred before all men living, and I knew him guilty of having pledged his faith to another woman, whom he afterwards abandoned, I would as soon join hands with infamy, and be the outcast of society, as with such a traitor.

Lord S. That—that is very strong, Lady Ruby;

and bespeaks your utter abhorrence of double dealing; but you will permit me to observe that much would depend upon who and what the woman was.

Lady R. I would not hear of such a plea, and you, my lord, would be the last man living to allow of it: 'twould be a mere evasion, not a mitigation of his guilt—Every mean wretch can blast the reputation of the fond, believing victim, whom his unmanly cunning has seduced, and his unprincipled inconstancy deserted.

Lord S. That is quite unanswerable, Lady Ruby; that brings it home to a man's conscience, I confess; I have nothing to offer in defence of such a proceeding.

Lady R. No, no, there is no sophistry can palliate seduction—What then would you say, if, in aggravation of his wickedness, he had abused her credulity, by a pretended marriage!

Lord S. Madam!—Madam!—Who told you this?

Lady R. Who told me? What is it you mean? I am supposing a case, and did you understand I was stating a fact? I hope there is no one (of my acquaintance at least) whose conscience can plead guilty to a charge like this; if there is, I am sure Frederick Mowbray is not the man.—So now your lordship sees I have set you perfectly at your ease about him.

Lord S. I cannot say, madam, I am just now perfectly at my ease.

Lady R. Why how now, my good lord! I think I have been tolerably explicit.

Lord S. Yes, yes, I don't complain of that: I perfectly understand you.

Lady R. Well then, what ails you?

Lord S. Oh! I have many ails.

Lady R. What other phantom have you conjured up?—Come, come, you are very dull company; I

shall not let you in another time, if you are such a melancholy gentleman.

Lord S. I will ask to be admitted to you but once more, before I take my leave for ever. I most heartily beg your pardon for all the foolish things I have said or done since I had the honour of knowing you: I was betrayed into involuntary admiration; it is not easy to reflect within the sphere of your attraction, but I have regained my senses, and shall be out of England before three days are at an end.

Lady R. Ay, so you say; but this is one of your freaks: however, I conjure you, let me see you before you go—Promise me this—

Lord S. I promise.

Lady R. Upon your honour?

Lord S. Solemnly I promise—then you shall know me better. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter DAVID, *meeting* BILLY BUSTLER.

David. Ah! Billy, my fine fellow, how fares it with you?

Billy B. I don't know whether I shall speak to you; I am not sure I shall acknowledge you.

David. Heyday! what's in the wind now, my heart of oak? what have I done, to offend you?

Billy B. What have you done? inquire of sister Kate; she'll let you know what you have done, and set her claws into your face at the same time, for your

doings. You have brought a naughty woman into our house.

David. 'Tis false.

Billy B. Don't say so! I have proof positive.—She a virtuous suffering innocent!—She to be married to your brother Mowbray! No such thing, friend David; she is married already, and your honourable brother has made free to steal a march with another man's wife.

David. I'll tell you what, Billy, in one word—either prove what you say, prove it upon the spot, or fall to your prayers, and take leave of life; for damn me if you don't tread upon your grave!

Billy B. Read then, and be convinced—Here is a trinket sister Kate found in her drawer, after she had left us: 'tis the portrait of some gentleman: his name is not to it, but see what is inscribed at the back.

David. Give it me, give it me—I should know this face.—Aha! my lord, have I discovered you?—Now for the writing at the back, "*The husband of the forsaken Sabina!*"—Damnation! does the world contain such villany! I'll make him swallow it, ay and digest it, ere I suffer my poor brother to be so abused.

Billy B. Why, you astonish me; I never could have thought——

David. Mark me! don't think at all, for this business belongs to me? your only part is to be inviolably secret, hushed as death, till I have sifted it to the minutest grain; that done, I will report to you the particulars, and then as I am sure my brother's honour will come out clear as the light, you must revoke every syllable you have uttered injurious to his reputation.

Billy B. Ay, ay, revoke—one of us must revoke; for I'll swear there is a foul trick somewhere.—So your humble servant. [*Exit.*

David. Now which tack shall I be upon? Whether

to begin first with madam or monsieur, (for I am positive this leering traitor is Lord Sensitive) or, first and foremost, to make sure of my poor Frederick, and snatch him from the snare, is a question that—I need not debate upon, for here he comes.—How now, Fred; whither bound?

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. In your phrase I answer, on a dangerous coast; I believe I am rash enough to be going to Lady Ruby.

David. I believe not.

Fred. Why do you say that?

David. Because I think your rashness will not attempt to make its passage through my body, and there is no other road.

Fred. I comprehend you, and I take your motive in good part: You see my weakness, you perceive I am relapsing into my former passion for Lady Ruby, and you tremble for the honour I have pledged to Sabina Rosny.

David. You are right; I tremble for your honour; I plant myself between you and ruin; and I conjure you, nay, I compel you, to turn back with me from that house, which will else be the tomb of your happiness, your fortune, and your fame.

Fred. Explain yourself.

David. I cannot now; I will hereafter.—Answer me this, are you married to the Frenchwoman?

Fred. I am not.

David. Thank Heaven!

Fred. Speak of her however more respectfully, if you mean we should be friends.

David. Friends, friends! Who dares to call my friendship into question, when I have pledged it to a brother?—I am no trifler, Frederic.

Fred. I will not treat you as such, but follow you as my guardian genius, sent to snatch me from dis-

grace; for, alas! I must confess to you, I am lost, if I behold that syren, who first took possession of my soul.—Come, let us fly! whither shall we go? Carry me to my sister.

David. To your sister then! Hav'nt you seen her yet?

Fred. Not I; Lady Ruby, Lady Ruby is the loadstone that draws away every particle of steel that should fortify my heart, and leaves it weaker than a woman's tear.

David. What's all that, brother? A kind of gabble I don't deal in, nor aim to understand: Let actions speak for me.—Come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The House of MR. WRANGLE.

Enter MR. WRANGLE, *speaking to a* SERVANT.

Mr. W. Tell your mistress I would speak with her before she goes out. Hold! I see she is coming —Leave me. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter MRS. WRANGLE.

So, madam, you are on the wing, I perceive: Have you any very pressing engagements on your hands?

Mrs. W. Half a hundred.

Mr. W. And suppose I had a wish to engross a few minutes of your conversation, how many of these very pressing engagements would you dispense with at my request?

Mrs. W. Ridiculous! What conversation can you want with me?

Mr. W. A very serious one, be assured; therefore, with your leave, I will dismiss your equipage, and in place of half a hundred frivolous visits, recommend you a more profitable method of disposing of your time with me. [*He is going.*

Mrs. W. Hold, sir! are you mad?

Mr. W. No, madam, I am not mad; nor will I suffer you to act as if you were.

Mrs. W. Do you mean to make your house my prison? Shall I not be allowed to visit my own father?

Mr. W. By all means your father: I'll go with you to Sir Miles myself.

Mrs. W. You are a bold man, Mr. Wrangle, if you will venture to face that accusation, which I shall prefer against you: I should doubt if your hypocrisy will bear you out with my too credulous father any longer.

Mr. W. Try it, Mrs. Wrangle; I shall resort to no hypocrisy; truth will serve my purpose.

Mrs. W. Are you sure of that? Shan't you feel a little aukward in attempting so very new an experiment? I rather think your interest lies in a quarter opposite to truth.

Mr. W. I believe, madam, you will find it pretty strong in a quarter you don't suspect; if you are wise, you will be silent; Sir Miles Mowbray knows you.

Mrs. W. From your report, I defy him or any person else to know me; for your malice is too gross to escape detection, and your wit too dull to make even scandal entertaining.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Frederick and Mr. David Mowbray. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* DAVID.

Mrs. W. There, there! my protectors are at hand. —Welcome, my dear Frederick! Welcome to England! Welcome to the rescue of your poor imprisoned sister, whose heart panted to be with you, but whose tyrant husband, lost to all human feelings, would not suffer her to depart from his doors!

Fred. What is all this? Can you explain it, sir?

David. Oh, yes! he can explain any thing.

Fred. How greatly I am shocked, I need not say! —I came to give you both a joyful greeting; I am saluted by one party with a flaming accusation, by the other with a sullen reserve. What am I to say?

Mr. W. The less the better between man and wife.—I hope, gentlemen, you do not combine to overawe me in my own house?

David. Step out of it then with me: the open air is common property, and we will talk together man to man.

Mr. W. I shall do no such thing: It is enough for me that I am married to your sister: I am not bound to risk my life against her brothers.

Fred. It will not be required of you, Mr. Wrangle —My brother David is too quick; and, I am sure, when I tell him it is my particular request, he will have the kindness to withdraw.

David. With all my heart, for I never wish to be under the same roof with the man I despise.

Fred. Hush, hush! Impetuous boy!

David. Harkye, Frederick, a word in your ear— Don't quarrel with him: he's below your anger. I am going to Lady Ruby: come to me there; I have thought better of it since I prevented you a while ago, and have a secret to communicate worth a king's ransom—Don't fail me. And, look! by Saint George and the Dragon, here comes my father, a

joyful witness to the happiness of a match of his own making. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. What does the puppy prattle about?

Mrs. W. Oh sir, sir! don't reprove him for his generous indignation against a cruel husband, who oppresses and insults your poor suffering daughter, till, no longer able to endure her sorrows and his tyranny, she is compelled to cast herself at your feet, and implore your pity and protection.

Sir M. I'm thunderstruck! I'm petrified!—This is one fault more, Wrangle, than I thought you had.

Fred. Rise, sister, rise! You are too vehement in your remonstrance; I must believe it is not in this gentleman's nature to oppress or insult an unoffending wife, which I hope you are; and I am heartily sorry you make our father a party in your little domestic squabbles, which might easily be adjusted without his privity.

Sir M. Give me your hand, Frederick, you speak like an angel. I am friends with you from this moment for ever.

Mr. W. Through the favour of Mr. Mowbray's temperate interposition, for which I am greatly beholden to him, I flatter myself I may now have leave to speak.

Sir M. By all means, Mr. Wrangle, by all means; no man speaks better, when his own faults are the topic, and I do not forget the promise I have made you.

Mr. W. To that promise I now appeal. The cause of Mrs. Wrangle's complaint is simply this—She had ordered her coach to make half a hundred idle visits, and I, in the expectation of her brother's coming, would fain have prevailed with her to stay at home and receive him.

Mrs. W. Monstrous prevarication!

Sir M. Hush, child, hush!—A small stretch upon the truth, would have been a softer phrase.

Mr. W. Now, Sir Miles, if you recollect what I hinted to you about your daughter's temper—

Sir M. About my daughter's temper? What is it you mean?—I heard a pretty many broad hints of your own temper, but not one of my daughter's.

Mr. W. Of my temper, sir? No; whatever faults there may be in my temper, I owe no account of them to you; because, if you had taken the smallest pains to know me, before I married Miss Mowbray, you must have seen and confessed I was the last person living to make her happy, or be happy with her.

Sir M. I wish you had imparted that to me in good time—Your intelligence, Mr. Wrangle, is rather of the latest.

Mrs. W. It is very true, sir, and had you given me leave to chuse a husband for myself, Mr. Wrangle, be assured, is just the very last man in existence, on whom I should have fixed my choice.

Sir M. Heyday! Why then did you both agree in persuading me you were the happiest, fondest couple in all England?

Mrs. W. You persuaded yourself; we were miserable enough, methinks, not to be mistaken.

Mr. W. 'Tis very true: Mrs. Wrangle herself will do me the justice to say I never pretended to be happy with her.

Mrs. W. No, no, we had both a very sovereign dislike for each other: 'Tis the only point we ever agreed in.

Sir M. Your most obedient humble servant! I am very much obliged to you both: and as you so lovingly agree in laying all your faults upon me, I leave you in a perfect state of harmony with each other—and I pray Heaven you may live long to to enjoy it! [*Exit.*

Fred. Sister, sister, make it up, I conjure you; where

there is blame on both sides, you should exchange forgiveness. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. [*After a Pause.*] Mrs. Wrangle—Love!

Mrs. W. Mr. Wrangle—My dear!

Mr. W. I begin to think—

Mrs. W. What do you begin to think?

Mr. W. That we have exposed ourselves very sufficiently.

Mrs. W. Quite enough in all conscience.—Why would you complain to my father?

Mr. W. Why would you complain to your brother?

Mrs. W. We were both to blame: Complaints are very foolish.

Mr. W. Then away with them at once, say I.

Mrs. W. For ever! Let us forbear to gratify our friends, by never publishing our disagreements.

Mr. W. And cure the world of its contempt, by never calling upon it for its pity.

Mrs. W. Agreed! here's my hand upon it.

Mr. W. And here's my heart; to which I press you with the warm affection of a husband, that will never cool.

Mrs. W. And I return it with the love and duty of a wife, who will never create a murmur, nor utter one again.

Mr. W. Why, this is happiness without hypocrisy.

Mrs. W. Perfect felicity unfeigned.

Mr. W. Oh! joyous husband!

Mrs. W. Oh! transported wife!

[*Exeunt, Hand in Hand.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LADY RUBY'S *House.*

Enter LADY RUBY, *meeting* DAVID.

Lady R. Out upon you, false loon! What can you say for yourself, for not having been near me these three long days?

David. Lord love you, my dear lady, I have been brushing up and down this great town about my ship affairs, here and there, and every where—And now you know brother Frederick is come home.

Lady R. Oh! you sea-creature, was you half as much of a lover, as you are of a hero, you would understand that no excuse will serve for neglecting a fond woman.

David. Always a dab for poor David—but when I am at sea again, and sailing in the Venus, I shall never cast a look upon the figure at the head, without thinking of your ladyship.

Lady R. That's very fine, David—but come, be sincere, isn't it the bon-mot of the ship? Can you lay your hand on your heart, and declare you never said that to any body before?

David. Never, never; though I don't deny but

others have; for I heard Joe Jackson, our gunner, say it to his wife, as she went over the side at parting.—And now to my business: I have a small matter of property belonging to Mademoiselle Rosny, which I would fain deliver into her own hands.

Lady R. From your brother, we'll suppose—

David. I rather suppose not—Here it is; not very like Frederick—is it, madam?

Lady R. Lord Sensitive to the very life. Where did you pick up this?

David. Billy Bustler delivered it to me, open, as you see; they found it in her toilette, after she had left the house.

Lady R. Have you shown it to your brother?

David. I hardly thought that necessary, as the inscription on the back shows the lady to be already provided with a husband.

Lady R. Yes, yes, I see it. Alas! poor Sabina! this confirms her own sad story, and his lordship's guilt.

David. Does it not do something more than that, if the lady has been carrying on designs upon my brother?

Lady R. There you do her wrong.—Who waits?

Enter SERVANT.

Tell Mademoiselle Rosny I desire to speak with her. —[*Exit* SERVANT.]—She has no designs upon your brother, but in the most decided manner has declined his honourable offers. If she has withheld the secret from him hitherto, it is simply because she would not involve him with Lord Sensitive.—Oh! here she comes!—

Enter SABINA ROSNY.

My dear, this young officer is your friend Mr. Mow-

bray's brother—I don't know if you have met before.

Sabina. I do not remember to have had that honour.

Lady R. He has something in charge to return to you, from the good people in whose house he procured you a reception.—Do you recollect having left any small article of your property behind you?

Sabina. A picture—I have been searching for it every where.

David. I am happy to restore it to you, and wish I could at the same time restore the original to a sense of his honour, for I feel it as a disgrace to myself to own him for my countryman.

Sabina. It is so your brother would have said, if he had seen it; which I hope he has not.

David. No, no, madam; man to man is a fair match; there is no need of two masters to teach one worthless individual his duty.—My sword is at your service.

Sabina. Heaven forbid I should employ your sword, when your country has such need of it! In defending that you defend me, and thousands like me, who refuge in its generous protection.

Enter a SERVANT, *and whispers* MR. DAVID.

David. Very well! I'll come to him.

Lady R. What does he tell you?

David. My brother is below.

Lady R. My dear Sabina, do your spirits serve you for an interview with Mr. Mowbray?

Sabina. Aid me, my good lady, and I will do my possible.

Lady R. Say to Mr. Mowbray, we request the favour of his company.—[*Exit* SERVANT.]—Now, my brave lad, recollect we are not to aggravate your bro-

ther's mind against Lord Sensitive, for whom I take upon myself to answer; and you, Sabina, whose gentle bosom has long laboured with a painful secret, be assured one short and final effort will conclude your sufferings, and restore you to your peace.

Enter FREDERICK MOWBRAY.

Lady R. Mr. Mowbray, we rejoice to see you.

Fred. I have obeyed your ladyship's commands.

Lady R. You would greatly have disappointed our wishes, if you had not. You see I have your amiable fellow traveller in safe keeping; how I have fulfilled my trust, and whether I deserve a further continuation of it, you have a right to know, and she will take occasion of informing you.

Fred. I cannot doubt your kindness, nor her proper sense of it.

David. Lord! brother! how you stand!—Oh! that I might but speak!

Fred. Sabina, I am prepared to expect some discovery from you, that I am interested to be informed of: I rely upon your candour for the fullest satisfaction, but if you would consult my feelings, you will ask permission of Lady Ruby that we may retire.

Sabina. As it shall be your will, so am I—But if my lady, who knows my sad history, and how I am embarras to relate it, would have pity for my confusion—

Fred. Oh! Sabina, Sabina! you know not what you ask, nor see the ruin you invite upon yourself and me.—If you would wish to preserve my senses, patiently to hear and honourably to decide, take me from hence without a moment's loss.

Sabina. Come then with me; your happiness, my best of friends, is as my own.

Lady R. Stop, if you please—this room is yours —David and I have something to discuss elsewhere.

David. I wish you'd let me say it here—A little plain sailing would bring us all to the point.

Fred. Are you offended with me, loveliest of women?

Lady R. Not much, not quite past reconciliation—a little, it may be, a very little angry—but if you are disposed to make peace, here is my hand!

Fred. Oh! Heavens! my soul sinks in it.—Where, where are you, Sabina?

[*Exeunt* LADY RUBY *and* DAVID.

Sabina. You are alarmed for me, my dear dear friend, without a cause. It is my wish, my prayer, my supplication to Heaven for you, that you may be blest and happy all your long life with that charming lady.

Fred. Sabina, what have you a mind to make of me? a villain, a betrayer of my word and faith! or a distracted husband, without heart or head?

Sabina. Husband! that cannot be. I tell you now in verity, as I did tell you before, you cannot be my husband, because—because—Ah me! ah me! How shall I speak it? I am much ashamed—

Fred. Speak, I beseech you!

Sabina. Because—I am already married!

Fred. Married! It cannot be!—Married!—Beware, Sabina; solemnly I adjure you to reflect that my unalterable purpose cannot be dispensed with. If, because you see me combating a passion that was once my master, you suppose me conquered, you mistake: my faith, my honour, my confirmed experience of your virtues never can be shaken, be the trial ever so severe.

Sabina. I pray you pardon my poor mode of speaking, but I do feel your goodness at my heart—indeed, indeed I do; and be not angry with me, my good friend, for that I did not tell you this before, but it is true no less—I am a wife—I will not say a happy one, for it was not for me to find a heart like yours; but I

will hope the best, for I have not merited to be forsaken.

Fred. Is there a monster living would forsake you?

Sabina. Oh! yes, for I am poor—My family, my fortune perished—yet I should not expect a noble Englishman would make my poverty my crime, when there was nothing else that he could urge against me.

Fred. Sabina, I must now believe that you are serious; my part therefore must change with your condition: but though some obligations are dissolved, others are left in force, which honour cannot acquit me of—therefore, before I ask the name of your betrayer, be he who he may, I solemnly devote myself to your redress.

Sabina. Ah! that is why I tremble to disclose his name.—Oh! my dear friend, I pray you to excuse me this one day. My Lady Ruby flatters me with hopes all shall be well.

Fred. I must insist upon his name.

Sabina. No, no, you will not make me more unhappy than I am: you will not sure refuse my intercession, if I do pray you on my knees.

Fred. Hold, hold, sweet supplicant, be not so humble! I will not wound your tender sensibility for all the earth: Compose yourself.

Sabina. Oh! when you are so good to me, how can I stop my tears?

Fred. What can I say? what shall I do to comfort you?

Sabina. I wish, I wish, my lady was but here.

Fred. Behold! she comes upon your wish!

Enter LADY RUBY.

Lady R. My dear, what ails you?

Sabina. Oh, he is so generous and so kind to poor Sabina, that my heart is fit to break: I do think he is the best man living, and I do know he loves you, my

sweet lady—Heaven! how he does love you!—Will you, then, be very angry with me, if I shall be so bold to say, you are the only lady upon earth that does deserve him.

Lady R. Oh! you seducing creature, that is not his opinion; for there is only this distinction between your fate and mine, that Frederick ran from me before marriage, Lord Sensitive from you after it.

Fred. Lord Sensitive! I'm thunderstruck.

Sabina. Ah! what have you said?

Lady R. Was it a secret?

Fred. So help me, Heaven, I cannot name the man, whose honour I would so implicity have vouched for as Lord Sensitive.

Lady R. And he'll redeem his honour, be assured.

Fred. Yes, or his life must answer it.—I know him well, brave, generous, quick to feel and to resent each breath that glances at his fame—Either there is some error in his brain, or else some villanous traducer has imposed on his credulity—I'll probe him to the heart—

Lady R. Ah, Frederick! there are certain cases of the heart, which women are supposed to treat better than men—Leave this to me; if he does not receive his cure from under my hands, I'll then consent to turn him over as a desperate case to you. [*Loud knocking.*] That must be Lord Sensitive.

Sabina. Ah misericorde! what will now come of me!

Lady R. Away, away! take your fair protegée off the field, and leave it clear for me.—On your allegiance, Frederick, stir not from your post till I relieve you. [*Exeunt* FREDERICK *and* SABINA.] Now, conscience, take our part! 'tis your own cause, support it.

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. Lady Ruby, I have remembered my pro-

mise; and as I know your late impressive words were pointed at my heart, I beg leave to assure you they have reached it. When I say I am your convert, need I add that I am prepared to make atonement to Sabina Rosny?

Lady R. I congratulate your lordship on that resolution, and am persuaded you can only find your happiness where you have left your honour.

Lord S. I'll not attempt to varnish my misdeeds. I acknowledge that Sabina Rosny has every requisite of merit, birth, and beauty, to engage and fix my heart. —When I left her on a sudden call to England, I was not guilty of a purpose to desert her; my promise of a speedy return was sincerely given—but in the interim—what shall I say? Your candour must supply the rest.

Lady R. We'll talk not of the past: Sabina's candour, and your lordship's better thoughts, as soon as you shall meet, will bury all offences in oblivion.

Lord S. You predict flatteringly, but I have many anxious hours to pass before that meeting.

Lady R. 'Tis a long distance between this and Padua; but if your resolution is made up—

Lord S. Unalterably—I shall set out within this hour.

Lady R. Wait a few moments, then; and though I cannot promise you a wind, as witches did of old, I'll do my best to give you a quick passage.—Sit down; your sylph shall be at your elbow before you can well draw a sigh. [*Exit.*

Lord S. What can she mean? what project has her active fancy sprung, to back this bold profession?—Hark! I hear her.—Well, fair sylph, I keep my post, and wait your promised favour.—Hah! what now?—Sabina! Heaven uphold me! from what cloud have you dropped down on earth?

Enter SABINA.

Sabina. My lord! my husband!

Lord S. Come to my arms! Oh unexpected joy! Now we will part no more.

Sabina. Indeed! will you not forsake your poor Sabina any more?—Ah! what sad moments I have passed, counting the hours for your return, day after day, but all in vain.—No lord, no letter, no hope left at last, no country to receive me, no parents, brothers, friends, to fly to: miserable me! I did believe I was renounced of Providence, and destined to despair.

Lord S. Oh my much-injured, my acknowledged wife.

Sabina. That has sweet sound with it: my heart is comforted.

Lord S. My life shall be devoted to atonement.—Trust me, my sweet Sabina, 'tis not my nature to be base or cruel: once restored to your forgiveness (and methinks your eyes promise me that) I will offend no more.

Sabina. I know not how to call it an offence, for what am I? My fortune nothing, my nobility a shadow—a heart to honour you is all that I can boast. How, then, can I be angry, if, when returned to your own happy country, where so many fairer ladies court your attention, you forgot poor, humble, lost Sabina; —But of this no more—I have a friend, an honourable, noble friend, to whom I owe this happy meeting; I must take you to him—give me your hand.

Lord S. My heart and hand.—Thus led by virtue, and restored to reason, I am a man again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in SIR MILES MOWBRAY'S *House.*

SIR MILES MOWBRAY *and* MR. WRANGLE.

Sir M. Well, sir, 'tis your own concern; if you are contented with each other, it's a proof you are soon pleased. Quarrel when you like, and make it up how you can, you have my free leave. I find by late experience, that the man, who thinks for more heads than he carries on his own shoulders, lays out care for himself, and reaps no thanks for his kindness.

Mr. W. Believe me, my good Sir Miles—

Sir M. Pardon me, my good Sir Caleb; that is a weakness I am cured of.—I was the dupe of credulity, when I believed you would make my daughter happy, and when I took your word for your being so: I was the veriest dolt in creation, when I thought I could either qualify your failings, or compose your squabbles.—I pray you, sir, be husband and wife in your own way, and never let me be middle man between you, henceforth and for ever.

Enter MRS. WRANGLE.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, dear father! this is at length a joyful meeting.

Sir M. I am glad to hear it—what am I to be joyful for?

Mrs. W. For the total and complete extinction of all possible dissensions between my beloved and myself.

Sir M. If he is your beloved, keep that a secret to yourself; at least don't insist upon my believing it.

Mrs. W. Nay, surely you'll believe me, and rejoice, when I tell you, that my ever dear Mr. Wrangle—

Sir M. Child, child, your fondlings make me sick, and your feuds make me sad; therefore let me have no more of either, I beseech you.

Enter FREDERICK *and* DAVID.

Welcome, welcome! Frederick, give me your hand; I have to ask your pardon for my folly, in supposing I had a right over your affections, first, by diverting them from the woman of your heart, and secondly by directing them towards her; and all my wonder is, you had the patience to listen to my nonsensical authority in either instance.—I have also an apology to make to that amiable lady for a most impertinent visit.

Fred. That amiable lady thinks the apology rather due for her reception of you, than for your visit to her; and before many minutes are gone by, I expect she will be here to tell you so.

Sir M. I can't believe it, Freddy; I won't believe it; 'tis a happiness above my hopes.—How now, Robert, how now!

Enter ROBERT *hastily.*

Robert. Sir! your honour! She's a coming, she's a coming up the stairs—

Sir M. Who's a coming?

Robert. Sir, the lady—the lady—I shall forget my own name—my young master knows who I mean.

[*Exit* ROBERT.—FREDERICK *goes out to receive* LADY RUBY.

Enter LADY RUBY, LORD SENSITIVE, *and* SABINA.

Sir M. My Lady Ruby, this is indeed an honour and happiness—and a—My lord, I am your most obedient —may I request to be made known to this fair stranger?

Lord S. This fair stranger, Sir Miles, whom I have the honour to call wife, is ambitious to pay her compliments to the father of her best friend, and my greatest benefactor.

Sabina. Yes, truly, sir, I am very happy to make my humble obeisance to you, for the sake of your honourable son, my very good friend, Mr. Frederick Mowbray; for whose favours I have not the words to speak my gratitude, though I have a heart, that will never cease to feel them.

Lord S. If such be your gratitude, lovely Sabina, what should mine be to those friends of honour who have restored you to my heart, and blessed me with a prospect of that state of happiness, which I truly hope the married part of this company will continue to enjoy, and the unmarried make haste to obtain!

David. Brother Wrangle, there's one wish for you and my sister, part it between you—And, brother Frederick, was I as you, I would drop down on both knees, to my sweet Lady Ruby, and beg to go halves in the other wish with her.

Sabina. And if my prayers could profit for his sake, I would kneel and pray, till some kind saint, that favours virtuous love, should hear me.

Fred. [*Kneeling.*] Oh! more than ever dear, long-lost, lamented, and despaired of even to distraction; has your once tender heart, weaned by time, or alienated by suspicion, forgot its former feelings?

Lady R. Rise, Frederick, explanations of this nature should be private: yet I will freely own, in presence of this company, 'twas the abrupt and secret manner of your leaving me, which I could not reconcile to that generous sensibility I gave you credit for.—Did you write me one letter from abroad?

Fred. Several, many.—Did you answer one?

Lady R. As truth shall judge me, not a line of yours ever reached my hands.

David. I wish to my soul they had passed through

mine; I would have staked my life for the delivery of them.—Father, I should like to know if any body here present could give an account of those same unlucky letters.

Sir M. Say no more, say no more—My conscience flies in my face; but a man can do no more than own it.

Fred. I have done—This only let me assert, in vindication of the truth, that I ceased not from the enderest expostulations on your silence; imploring you to keep me in your thoughts, and promising eternal constancy on my part, till I heard you was married—then I confess I was not hypocrite enough to send you my congratulation—my exhausted spirits sunk under the shock of that intelligence.

Lady R. Here let us pause.—You have a zealous advocate, from whom I have heard the rest. I have now only to apologize to Sir Miles Mowbray, for my reception of his visit, which if he is not discouraged to repeat, I can only assure him that the same proposal will not be treated with the same indifference.

Sir M. I am infinitely happy to hear you say so; but really, madam, I am so confounded and ashamed of my past mistakes in cases of the heart, that I dare not venture upon more than putting up a prayer in secret for your happiness, and my son's. Hitherto I have been an officious, and, I fear, an unfortunate, father.

Mrs. W. Suffer me for a moment to interrupt your self reproaches, so far at least as they apply to me.—I now declare from my soul, that if a second choice was in my power, I would voluntarily fix it where you first directed.

Mr. W. And I protest, with equal and unfeigned sincerity, that, brought to recollection by this scene, and resolute to emulate the examples I behold, my life shall be devoted to the blessing you bestowed upon me.

Sir M. Excellently resolved on both sides! I only hope you will not want me to put you in mind of it.

David. We all join in that hope.—Peace at home, for your sakes, ye happy husbands!—war abroad, for mine, and yours, my gallant comrades!

Sir M. Corrected by experience, I will now venture to pronounce, that *First Love* is a faithful guide; and the parent who attempts to turn that stream from its course, makes himself responsible for all the miseries and miscarriages, that may result from his diversion of it.

THE END.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

WEAZEL. . WITH YOUR LEAVE, I WANT A FEW WORDS WITH YOU.

ACT I. SCENE I.

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THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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T. Davison, Whitefriars,
London.

REMARKS.

Never was there one play taken from another with such ingenuity, such nice art, and so little injury to either,—as this play has been taken from the German "Misanthropy and Repentance;" leaving still the German to be translated into English by the title of "The Stranger."

It is said, Mr. Cumberland merely saw a critique on Kotzebue's drama, in a review, some years before it was brought upon the London stage; and from thence collected substance for this most interesting play. But whether he had in his possession the German production or not, it is certain he is no farther indebted to the foreign author, than for a faint glimmering of plot, incident, and character; to which he has added his own original sunshine.

A reader may peruse the two plays in one evening, and yet be highly delighted with both—they are performed on succeeding nights, yet auditors go successively to the theatre; and certain spectators do not even find a resemblance between them.

"The Stranger," in one high instance, is pre-eminent to "The Wheel of Fortune"—the female character is there of infinite importance. But want of

taste is not the fault of Mr. Cumberland, for diminishing the pathos of his heroine;—his feeling and delicacy would not permit her fall from virtue. But still his gallantry ought to have furnished a lady with a little more to say in the scenes, where she is concerned, and it would have increased the interest of his play.

As it is, Kemble, in Penruddock, stands forth another Atlas with the whole *Dramatis Personæ* on his shoulders; and sure enough they are a heavy load—yet, he moves steadily, firmly, and triumphantly under the burthen. Perhaps, in no one character, he performs, does Kemble evince himself a more complete master of his art than in Penruddock. The dignity of mind and mien, which appears under his old coarse clothes, and the tenderness of his love, beneath the roughest manners, are so wonderfully impressive; that an audience (without admiration for the personal or intellectual endowments of the object of his affection) commiserate his passion, and feel its power in every fibre with himself.

It is one of the reproaches on Mr. Kemble, as an actor, that he cannot paint the passion of love—nor can he, in water colours, as it is usually done—but give him materials for a bold picture, and no artist can touch the canvass like him.

The truth is, Kemble cannot love *moderately*—sighs, soft complainings, a plaintive voice, and tender looks, bespeak mere moderation—he must be struck to the heart's core, or not all:—he must be wounded to the soul with grief, despair, or madness.

Old men, in love, have caused more laughter and

derision on the stage, than, perhaps, any other common occurrence which the dramatist has copied. Here, astonishing reverse! love, in the decline of life, constitutes a character deeply pathetic.

"You bear a strong resemblance to your mother," is a sentence, that seems to convey passion of no one kind which the heart recognizes—yet, spoken by Kemble in this part, implies more tenderness, more rooted affection, than all the love that has filled plays and novels for the whole century past.

Garrick was an artist and an actor—Kemble is merely an artist. The former could imitate the manners of the whole human race—the latter can describe only their passions. Habits belong to the mimic—mind to the professor.—It is for the advantage of the theatre, when these qualities unite—but, perhaps, it is more for the dignity of the performer to have the second, without the first-named talent.

The concluding lines of this Comedy contain a mental prescription, which, if the reader will follow, whenever his disorders require it, he will bless the day he purchased the book, and call the fee for such advice—a treasure, laid up in Heaven.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR DAVID DAW	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
TEMPEST	*Mr. King.*
PENRUDDOCK	*Mr. Kemble.*
WOODVILLE	*Mr. Whitfield.*
SYDENHAM	*Mr. Palmer.*
HENRY WOODVILLE	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
WEAZEL	*Mr. Suett.*
TRUEMAN	*Mr. Waldron.*
ATTENDANT in the House of Woodville	*Mr. Phillimore.*
JENKINS	*Mr. Bland.*
LIVERY SERVANT	*Mr. Trueman.*
SERVANTS of Sir George Penruddock	*Mr. Maddocks.* *Mr. Banks.* *Mr. Evans.* *Mr. Fisher.* *Mr. Lyons.*
SERVANT to Tempest	*Mr. Webb.*
MRS. WOODVILLE	*Mrs. Powell.*
EMILY TEMPEST	*Miss Farren.*
DAME DUNCKLEY	*Mrs. Maddocks.*
MARY	*Miss Tidswell.*

SCENE,—For the First Act, Penruddock's Cottage; for the rest, in London.

THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Cottage of PENRUDDOCK, *seated in a groupe of trees, with a forest scene of wood and heath.*

Enter WEAZEL, *in a travelling dress.*

Weazel. Was ever gentle traveller, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, so put to his shifts, as I, Timothy Weazel, attorney at law? I have lost my guide, my guide has lost himself, and my horse has absconded, with bridle, saddle, and all his shoes, save one he left behind him in a slough. I saw a fellow setting springes for woodcocks, and show'd him signals of distress; but the carle ran off at the sight of me, and vanished like a jack o'lantern. If I understood the language of birds, there is not one within call to answer to a question: the creatures have got wings, and are too wise to stay in such a place.

Enter DAME DUNCKLEY, *from the Cottage.*

Hold, hold! I see a hut, or a hovel, or a Laplander's lodge, behind these trees; and here comes one hobbling upon two shanks and a crutch, a proper sample of the soil she withers in.—Holloa! Dame, do you

hear? Give me a word with you, if your senses can afford it.

Dame. What would you have with me? What is your business here?

Weazel. You're right, it must be business; nobody would come here for pleasure.

Dame. No, nor is this a house of call for travellers.

Weazel. That I can believe, if you are the representative of it; that is, as I may say, *lucc clarius.*

Dame. There's no such person here, so you may go your ways, before my master sends you packing.

Weazel. You have a master, have you? Call him out, then, and let him direct me in my road to Roderick Penruddock, esquire, and I'll reward him for his pains.

Dame. You'll reward my master! Saucy companion! If Roderick Penruddock is the gentleman you want, you need not go any further—there he lives.

Weazel There you lie, I believe. Penruddock in that cottage!

Dame. Why not? Will you face me out, who have lived with him these twenty years? And what if it be but a cottage? Content is every thing; my good master is not proud.

Weazel. Melancholy, I should think, if a constant memorandum of mortality can make him so.—He was cross'd in love in his younger days.

Dame. That I know nothing of.

Weazel. I don't say you was in the fault of it.

Dame. He is a man of few words, to be sure; but then he has a world of learning in his head; everlastingly at his books.

Weazel. Is he at 'em now?

Dame. Deep,—not to be approached.

Weazel. And alone?

Dame. To be sure: I never disturb him in his hours of study; at every other time he's kind and gentle as the dew of Heaven.

Weazel. What am I to do then, who have come some hundred miles upon his business?

Dame. Ev'n what you please, sir. I'm sure it is no business of mine, and I'll have nothing to do with it. [*Steps aside.*

Weazel. Well, if he will not welcome the good news I bring him, he must be a philosopher indeed. I'll begin my approaches cautiously, however—the door is fast—I'll touch it tenderly. [*Knocks.*] Within there! Who's at home?—Silence and famine, I should guess, for nothing stirs.

Dame. [*From aside.*] Go on, go on, my fine spark, I would not be in your place for a little. [*Exit.*

Weazel. Not yet? This will never do. Good fortune may be warranted to rap a little louder.—What hoa! [*Knocks again.*] Within, I say!—Will nobody hear me? [PENRUDDOCK *opens the casement.*]

Penrud. I hear you. What is it you want?

Weazel. With your leave, I want a few words with you.

Penrud. Send them in at the window then, and the fewer the better.

Weazel. I bring you news out of Cornwall; news of great consequence.

Penrud. Who are you, and what are you?

Weazel. Timothy Weazel, of Lestwithiel, attorney at law, and agent to Sir George Penruddock: let me into your house.

Penrud. An attorney! Keep on the outside of it, if you please; I'll deal with you in the open air. [*Shuts the casement.*]

Weazel. Here's a surly humour; here's a pretty freak of fortune, to pile bags of money on the back of an ass, who only kicks against the burden; I warrant, if the sky rained gold, this churl would not hold out his dish to catch it; but we shall soon see what stuff his philosophy is made of; good chance if

I don't shake the metaphysics out of him ere long. O ho! I've bolted him, however.—

Enter PENRUDDOCK *from the Cottage.*

Zooks! What a heathen philosopher it is!

Penrud. Now, Mr. Attorney, what have you to say, for thus disturbing my whole family? What have I done, or the poor cat, my peaceable companion, that thus the boisterous knuckles of the law should mar our meditations?

Weazel. Truly, sir, I was compelled to make some little noise; your castle is but small.

Penrud. It's big enough for my ambition.

Weazel. And passing solitary.

Penrud. I wish you had suffered it to be silent too.

Weazel. In faith, sir, if I knew how to be heard without a sound, I would gratify your wish; but if your silence suffers by my news, I hope your happiness will not.

Penrud. Happiness! What's that? I am content, I enjoy tranquillity; Heaven be thanked, I have nothing to do with happiness.

Weazel. There you are beyond me, sir. If an humble fortune and this poor cottage give you content, perhaps great riches and a splendid mansion would not add to it.

Penrud. Explain your meaning, friend: I don't understand you.

Weazel. In plain words, then, you are to know, that your rich relation, Sir George Penruddock, is deceased.

Penrud. Dead!

Weazel. Defunct; gone to his ancestors; whipped away by the sudden stroke of an apoplexy; this moment here, Heaven knows where the next: Death will do it when he likes, and how he likes; I need not remind you, sir, who are so learned a philosopher, how frail the tenure of mortality.

Penrud. You need not, indeed: if Sir George thought as seriously of death before it happened, it may have been well for him; but his thoughts, I fear, were otherwise employed.

Weazel. I much doubt if he ever thought at all; Sir George was a fine gentleman, and lived freely.

Penrud. No wonder then he died suddenly—but how does this apply to me?

Weazel. No otherwise than as you are the heir of all he died possessed of: I have the will in safe keeping about me. [*Takes out some papers.*]

Penrud. Have patience, have patience; this is somewhat sudden; I am unprepared for such an event; 'twas never in my contemplation: I was in no habits with Sir George, never courted him, never corresponded with him: the small annuity, 'tis true, on which I have subsisted, was charged on his estate, and regularly paid, but here he never came; man could not be more opposite to man; he worshipped Fortune, I despised her; I studied closely, he gamed incessantly—

Weazel. And won abundantly—if money be your passion, you'll find plenty of it.

Penrud. Money! what should I do with money?

Weazel. Money indeed!—why money is—in short, what is it not?

Penrud. Not health, methinks, not life—for he, that had it, died.

Weazel. But you, that have it, live—and is there nothing that can tempt you? Recollect—books—money will buy books; nay more, it will buy those who write them.

Penrud. It will so.

Weazel. 'Twill purchase panegyrics, odes, and dedications—

Penrud. I can't gainsay it.

Weazel. House, table, equipage, attendants—

Penrud. I have all those: what else?

Weazel. Ah, sir, you surely can't forget there are such things in this world as beauty, love, irresistible woman—[DAME DUNCKLEY *crosses the stage.*]

Penrud. I keep a woman; she visits me every day, makes my bed, sweeps my house, cooks my dinner, and is seventy years of age—yet I resist her.

Weazel. I could say something to that, but I am afraid it will offend you.

Penrud. Say on boldly; never fear me.

Weazel. Why truly, sir, I find you of a very different temper from what I expected: I should doubt if your philosophy has made you insensible; I am sure it has not made you proud.

Penrud. I am as proud in my nature as any man ought to be, but surely as humble as any man can be.

Weazel. Suffer me then to ask you, if there is not a certain lady living, Arabella Woodville by name?

Penrud. Who told you this? how came you thus to strike upon a name, that twenty years of solitude have not effac'd?

Weazel. Because I would prepare you for a task, that with the fortune you inherit must devolve upon you. The interests of this lady, perhaps even her existence, are now in your hands. When I shall deliver the deeds bequeathed to you by your cousin, I shall arm you with the means of extinguishing the wretched Woodville at a blow.

Penrud. What is it you tell me? Have a care how you reverse my nature with a word. Woodville in my power! Woodville at my mercy! If there's a man on earth, that can inspire me with revenge, it is that treacherous, base, deceitful rival. I was in his power, for I loved him—he betrayed me; I was at his mercy, for I trusted him—he destroyed me.

Weazel. Now then you'll own, that money can give something, for it gives revenge.

Penrud. Come on; my mind is made up to this fortune; to the extremest atom I'll exact it all: the

miser's passion seizes on my heart, and money, which I held as dirt, is now my deity.

[*Exeunt into the cottage.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

WOODVILLE, *followed by* TRUEMAN.

Wood. Go, go, begone!—Why do you follow me?

True. I pray you, sir, don't dismiss the chaise in this wild place: let it convey you to the next town, and then pursue your journey as you please.

Wood. Don't talk to me, don't trouble me: my journey's at an end.

True. You have been up all night: your mind and body both require some rest.

Wood. What if they do? can you administer to agonies like mine? How dare you thus intrude? By what authority have you, my servant, made yourself a spy upon my actions?

True. By no authority, but that of my affection and good-will: you have been kind to me in your prosperity, ought I to desert you in adversity? Indeed, indeed, sir, I can't leave you here alone.

Wood. Foolish, officious fellow, I perceive you think I have lost my senses: no, I possess them clearly: I know both where I am and what I have to do—had I designs against myself, you could not hinder them; but I have none; 'tis not my own life but yours that is in danger, unless you instantly depart. Look! here is your dismission—I am resolute to be obeyed. [*Draws a Pistol.*

True. Take my life; fire when you please: I'm not afraid of dying.

Enter SYDENHAM.

Syden. Woodville, what ails you? are you mad? do you fight duels with your own servant?

Wood. Duels!—

Syden. You are right: I see he is not armed. What the devil and all his doings possesses you to point your pistol at a naked man? If you consider him as your equal, give him the fellow to it; if you would punish him as your servant, turn him away.

Wood. But he will not be turn'd away.

True. Not whilst it was my duty to stay by you; now Mr. Sydenham is come, I will intrude no longer. [*Exit.*

Syden. Harry Woodville, are you in your senses, to act in this manner?

Wood. Are you not out of yours, to come thus far to ask me such a question?

Syden. Perhaps I am, but there's no reasoning about friendship; when I see a fellow, whom I love, throw away his happiness, game away his fortune, and then run from the ruin he has made, I have a foolish nature about me, that in spite of all his frenzy will run after him; and though he may break loose from all the world beside, damn me if he shall shake off me, though he had twenty pistols in his reach, and I not one in mine.

Wood. Your friendship, Mr. Sydenham, is not wanted at this moment, and give me leave to say it is unwelcome.

Syden. Very likely; I care little about the welcome that you give me, as I am not quite sure you are the man I was in search of: my friend was a gentleman, though an unwise one; he would hear reason, though he was unapt to follow it; above all things he was not that frantic desperado, as to turn his pistol either against his servant or himself.

Wood. Well, sir, my pistol is put up—now what have you to say to me?

Syden. I don't know if I shall say any thing to you; certainly nothing to soothe you. It is not because a man has pistols in his pocket, that he is formidable, or that I should flatter him: every fellow, that has not spirit to face misfortune, may be his own assassin; every wretch, who has lost all feelings of humanity, may commit a murder on his fellow creature.

Wood. You are very bitter: what would you have me do?

Syden. Return to your afflicted wife.

Wood. That I can never do; my home is horrible, nor am I in possession of a home; Penruddock's myrmidons are in my house; besides, there's worse than that; my son is come to England; Henry will be upon me, and to meet his gallant injured presence would be worse than death.

Syden. I wish you had reflected on that horror, whilst there was time to have prevented it.—If fathers, whilst their sons are bleeding in their country's battles, will hurl the fatal dice, and stake their fortunes on the cast, alas for their posterity!

Wood. Why urge that dreadful truth? You have no son, you are no gamester.

Syden. No matter, though I never gamed myself, my friends did, and I have lost them: who has more cause to curse his luck than I have?

Wood. Have you now vented all your spleen, and will you leave me?

Syden. I am not sure: tell me what plan you are upon; why are you rambling on this heath?

Wood. I'll tell you that at once—Sir George Penruddock, my chief creditor, is dead; he has bequeathed his fortune to his cousin Roderick of that name. This man inhabits a small tenement here close at hand; a strange sequestered creature, burying

himself amongst his books, disgusted with the world, and probably a perfect misanthrope—

Syden. I have heard of him; go on.

Wood. This Roderick and I were schoolfellows, studied together at the university, travelled together through most parts of Europe; and were inseparable friends, till by evil chance, we became rivals in love: I obtained Mrs. Woodville's hand, and married her; he was excluded, and renounced society: this man, the bitterest enemy I have, is now the master of my fate.

Syden. Then I conclude those pistols are for him.

Wood. I do not quite say that; he shall have a fair alternative.

Syden. I much doubt if any thing can be fair, when one party has just gained a fortune, and the other lost one: however, if you mean it should be fair, take me with you; whether you shake hands or exchange shots, I will see justice done on both sides: for I will be bold to aver, there never yet was an affair, in which I had the honour to be either principal or second, where equity was not as strictly administered, as if my Lord Chancellor had decreed it from the bench.

Wood. Be it so then, if so it must be: Come with me to this newly-enriched cottager, and if I fail in this last effort, I exact from you an honourable secrecy and an immediate secession. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PENRUDDOCK'S *Cottage.*

Enter PENRUDDOCK *and* WEAZEL, *from the Cottage.*

Weazel. My good sir, only consider—

Penrud. Leave me, sir.

Weazel. This very circumstance, I say—

Penrud. Return to your papers.

Weazel. Just for one moment, sir.

Penrud. I would be alone, I tell you.

Weazel. O sir, then to be sure—

[*Exit into the Cottage.*

Penrud. This property is immense. Woodville's proud house is mine; now that false friend is punished: all those scenes of gay prosperity, with which he caught the vain weak heart of Arabella, are suddenly reversed, and just retaliation, not less terrible because so tardy, surprises him at last. Farewell, my cottage! scene of my past content, I thank thee: possessing nought but thee, I have not envied palaces; possessed of them, I have forsaken thee; such is man's fickle nature, in solitude a philosopher, wise in adversity, and only patient under injuries, till opportunity occurs to him of revenging them.

Enter WOODVILLE *and* SYDENHAM.

Wood. That's he; the very man.—Sir, let me hope I have happily encountered you; I believe I am addressing myself to Mr. Penruddock.

Penrud. I am Penruddock.

Wood. Perhaps you have lost the recollection of my person?

Penrud. I wish I had—You have left some traces of it in my memory, Mr. Woodville; and nothing can be more opposite to my desires than to revive them.

Wood. That this would be my greeting I expected: for though I ever knew you to be just, yet, in our earliest years, I thought I could discover dawnings of a relentless nature. If twenty years of calm reflection have passed away without assuaging your determined animosity, an opportunity is now before you of hatching that revenge, which you have brooded on so long.

Penrud. Pursue your own reflections, sir, and interrupt not mine. [*Going.*

Syden. Stop, if you please—I am no party in this conference, but as a common friend to every thing that wears the face of man: I can perceive you have been wronged, in time long past, by this gentleman: so have I, recently and deeply wronged; inasmuch as he has abused my friendship, by ruining himself, in defiance of my better counsel—What then? he is sorry for it, and I forgive him: he is in misery, and I pity him.

Penrud. Well, sir, at your remonstrance I will stay; only be pleased to let me know for whose sake I submit myself to Mr. Woodville's conversation.

Syden. I am a very idle fellow, sir; Sydenham my name; one that has thrown away much good will upon his friends, without once practising your happy art of being unmoved by their misfortunes.

Penrud. Humph!—Mr. Woodville will proceed.

Wood. If you, Mr. Penruddock, can find no motive to forgive the wrongs I did you in the matter of my marriage, I shall suggest none, neither will I offer one word in mitigation of those wrongs; they were as great as you believe them; greater, perhaps, than you are perfectly apprized of. In the first glow of your resentment you demanded satisfaction; in justice I must own, that your appeal was warranted, but I was then a happy man, with beauty in my arms, and fortune at my feet, and I evaded it. Now if your heat is not cooled, and you still thirst for revenge, lo! I am ready; I have arms for both, fit to decide our quarrel, and an honourable friend competent to adjust it. [*Produces Pistols.*

Syden. Fairly proposed—if such is your pleasure, gentlemen both, I am perfectly at your disposal.

Penrud. Give me the pistol: [*Takes a Pistol.*] place your man where you like; this is my ground.

Syden. Stop, sir, the forms of honour are not yet complete.—Mr. Woodville, if I rightly understood

you, you have an alternative to propose: if that be so, state it.

Penrud. I have little disposition to bear any trifling.

Wood. Nor I to trifle; therefore no more of it! A woman's mediation can be of no avail: however, Mr. Sydenham, if I fall, give this to the survivor.

[*Presents a pacquet.*

Syden. Hah! Mrs. Woodville's hand!—this must not be rejected: an angel's mediation claims respect, and he must read it, or make his passage through my body ere he shall approach you.—Woodville, disarm yourself—[*Takes his Pistol.*]—Mr. Penruddock, this pacquet is addressed to you; take it; but first, if you please, give me your weapon, as he has done.—Now I maintain an armed neutrality. [*Takes both Pistols.*

[PENRUDDOCK *opens the pacquet, peruses it awhile: while this is passing,* SYDENHAM *speaks as follows:*

Syden. It staggers him—he pauses; yet I perceive no change—[*Exit* PENRUDDOCK *into the Cottage.*]—he flies, however, and we keep the field.—Do you know the purport of that paper?

Wood. I know nothing of its purport but by conjecture: 'twas written by Arabella since she heard of his accession to the fortune of Sir George, and probably contains a strong appeal to his feelings, founded upon past connections; I have reason to believe it chiefly points at my son, who has so long been a prisoner in France, and now at last has got his liberty upon exchange; but I dare say this churl is steeled against humanity.

Syden. I know not what to think of him; that man's soul has no flow! impenetrable frost locks up its current: therefore be prepared.—And now, Harry, if you have any thing upon your mind to encharge me with, avail yourself of the moment, and impart it to me; the issue of these rencontres is uncertain.

Wood. Alas! I have been so improvident a husband, that I dare hardly send my last farewell to my much-injured wife; so unjust a father, that I have scarce presumption to bequeath a blessing to my son. In temporal affairs I am so totally undone, and life is now so perfectly a blank, that he, who takes it from me, takes what I am tired of; and I solemnly conjure my family never to stir the question of my death, nor prosecute the author of it.

[WEAZEL *speaks from the Cottage window.*]

Weazel. Gentlemen, I am commanded by Mr. Penruddock to say, that he declines any further explanation on the business of your visit: you will hear from him again.

Wood. At his own choice and leisure; so inform him.

Syden. Come, Woodville, we have thrown that cynic cur a bone, so let him gnaw it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in TEMPEST'S *House.*

Enter EMILY *and* TEMPEST.

Tempest. Go your ways, vanish out of my sight, for a graceless young hussy—You know I love you, Emily, you know I do, dear as the eyes in my head, better than the heart in my body, and therefore you baffle, and bamboozle, and make a bumpkin of me; that's what you do: you see I am a damn'd fond, forgiving old fool, and you impose upon my good nature.

Emily. No very hard task, I should hope. Only call upon you now and then for a few grains of charitable patience.

Temp. Grains of charitable nonsense, grains of hypocritical impertinence: what business have you to make any calls upon me that you know I can't answer? I have no such thing as patience about me, no such dull mechanical property belonging to me; never had, never will have, never wish to have.

Emily. Well, sir, let it pass then; but you must own it's a little unreasonable to expect that I should abound in that article, of which you, my father, do not possess a single atom?

Temp. Not at all unreasonable, for your mother was a miracle of patience; I am sure I put it very sufficiently to the trial: why, I took her with no other view but as we take a diet-drink in the spring, to sweeten the juices. Tempest, the son of Lord Hurricane, was never born to be calm; 'sblood and fire! I have never been in smooth water since first I was launched upon the surface of the globe. I was a younger son, and kicked into the world without a sixpence; my father gave me no education, taught me nothing, kept me in ignorance, and buffeted me every day for being a dunce.

Emily. That was hard indeed, to give so little and demand so much—but some fathers are quite out of the way of reason.

Temp. That's a wipe at me, I suppose, but no matter—First I was turned into the army, there I got broken bones and empty pockets; then I was banished to the coast of Africa, to govern the savages of Senegambia; there I made a few blunders in colour, by taking whites for blacks, and blacks for whites; but before my enemies could get hold of me, Death laid hands upon them, and I triumphed over their malice by the mortality of the climate.

Emily. Upon my word, sir, you have been tossed and tumbled about in this rough world pretty handsomely.

Temp. Yes, so handsomely, that I will take care you shan't be tossed and tumbled about, till you have a good pilot on board, and a safe harbour under your lee, to lay up in for life.

Emily. That's as much as to say I shall embark with Sir David Daw, and lay up in his fusty old castle on the banks of the Wye, in Monmouthshire, to wit. A precious pilot I shall have, and a famous voyage we shall make of it!—Helm a-weather! cries he, and bear away for the coast of Wales—Helm a-lee! says I, and set all sails for the port of London. He is for steering west, I am for steering east; so between us we run wild out of the track, and make a wreck of ship and cargo in the scuffle for command.

Temp. You talk nonsense, Emily, you gabble without wit or wisdom. Sir David Daw is a very respectable gentleman in his own county.

Emily. Then he is a very silly gentleman for coming out of it.

Temp. He has a noble property; a capital estate.

Emily. Thanks to his ancestors!—he'll never mend it by discovery of the longitude.

Temp. Emily, Emily, do you think I have no eyes? what do you take me for—a mole, a bat, a beetle, not to see where your perverse affections point. You are never out of Mrs. Woodville's house.

Emily. Can that be a wonder, when persecution drives me out of your doors, and pity draws me into her's? Here I am baited by the silliest animal Folly ever lent her name to, there I am recreated by the gentlest being Heaven ever formed.

Temp. Come, come, whilst you are talking thus of the mother, I know to a certainty, it is the son you are thinking of; and positively, Emily, you must banish Henry Woodville from your thoughts.

Emily. Then I must lose the faculty of thinking.

Temp. Don't tell me of your faculties, mine will never consent to marry you to a ruined man.—Sir David is no gamester—

Emily. Perhaps not.

Temp. Nor the son of a gamester.

Emily. No, nor the son of any thing, I should think, that Nature ever owned; for he is so far from being in the likeness of a man, that it would be libeling a monkey to mistake them for each other.

Temp. Hold your tongue. I never said Sir David was a wit.

Emily. No, o' my conscience, a tailor might as well look for custom in the court of Pelew, as you for wit in the empty pericranium of my Monmouthshire lover.

Temp. And if he had wit, what would you do with it? Who would put a naked sword in the hands of a child? I like him the better for his being without it; I have none myself; I had sooner mess with the savages in Africa, than be shut into a room with a company of wits. Your downright stupid fellow is the repose of all society; like a soft cushion in an easy chair, he lulls you into gentle slumbers, and lays all your cares to rest.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir David Daw— [*Exit* SERVANT.

Temp. Now, now, Emily, behave as you should do, or by the living——

Enter SIR DAVID DAW.

Welcome, Sir David, welcome, my good knight of Monmouth!

Sir D. D. Worthy Governor, I am your devoted servant—Sweet paragon of beauty, I am your humble slave.

Temp. Heyday, my friend, where have you culled these flowers of rhetoric?

Sir D. D. Picked a small posey from Parnassus, to lay it at the feet of the loveliest of the muses.

Emily. Upon my word, Sir David, your periods are the very embrios of poetry; a kind of tadpoles, more than half frogs, and just ready to hop.

Sir D. D. So they can but hop into your good graces, I care not. Come, that's very well; isn't it? He! he!

Temp. Right, my gallant heart, that's the way to treat her—Emily is for ever giggling.

Sir D. D. She is not singular in that: go where I will, they giggle; that is rather daunting, you must think. Amongst our Monmouthshire lasses who but I? Not that I am conscious of more wit than my neighbours, but my jokes always tell; they do so titter when I am in my merry vein, and the servants grin, and the tenants roar, and then my poor dear mother taps me on the cheek, and calls me her dainty David.—Oh! we are so merry in the Castle.

Emily. Aye, to be sure; there's room enough for your wit to escape without running foul of any body's understanding.

Sir D. D. Yes, yes, 'tis a bouncer; and such a hall for battledore and shuttlecock—

Emily. Garnished round with pikes, and gauntlets, and branching horns, the trophies of the family—

Sir D. D. Yes, and in the great parlour such a string of Daws hanging by the wall—

Emily. By the wall?

Sir D. D. Yes, the family pictures.—

Emily. Oh—in ruffs and bands, and picked chins from all antiquity, like the whole court of France in a puppet-show, with Dainty David in the character of Punchinello to close the cavalcade.

Sir D. D. Not so; but in the place of it your own fair portrait, if you please, and under it, in letters of

gold, "Emily, consort of Sir David Daw."—Lilies and roses! what a lovely piece will that be!

Emily. Let it be a family piece then, and we may all have a part in it.

Temp. Aye, aye, that's a hook to haul me in with; I know it is: but let us hear, let us hear what part you have laid out for me.

Emily. An heroic one, be sure; you shall be—let me consider—you shall be drawn in the character of Agamemnon.

Temp. Agamemnon! Why in the character of Agamemnon, I would fain know?

Emily. Because he was a warrior like you, and a governor: but principally because, if I remember his history—he sacrificed his daughter. [*She retires a little.*]

Temp. Heh! how! there I'm thrown out: that is a history I know nothing of.

Sir D. D. Nor I neither.—Ah! my good governor, speak a kind word for me; all my hopes are in you.

Temp. Fear nothing, my man of mettle; keep a stout heart, and there's none of 'em can resist the allurements of your fortune, though they may all be insensible to the beauties of your person.

Emily. [*Advancing.*] No, to be sure; if you make love like an elephant, with your castle on your back, who can stand against you?

Sir D. D. I don't know how it is, Governor Tempest, but though 'tis well known that the first man Nature ever made was a Welshman, and though I flatter myself I am pretty nearly on the same model, yet here every ragged-headed fellow, with a mahogany face, because he can slip into an eel-skin, and I cannot, slips into favour before me; whilst the ladies stare at me, as if I had dropped out of the moon amongst them.

Temp. That is because they lay aside the sight they were born with, and have eyes, like their complexions, of their own making.

Emily. Ah! Sir David, you don't understand them; you are the happiest with the good old lady in the country; your education has been private.

Sir D. D. Quite snug and private; always at home, always with my mother.

Emily. And your amusements—

Sir D. D. Never went abroad for them; we had plenty of pastime amongst ourselves and the servants —cards I never touch: drinking I have no head for: and as for naughty women, I can faithfully assure you, I never come near none of 'em.

Temp. [*Aside to* SIR DAVID DAW.] Keep that to yourself, my friend, if you are wise; for this world is so wicked, that a man is forced to counterfeit vices in order to keep well with it.

Enter SYDENHAM.

Ah! Charles, how wears this wicked world with you?

Syden. Wears apace, frets itself out, grates most confoundedly upon the hinges: I almost think I shall live to see the end of it.—Don't go away, I want to have a word with you. [*Aside to* EMILY.]

Sir D. D. Oh! Mr. Sydenham, I rejoice to see you.

Syden. How fares my venerable Cambro-Briton?

Sir D. D. Terrible ill, for want of you; house, equipage, every thing is at a dead stop, till you set us going.—I called at your lodgings, and they told me you was out of town.

Syden. They did right, I educate my servants in all innocent untruths.

Temp. They gave me the same answer.

Syden. They did wrong; to tell one and the same lie to two several visitors, betrays a poverty of invention.

Emily. And hav'n't you been out of town all this while?

Syden. Hush! hush! ask no questions.—How can I quit the town, with an affair of honour on my hands? didn't you challenge me to a game at chess? and here I am ready to decide it.

Temp. Oh! that dull, dilatory, dreaming game, how I detest!—Any news, Charles, of the poor Woodvilles?

Syden. That is the very question I was about to ask of you.

Temp. 'Sblood, you are as mysterious as a privy counsellor: they say Woodville is gone off; nay, they circulate a very black and dismal story about him.

Syden. As you have been governor of the blacks, I wish you would put the sooty slaves to death that circulate such stories.

Sir D. D. I hear Sir George Penruddock has made a curious will, and given his whole property to a madman, who has been shut up in a cottage for these twenty years.

Syden. And do you suppose it would have brought him to his senses, if he had lived in a castle?

Temp. Come, come, Sir David; don't you see that cuckoo won't be caught by you? Zooks, man, the thumb-screw would not make him plead; though, let me tell you, when I've been set upon it, I have put tongues as stubborn as his into motion before now. As for Emily, leave her to her drowsy game at chess; for, depend upon it, my friend, that any thing, which tends to stupify her imagination, will be a point gained in your favour.

[*Exeunt* TEMPEST *and* SIR DAVID.

Syden. His Excellency is in one of his accommodating humours, and gives me an opportunity of telling you, that I have brought Woodville back with me; I knew his point, and overtook him after about twelve miles riding, in the very crisis of his fate.

Emily. Did you so? then here's my hand! for thou art the best soul living; with a heart of gold, and heels of feather, in the service of humanity. Ah! why did cruel Fortune cramp thy powers, when Nature so enriched thee with benevolence?

Syden. Don't complain of Fortune in my case; perhaps the best fortune that can befal me is, that I have nothing to do with her: having little to bestow, I make up for it with good will; had I abundance to give, the good will might be wanting.

Emily. If Fortune, however, would but put you to the trial, I should not tremble for the issue of it. Had Penruddock made you his heir, happy would it have been for poor Woodville.

Syden. For him (to own the truth to you) I have very little compassion; some old habits of good fellowship, perhaps, I can't quite shake off; but a gamester is in nature such a fool, in character so little of a gentleman, and by profession so very close approaching towards a highwayman, that I am ashamed of his acquaintance; yet, for my dear Mrs. Woodville's sake, for my brave Henry's sake, and through them, by implication, for my sweet Emily's, I have sheltered that poor worthless desperado in my lodgings; which is a secret you must keep close and inviolable for all their sakes.

Emily. Doubt me not, for I can well suppose the consequences would be fatal. In one word, is there any hope for him?

Syden. I could not answer that in a thousand words; for I have seen this strange Penruddock, and know not what to make of him.

Emily. Is he a madman, as they report of him?

Syden. That I can't tell; for so many people are mad, who yet have sense enough to conceal it, that he may be so without my discovering it. He is as sullen as a bear, and inveterate against Woodville to the length of any species of revenge.

Emily. This is not the character Mrs. Woodville describes; she conceives better of him.

Syden. I wish she may not be mistaken: we must leave the event to time:—And now, my dear lady, when are we to mount the wedding favours?

Emily. So you will suppose I am cast for transportation to the enchanted castle?

Syden. Enchanted it will be, when you are in it; but how can I suppose, or even wish, any otherwise, when ruin is attached to the alternative?

Emily. You strike upon a motive, that may drive me upon wondrous self-denials. If my beloved Mrs. Woodville falls, if my dear gallant Henry is beaten down and crush'd by poverty and distress, at any sacrifice I'll raise them up.

Syden. Will you? then by the powers of goodness you are an angel!

Emily. But in that wreck of happiness I shall need all the help that friendship can bestow; and you, Charles Sydenham, whom I place ever in the front of those few firm hearts I most prize and most depend on, must not desert me.

Syden. Desert you! Damn it, my throat aches so, and my eyes dazzle, that I can neither rightly speak to you nor see you—but, by the Lord, I'll die for you.

Emily. Not so; but you must come to me in the country: there you and I will tell old stories over a winter's fire, and be as comfortable as two feeling hearts will let us.

Syden. I'll come; I'll come to you—walk, ride, fish, fowl, milk the cows, feed the poultry, nurse the children, laugh, cry, do any thing and every thing you would have me—I will, upon my soul I will!

Emily. Enough said: upon this promise we will part: I shall be call'd for by my father, and you know his humour.

Syden. I know him well for a most absolute and all-to-be-respected governor; but if he had as numerous an offspring as Muley Ishmael, and as large an empire as Timur Khan, the proudest title he could boast would be that of being father to such an angel of a daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

PENRUDDOCK *alone.*

Penrud. So! I am in London once more.—From solitude and silence how sudden is the transition to crowded streets, where all without is noise, and all within me anarchy and tumult! Thoughts uncollected, jarring resolutions, avarice, revenge, ambition, all the turbid passions arming, like soldiers roused from sleep, to rush into the battle.

Enter WEAZEL.

Well, sir, is Mrs. Woodville in her house?

Weazel. She is not there, nor any body that can tell me where she is: the servants are dispersed, the chamber-doors all locked and sealed, save one, in which a solitary guard keeps watch, holding possession in due form of law: I have seen it in its splendour; it is now reversed, a melancholy change.

Penrud. I'll visit it nevertheless; it will be a wholesome preparative to the scene of luxury, which you tell me I am to be saluted with in the stately mansion of Sir George Penruddock. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An unfurnished Room.

Enter WEAZEL, PENRUDDOCK, *and an* OFFICER.

Penrud. You are here, sir, I presume, in office, by authority from the late Sir George Penruddock?

Officer. I am, sir; and though it is against our rules to admit any stranger, yet as I know Mr. Veazel, and he warrants for you, I make no objection to your coming in.

Penrud. Nor to leaving us, I should suppose, within these bare walls; they defy robbery: the scythe of the law cuts close, and those, who follow it, will not be enriched by their gleanings.

Officer. A pleasant gentleman, I should guess; and knows a thing or two.

Weazel. O, nobody better.

Officer. Mr. Veazel, with leave, I'll speak a word with you.

Weazel. By all means, sir—ever happy to assist, when any thing is wanting in my way. [*Exit, with* OFFICER.

Penrud. Here, then, was the residence of my once-beloved Arabella; here she reigned, here she revelled, and here, perhaps, in a desponding moment, she wrote that melancholy appeal, which wrung the weapon from my hand, when raised against her husband's life. I'll read it once again; the scene conspires, a sympathetic gloom comes over me; and solitude, the friend of meditation, prompts me to review it:—"By the death of Sir George Penruddock, you will find us your debtors in no less a sum than all that we possess; if you are extreme, we are undone; my husband, who expects no mercy, flies from me in despair, and in his fate mine is involved; if then you find an orphan in the world, whose parents could not move your pity, you may think revenge has done enough, and take my Henry into your protection—"

Enter HENRY WOODVILLE.

Henry. Where am I! What has happened? Why is this house so changed in its appearance?

Penrud. Whom do you seek?

Henry. A father and a mother, who dwelt here: If you have heard the name of Woodville, and can ease my anxious terrors, tell me they survive.

Penrud. Be satisfied—They live.

Henry. Devoutly I return Heaven thanks, and bless you for the tidings; long absent, and debarred all correspondence with my family, I came with trembling heart, uncertain of their fate; and, I confess, the ominous appearance of a deserted house struck me with alarm; but I may hope they have some other residence at hand—If you know where, direct me.

Penrud. If I knew where, I would; but—

Henry. But what? Why do you pause?

Penrud. Because I can't proceed.

Henry. Why not proceed? You know they live; can you not tell me where?

Penrud. I cannot.

Henry. What is your business here?

Penrud. None.

Henry. Do you not live in London?

Penrud. No.

Henry. What is your name, occupation? where do you inhabit? How comes it to pass you know so well to answer me one question, and are dumb to all the rest?

Penrud. I am not used to interrogatories, nor quite so patient as may suit with your impetuosity.

Henry. I stand corrected; I am too quick.—You will excuse the feelings of a son.

Penrud. Most willingly; only I'm sorry to perceive they are so sensitive, because this world abounds in misery.

Henry. Now I am sure you know more than you yet reveal; but having said my parents are alive, you fortify me against lesser evils: I know my father's failings, and can well suppose, that his affairs have fallen into decay.

Penrud. To utter ruin. Gaming has undone him.

Henry. Oh! execrable vice, fiend of the human soul, that tears the hearts of parent, child, and friend! What crimes, what shame, what complicated misery hast thou brought upon us! This house was swallowed in the general wreck.

Penrud. With every thing else: Sir George Penruddock had it for a debt, as it is called, of honour.

Henry. A debt of infamy—and may the curse entailed upon such debts descend on him and all that may inherit from him!

Penrud. There you out-run discretion: he is dead, and you would not extend your curse to him that now inherits.

Henry. Light where it will, I'll not revoke it. He, that is Fortune's minion, well deserves it.

Penrud. But he, that's innocent, does not.

Henry. Can he be innocent, who stains his hands with ore drenched in the gamester's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's hearts with tears, and cries, and agonies unutterable? 'Tis property accurst: were it a mine as deep as to the centre, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving.

Penrud. You speak too strongly, sir.

Henry. So you may think: I speak as I feel.—Who is the wretched heir?

Penrud. Roderick Penruddock.

Henry. What! Roderick the recluse?

Penrud. The same.

Henry. My father knew him well—a gloomy misanthrope, shunning and shunned by all mankind. When such a being, after long seclusion, lost to all social charities, and hardened into savage insensibility,

comes forth into the world, armed with power and property, he issues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.

Penrud. Stop your invective! Know him before you damn him.

Henry. I do not wish to know him; but if you do, and think him wronged by my discourse, convince me of the wrong, and you shall find me ready to atone.

Penrud. I would not have you take his character from me, and yet I think him to be somewhat better than you report of him; however you have put it fairly to the issue, and if your leisure serves to meet me at his house, the late Sir George Penruddock's, within two hours from this, you may perhaps see cause to blush for the severity of your invective: in the mean time, I promise to make no report of what you have said, and neither aggravate his mind against you, nor warn him of your coming.

Henry. If I can find my friends within the time you mention, I will not fail to meet you; but I should know your name.

Penrud. You shall know every thing in proper time and place—till then farewell. [*Exit* HENRY.] Insolent libeller! he has undone himself, and stabbed the mercy in my bosom, whilst in the very act of rising to embrace him.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A mean Apartment in the lodging house of Mrs. WOODVILLE.

HENRY *ushered in by* MARY.

Mary. Walk in, sir, pray walk in. Madam Woodville will be quickly at home.

Henry. Are you her servant?

Mary. I do the work of the house, and wait upon the lodgers.

Henry. Has she none else belonging to her?

Mary. No, no, good lady, she has none else but me. If you are Captain Woodville, her son, I hope it will be in your power to comfort her.

Henry. I am the person; you may leave me.—[*Exit.*

What a sad change is this! My mother in this place—thus lodged, and thus attended! O nature! let me not forget it was a father that did this, else—but that thought is horror——Hark, she is coming——

Enter EMILY TEMPEST.

May I believe my eyes? The lovely phantom of my visions realized.

Emily. The gallant prisoner, we bewailed, set free! This is a joy most welcome. I was informed you called at our house for a direction hither; I can make all allowances for your impatience; but surely, surely, Henry, you made none for mine, when all that you bestowed upon me was a cold inquiry at the door, if such a being still was in existence.

Henry. Chide not, but pity me: the unfortunate are fearful of intruding.

Emily. Say, rather, they are unkind, and wrong their friends, when they suppose them shaken by every breath of fortune.

Henry. The world revolts from poverty.

Emily. Are these the sentiments that you return with? For shame! a soldier to talk thus—Have you seen no misfortunes where you have been, or do you feel them only when they fall upon yourself? Your noble mother does not reason thus.

Henry. Hers are no common evils, I confess; but still adversity is a fair enemy, patience can check it, fortitude can conquer it, religion can convert it to a

blessing. Even I, whom you reprove, bore it without a murmur, for honour was not lost, hope was yet alive—your image, ever present to my mind, brightened captivity, and dreams of future happiness cheered my warm glowing fancy; but now—

Emily. What now? stop there, and let me only dwell upon those objects that delight, although they may delude: joy at the best is fugitive; paint hope in brilliant hues, and it is joy: the picture fades indeed, and its warm tints fly off, but whilst they fly, they charm, and memory feasts upon them, even when they are vanished.

Henry. Oh! well applied, and genuine philosophy. But now, my Emily, what means this mischievous effusion of so much light, that my weak eyes can't bear it? Why all this blaze of beauty?

Emily. Hush! don't be silly; it is no such thing—a little glad to see you, perhaps a little animated by an unexpected pleasure.

Henry. I left you, as I thought, perfect in every charm; but time, I see, still brings fresh tributes to adorn and beautify perfection.—How many hearts have you this moment in your chains?

Emily. Nonsense! not one: the lover I most reckoned upon has just thrown off his chains, and is at liberty.

Henry. Only to yield it up again with double devotion at your feet. Did you know him as I do, you would know, that though impossibilities oppose his hope, reason can make no progress in the reform of his incurable passion.

Emily. Indeed! then what is to be done with such a man? How would you advise me to treat his case?

Henry. With pity, as for one who suffers without prospect of a cure; with caution towards yourself, as holding it unfair to flatter, where you cannot save.

Mrs. Woodville. [*Without.*] Where, where is he?

Enter MRS. WOODVILLE. [EMILY *retires.*

Mrs. W. Henry, my son, my hero! welcome to my arms. [*Embraces him.*

Henry. Oh! my dear mother—suffering, injured excellence! [*Kneels.*

Mrs. W. Stand up! Let me survey you—Why, you credit your campaigning; yet you have fared hardly. There is no gold grows on the soldier's laurels.

Henry. I have a sword, madam, and that will always furnish me a meal.

Mrs. W. Go then, and let it earn for you both food and fame. A British matron sends her warrior to the fight, and scorns to damp his ardour with a tear: I'll share you with my country. Oh! my sweet Emily, my generous friend, I know you can forgive me. [EMILY *advances.*

Emily. Not easily, if you devote a single thought to ceremony: I am here a party upon sufferance, not quite indifferent to the scene before me, but certainly no principal.

Mrs. W. You must be ever such with me; you have shared my sorrows, hard indeed if you might not partake my joys. Well, Henry, we must meet the time, and all its troubles; with what face we can: cowards and fools shrink at the blast of fortune; the solid temper of a noble mind sets them at nought.

Henry. I'll not disgrace your heroism with a murmur; when your instruction points the way to virtue, and the example of my father warns me against vice, how can I stray?

Mrs. W. Alas! your father—he is indeed—but we'll not speak of him: stand firm yourself, and give me cause to love you: for errors of prosperity the world has candour more than enough; now you have nothing left but your good name, of that be jealous in

the extreme; so shall I be justified for having thought you worthy of that hand, which cruel fortune now irrevocably has snatch'd from you.

Emily. Madam! Mrs. Woodville!—I'll take my leave; your business grows too interesting.—I'll not intrude upon your secrets.

[*Is withdrawing, but stopped by* HENRY.

Henry. Tear not my heart away, but stop, for mercy's sake.

Emily. No, let us part. Your mother speaks the truth; but I was then so happy, I lost sight of it.

Mrs. W. My Emily, my life, my comforter, forgive me! Amidst a throng of sorrows, some unguarded words will evermore escape us; we vent them as we do our sighs, and know not what we say.

Emily. Pray don't apologize; I am quite asham'd of it: 'tis nothing—Only poor Henry made such a face—his eyes set me a crying.

Mrs. W. My dear, my dear! come with me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Saloon in the House of Sir GEORGE PENRUDDOCK.

Enter Three UPPER SERVANTS *in mourning—and* WEAZEL, *who addresses them with much ceremony.*

Weazel. Gentlemen of the second table! Chiefs of the lower regions! I am your very humble servant. I condole with you on our general loss: your late worthy master has paid the debt of nature; poor Sir George is no more; but you are serious reflecting men, that weigh these natural events, and know that Death (as the great poet sings) *will come when he will come.*

Jenkins. True, Sir, and all our wonder is he did not come before, seeing what pains Sir George took to quicken him.

Weazel. Aptly remark'd, most worthy Sir; and I am greatly edified to see that you have put yourselves in mourning; 'tis somewhat premature, perhaps, seeing the deceased is not yet interred, but it is a tribute of gratitude to your old master, and an earnest of respect to your new one.

Cook. Of the past we have nothing to complain; of the present we are a little *dubous*.

Weazel. You speak like sage experienced men, well versed in all the dues and perquisites of service. I have my doubts like you; Fenruddock, I should fear, may be too much of a philosopher for your purposes, and you perhaps not quite enough for his.

Jenkins. We cannot live without our comforts, Mr. Weazel.

Weazel. And fit it is that you should have them.—You, Mr. Jenkins, I well know, are a man of taste, and have your little gentlemanly recreations—a stable at Epsom, with a bit of blood, that gives you the fresh air upon the Downs; another bit of blood in the commodious purlieus of Marybone, which soothes your softer hours: I doubt if this philosopher's wages would buy body-cloths for either.—In short, my good friends, I much suspect the golden age with all of us is past, the iron coming on.

Jenkins. Well, sir, we shall see: report speaks strangely of the gentleman to be sure. When may we look for his arrival?

Weazel. Momentarily.—I perceive you have a whole battalion of livery servants drawn up in the outer hall.

Jenkins. We thought it for the credit of the establishment to have them all in attendance and full livery.—Does the gentleman bring any of his own domestics with him?

Weazel. Not many.

Jenkins. Let him come as strong as he will, we

have provided; he will find a very handsome dinner, and a well-furnished sideboard.

Weazel. 'Twill be a novelty at least.

Jenkins. We have some very pretty wenches in the house; Sir George was very particular in that way.

Weazel. And you, Mr. Jenkins, are no mean authority; but Mr. Roderick's taste seems to be mostly towards old women of seventy.

Coachman. Pray, sir, with what equipage does he travel hither?

Weazel. With one of nature's providing—Heyday! what's a-coming now?

Enter four LIVERY SERVANTS.

Livery Serv. No offence to you, Mr. Weazel, but we would fain know what lay we are to be upon?

Weazel. Lay!

Livery Serv. Yes, lay; and whether the strange gentleman will be agreeable to allow us for bags, canes, and nosegays?

Weazel. Bags you must wear, the graces of your persons claim them; canes you shall have, your merits well bespeak them; and as for nosegays, gentlemen, it is so modest a request, that even the hangman furnishes them to his clients.—But hark, your master is arrived.

Jenkins. Stand by; make way!

Enter PENRUDDOCK; *the Servants all crowd round him, bowing.*

Penrud. Are all these persons of Sir George's household?

Weazel. All of his town establishment.

Penrud. So many for the use of one? they have females in proportion, I should hope, else 'tis a most impolitic establishment.

Weazel. There are plenty of female servants in th

house, but it is not usual for that sex to show themselves in the hall.

Penrud. If there is ever an old woman amongst them, send her to wait upon me.

Weazel. I told you how it would be. [*Aside.*

Jenkins. Please your honour, there is no such thing in the family.

Penrud. Show me into your library then.

Jenkins. I beg pardon, there is no library.

Penrud. Right! why should wealth be wise? Who, that could feed upon the leavings of the dead, would keep so many living men in pay to pamper his appetite? You would be useless ministers to a philosopher; therefore, whilst I am with you, I'll be none.—Show me your gayest chamber.

Jenkins. This way, sir. Do me the honour to follow me.

Penrud. Do you the honour! Go on. [*Exit attended.*

SCENE III.

A magnificent Ball Room, richly decorated.

Enter SERVANTS, PENRUDDOCK, *and* WEAZEL.

Jenkins. This way, sir, this way.

Penrud. What's all this? for what perverted race of beings was this abominable farrago of absurdity collected?

Jenkins. This, sir! we call this the ball room.

Penrud. The ball room!

Jenkins. Yes. It was thus prepared for the *fête* Sir George intended to have given on his return out of Cornwall, as this very night, if death had not prevented him.

Penrud. Death saved his credit; and as guardian of his memory, I will have this libel burnt by the common hangman, and its author prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

Jenkins. We have other apartments, sir, if this is not to your liking.

Penrud. Leave me, leave me. [*Exit* JENKINS *and* SERVANTS.]—Oh! my beloved cottage, when shall I re-visit thee?—Oh, Mr. Weazel—come here—come here, I say; why don't you come here? I told you of my adventure with young Woodville, and the hard names he gave me: would it not be a worthy punishment to imprison him for life?

Weazel. A moderate correction he well merits; but imprisonment for life would be too severe a punishment.

Penrud. I think it would, in such an execrable dungeon as this.—How long, sir, might it take to starve a naked man to death in a cold frosty night?

Weazel. Truly, sir, the calculation never entered my thoughts.

Penrud. I'll tell you then—about as long as it would take to drive me mad, were I to be here shut up, without the power of an escape. 'Sdeath! can a man, that has looked Nature in the face, gaze on these fripperies? Why, sir, my cobwebs, which old Deborah's purblind eyes leave undisturbed, have twenty times the grace of these unnatural festoons. What did Sir George Penruddock mean by thus lampooning me? I'll not wear a fool's cap and bells for any man's humour, not I.—Sir, I must ever curse the moment when you broke up my repose in my small unsophisticated cottage.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenkins. Captain Woodville is at the door, and desires to know—

Penrud. Introduce Captain Woodville directly.—

[*Exit* JENKINS.

Mr. Weazel, you will expedite those matters I instructed you upon, and remember secrecy.

Weazel. I shall act faithfully in all things, to the best of my understanding.

Penrud. Well, do it; and don't chatter.

Weazel. What a mysterious animal it is! 'Twould puzzle Oedipus to unriddle what he means. [*Exit.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Bless me! can this be so? Am I in company with Mr. Penruddock?

Penrud. For the second time, sir.—I recollect we met by accident, and had some interesting conversation.

Henry. Then I must throw myself upon your candour, and abide by any measures you may chuse to dictate, in consequence of what has passed between us.

Penrud. You can hardly expect much candour in a character, such as you painted—savage, insensible, lost to all social charities, a gloomy misanthrope.

Henry. I spoke, as men are apt to speak, what I believed upon report.—If you mean only to retort the words on me as their retailer, you still leave the original authority in force; but if you can refute that, you at once vindicate your own character from aspersion, and bring me to shame for my credulity and levity.

Penrud. If I remember right, you quoted your own father as the authority, on which you rested: very well—of him, then, in the first place, I will speak; of myself in the last.—[*Puts chairs.*] Sit down.—[*They sit.*] Your father and myself were intimates through all that happy age, when Nature wears no mask: our boyish sports, our college studies, our travelling excursions, united us in friendship.—This may be tedious talk; and yet I study to be brief, for my own sake as well as yours.

Henry. I'm all attention—pray proceed.

Penrud. On our return from travel, it was my fortune to engage the affections of a lady—whom, at this distant period, I cannot name without emotions that unman and shake my foolish heart—therefore no

more of her. Your father was our mutual confidant, passed and repassed between us on affairs of trust and secrecy, while I was busied in providing for our marriage settlement: I struggled against difficulties that tortured my impatience, and at length overcame them. In that interval a villain had traduced my character, poisoned her credulous mind, and by the display of a superior fortune, prevailed upon her parents to revoke their promises to me, and marry her to him.—What did this wretch deserve?

Henry. Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world.

Penrud. And yet upon his credit you arraign my character;—for that wretch [*Rises.*]—is your own father.

Henry. I am dumb with horror. [*Rises.*

Penrud. Now can you wonder, if, when armed with power to extinguish this despoiler of my peace, this still inveterate defamer of my character, I issue, as your own words describe me, like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour?

Henry. I'll answer that hereafter; and by the honour of a soldier, I will answer it as truth and justice shall exact of me. But a charge so strong, so serious, so heart-rending to a son, who feels himself referred to in a case so touching, demands a strict discussion: I shall immediately seek out my father, whom I have not yet seen.

Penrud. If I accuse him falsely, it is not restitution of the debt he owes me, nor all that I possess besides, no, nor my life itself, that can atone for the calumny. If I have spoken truth, confess, that though I have the fury of the lion you compare me to, I have, like him, instinct to justify the ravages I make.

Henry. I close upon those terms: when next we meet, we meet decisively. [*Exit* HENRY.

Penrud. He, that is once deceived, may plead a venial error; but he, that gives himself to be a fool

twice duped, has nothing but his folly to excuse him. I parted from this strumpet world, because she jilted me; protesting never to believe her more, I cast her off; she now approaches me with syren smiles, throws out her lures, and thinks to dazzle me with these vile scraps of tawdry patch-work finery.—Away with all such snares! there's whore upon the face of them.

Enter JENKINS.

Jenkins. Is it your pleasure to be at home, sir?

Penrud. It shall be before long.

Jenkins. Do you chuse to see Mr. Sydenham?

Penrud. By all means.—The whole town are welcome to break in, and plunder all they find:—

[*Exit* JENKINS.

Encumbered with the trappings of folly, the sooner I am stripped the better.

Enter SYDENHAM.

Sir, I am proud to see you. This is indeed a kindness greater than I looked for, even from you, of whom I had conceived so highly, to visit one that must appear to you in the last stage of human misery.

Syden. How so, sir? what is it you can allude to?

Penrud. These symptoms of insanity.

Syden. You surprise me, sir: if you advert to the decorations of this ball-room, be assured they are executed to a miracle; conceived, disposed, and finished with great elegance, and in the very last taste.

Penrud. Heaven grant it may be the last!

Syden. You have lived long out of the world; your eyes are used to Nature; but in these times we never prize what we can enjoy for nothing; of course Nature and all her works are out of fashion.

Penrud. And pray, sir, may I ask what fashion you are of?

Syden. Sir, I am, as I told you, a mere idler, a roving drone without a hive. To call upon me for an opinion, is to expose me to danger, for I am too honest to disguise my sentiments, and my sentiments are too sincere to please the generality of those I keep company with—I am poor, but still such a plain-spoken fool, that if you were to ask me what I thought of you, I should infallibly give you my opinion to your face.

Penrud. Then give it, I conjure you; I have still my own conscience to refer to.

Syden. Perhaps I may not treat you with the civility you require. Your conscience and I may differ in that respect.

Penrud. Proceed nevertheless.

Syden. The first predicament I saw you in was a peculiar one—Encountered by a man, a guilty one I own, who confessed to the wrongs he had done you, and threw himself upon your pardon: he was in misery, and at your mercy—a glorious moment was then in your reach; for the honour of human nature I wished you to have seized it; you seized the pistol, instead, which he tendered you, and when you might have conquered him by generosity, preferred the doubtful chance of revenging yourself in his blood.

Penrud. Go on, go on! Cut deep, and never spare me.

Syden. A mediating angel stopped your hand, but still you slunk away in silence, sullen and mysterious: what the contents of Mrs. Woodville's letter were, I know not; but whatever they might be, I understand they are unanswered, for I came this instant from the lady, who addressed you—Here you are not less wanting in politeness than humanity.

Penrud. Facts, facts,—no comments, if you please. What next?

Syden. The son of your neglected correspondent is come home; a braver, nobler, more ingenuous youth, his country does not boast: I met him as he parted from your door; what was in his heart, I know not, but in his features all was sadness, horror, and despair—I threw my arms about him; he pressed me to his bosom, sighed, and broke away from me without a word.

Penrud. If you held no discourse with him, how could you dive into his thoughts?

Syden. Because I know how deep and keen the pangs of disappointed love.

Penrud. Do you know that? I know it too: tell me his case; what is the lady's name, and whence his disappointment?

Syden. The mistress of his soul is Emily, the fair and lovely daughter of your neighbour Mr. Tempest: plunged in his father's ruin, all his hopes are wrecked; honour forbids the match, for Tempest is not rich, and Henry (curse upon that demon gaming!) is undone: meantime Sir David Daw, a fellow crammed with money to a surfeit, proposes for the lady—

Penrud. What then, what then? she will not marry him?

Syden. I should suppose she will.

Penrud. Infamous prostitution! Is there a second woman to be found so base of soul, so lost to every sense—

Syden. Stop! on your life no more: I must not hear the noblest sacrifice, that generosity ever made to save a sinking family, so grossly treated by the very man, who is himself the source and fountain-head of their calamity—And now proceed, fulfil your whole design, complete their ruin—tear this devoted victim from the heart of her beloved Henry—drive her into the arms of folly—immolate affection, beauty, innocence, every grace, and every virtue, to the luxury of revenge, and when you have

done it—fall to your dinner with what appetite you may!

Penrud. Stay, sir!—I could reply to you, but my heart swells against this tyranny of tongue. The time may come—nay, it shall come—when you'll repent this language.

Syden. Not I, by Heaven—I have a sword, that never yet was backward to come forth upon the call, and second what I have said. And now, because I'll give your vengeance its full range, and suffer none that I call friend to skulk behind my shield, I tell you Woodville will be found with me, whenever you think fit to seek him. Your servants know the house, and will direct you to it. [*Exit.*

Penrud. Here's a bold spirit! These are the loud-tongued moralists, who make benevolence a bully, and mouth us into mercy by the dint of noise and impudence—but I shall lower his tone.—Who waits?—Tell my Attorney I would speak with him. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I.

An Apartment in SYDENHAM'S *House.*

WOODVILLE, MRS. WOODVILLE.

Wood. You strive in vain to comfort me; my spirit sinks under a load of guilt, which all your pity and forgiveness cannot lighten.—Is there a gleam of hope to catch at?

Mrs. W. There seems an awful pause in our fate; I dare not call it hope; I do not think it warrants us to treat it as despair.

Wood. Have you had any answer from Penruddock?

Mrs. W. None.

Wood. Heartless, unfeeling monster—

Mrs. W. Hush, hush! you should not rail.

Wood. I'll hide myself no longer; I'll go forth and face his persecution.

Mrs. W. Hold, be not rash. Where's Sydenham?

Wood. Gone to Penruddock.

Mrs. W. I'm sorry for it; that will blow the flame; their tempers never can accord.

Wood. I saw the danger, and strove to divert him from the undertaking—but you know his zealous temper; no remonstrance stops him.

Mrs. W. I'll go to Penruddock myself.

Wood. Not for the world.

Mrs. W. Why, what should hinder me?

Wood. Consideration for yourself—and, though I have justly forfeited all right to counsel you, let me add, my earnest dissuasion.

Mrs. W. This is no time for pride—think of your son!

Wood. Oh! agony of soul! Oh, monstrous, monstrous villain that I am!—And look! protect me, save me from the sight of him. [*Falls on her neck.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Sir, be a man! You fly too late to that protecting virtue; if it is painful to abide this meeting, why did you risk the pain? What was the good you might have gained, compared with what you have lost?—A wife, a son, the sacred trust of husband, father, all that Heaven committed to your keeping, staked (Oh! disproportioned stake!) against a gambler's coin!

Wood. Truly, but sternly urged.—I thank you! It has roused me.

Henry. I'm glad it has, for it requires some energy

to meet the appeal that I am bound to make: Penruddock charges you with acts, long past indeed, but of the blackest treachery. How stands the truth? I'm deeply pledged upon the issue of your answer: If you are falsely charged, I shall do what becomes me as your son; if not, I've done him wrong, and have much to atone for.

Wood. I'll give no answer: I am your father, sir, and will not be thus questioned.

Henry. Alas! you are my father; and my honour, which is all you have not taken from me, is so far engaged, that I must have an answer.

Mrs. W. Take it from me!—'Tis true.

Wood. Hah! do you turn against me?

Mrs. W. No; but I cannot turn aside from truth, and shrink as you do from confession, when a brave son demands it.—Penruddock has been wronged.

Wood. I have cancelled all his wrongs; I have tendered him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and he accepted it; Sydenham was present, and can witness it.

Mrs. W. And what ensued?

Wood. Your letter was produced, and he declined the duel.

Mrs. W. Did he? Now Heaven be thanked! I have saved your heart one agony at least—What would have been your crime, had you destroyed that man!

Wood. Perhaps I did not mean to put it to the risk.

Henry. I hope you did not,—I have now my answer, and must take my leave.

Enter SYDENHAM *and stops him.*

Syden. One moment, one short moment, my dear lad!—For ever on the wing?—I must shoot flying then; for come what may, I must and will embrace you.

Henry. Measure not my affection, my good friend, by the few moments it can spare you: you have the soul of honour in you, know all its feelings, its refinements, and can trust, that nothing but its duties would compel me to break from you thus abruptly—farewell! [*Exit.*

Syden. There, there he goes—unfortunate, though brave, the darling of my heart, his country's gallant champion, redeemed from long captivity to encounter sorrows at home, enough to rend his manly heart asunder—Who would not pity him? who but must love him? I do from my soul.

Mrs. W. Aye, Charles, you have a heart.

Syden. I have a heart to honour him, a sword to serve him, and a purse—no, not that—confound it, curse it for its emptiness!—hang dog, I would it were as big and as full as a sack, for his sake—Damn that old crabbed cottager, that book-worm—

Mrs. W. Peace!—you have visited Penruddock—

Syden. Yes, you may call it visiting. He received me, planting himself in the very centre of Sir George's splendid ball-room, like a gloomy night-piece in a gilded frame. He asked me if I did not think him mad—I civilly said, no; which was a lie for your sake;—but presently he led me on to give him his full character, and then the truth came out; I told him my whole mind.

Wood. What did you tell him? can you recollect?

Syden. As for you, I told him fairly I had nothing to say in your behalf, but that I thought it would have been a very gallant act to have forgiven you, simply because you had so little title to expect it.

Wood. There was no great flattery in that, methinks.

Syden. Hang it, flattery! no; I was past flattering; for when I came to speak of Henry, and how all hopes of his beloved Emily were blasted by your cursed itch

of gaming, 'sdeath! I was all on fire, and shot philippics thick and terrible as red-hot balls.

Mrs. W. Why? what provok'd you to it?

Syden. What but to think how glorious an opportunity he let slip of rescuing the brave lad from disappointment, and defeating that rich blockhead of a baronet, that dunder-headed Daw, who waits to snap her up? wasn't that enough to do it! Zooks! had I swallowed Hecla, I could not have fumed more furiously.

Mrs. W. Still you do not answer to my question: Did Mr. Penruddock give you to understand, that Henry had nothing to expect from him?

Syden. No; but I understood it well enough without his giving—I saw it in his looks: if you would paint a head of Caius Marius in his prison, he was the very model for it: it chilled benevolence to look upon him; Spitzbergen could not freeze me more effectually than his marble face.

Mrs. W. My friend, my friend! you are too volatile; you only saw the ruggedness of the soil, and never searched for the rich ore beneath it.—And now, Woodville, for a short time farewell! To your benevolent friend I recommend you; and, if my auguries don't deceive me, I'll bring you better tidings when next we meet. [*Exit.*

Syden. By Heavens, Woodville, you must have had a most intolerable bad taste, when you could prefer the company of a crew of gamesters to the society of that angelic woman.

Wood. Oh! Sydenham, I reflect with horror on that monster gaming: that with the smiles of a syren to allure, has the talons of a harpy to destroy us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in PENRUDDOCK'S *House.*

PENRUDDOCK *alone.*

Penrud. I am weary, sick, discomfited. This world and I must part once more. That it has virtues, I will not deny; but they lie buried in a tide of vanities, like grains of gold in sand washed down by mountain torrents: I cannot wait the sifting.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. They tell me you would see me; if I come unseasonably, appoint some other time.

Penrud. The present is your own: command it as you please.

Henry. I have done you flagrant wrong; but as I cannot charge my memory with slandering your good name in any other person's hearing but your own, and that unknowingly, I have no other person to atone to but yourself.

Penrud. You have seen your father, and explained?

Henry. I have; my mother too was present.

Penrud. Your mother present!—May I request you to describe what passed?

Henry. You shall know all.—My father at first sight shrunk from me, conscious and abashed; I urged your charge upon him strongly, perhaps (for I was galled with many griefs) more strongly than became me: my high tone offended him, and he refused to answer; a second time I urged the same demand; my mother instantly replied, that your appeal was true—you had been grossly wronged.—Her candour drew forth his confession, qualified with this excuse, that he had tendered satisfaction; hinting withal, that had the affair taken place, he would not have returned your fire.

Penrud. It is enough, I am satisfied; you know me now to have been an injured man, betrayed by him I trusted, wounded in the tenderest part, and robbed of all I held most dear: if, therefore, I am become *savage, insensible,* and all that you once thought me, I have some natural plea; and, should you find me a hard creditor to one that was so false a friend, what can you say?

Henry. Less than I wish: your own benevolence must be my father's advocate.

Penrud. He has undone his family, lost great sums by play, and chiefly, as I find, to Sir George Penruddock, who supplied him also with loans till his estate was mortgaged to its value, his town-house seized, and bond debts hanging over him, that put his person at my mercy—If revenge were my object, these are tempting opportunities for indulging it; if avarice were my passion, here are ample means for gratifying it—What have you now to offer on your father's part?

Henry. To justice, nothing; some little plea, perhaps, upon the score of mercy.

Penrud. State it.

Henry. I am a soldier, sir; and, were I circumstanced as you are, I could not suffer myself to deprive that man of his liberty, who had tendered me an honourable satisfaction at the peril of his life.

Penrud. Well, sir, I love a soldier; and though your arguments are not to be found in law or gospel, yet they have weight, and I will give them full consideration: we shall meet again.

Henry. Have you any further commands?

Penrud. A word before we part—You bear a strong resemblance to your mother—will you be troubled with a message to her?

Henry. Most readily.

Penrud. I have to apologize for the neglect of an unanswered letter—Say to her, I beseech you, that I

am collecting spirits to request an interview with her, before I finally retire to my cottage.—This to your mother—now to yourself a word in secrecy and pure good-will—I am told you are attached to a most amiable young lady, daughter of the Honourable Mr. Tempest, my near neighbour—by sad experience I exhort you, trust not to chance and time; make suit without delay, lose not a moment, but repair forthwith to Mr. Tempest.

Henry. Ah! sir, what hope for me?

Penrud. A soldier, and despair? For shame! go, go, announce yourself, and take your chance for a reception: if he admits you, well; if he declines your visit, you have lost your labour, and I have given you mistaken counsel. Come, I'll attend you to the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Mr. TEMPEST'S *House.—Tables and Chairs.*

TEMPEST, SIR DAVID DAW.

Sir D. D. With your leave, Governor Tempest, I would fain crave your patience, whilst I open a bit of my mind to you, in a quiet way, and without offence.

Temp. You may open it too without a preface, good Sir David: I am ready to hear you.

Sir D. D. That's kind; that's courteous! and I must say it to your face, aye, and I will say it in the face of the whole world, that I have always found you as obliging and civil-spoken a gentleman, as I ever crossed upon in my whole life before—I speak it from my heart, I do indeed, I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Temp. Yes, but I don't want to hear it just now; speak to the business, and leave truth to speak for itself.

Sir D. D. But why do I say it? Why, but because

I hear the people talk so much of your want of temper, and of the violent passions you throw yourself into? Now I say—

Temp. Who cares what you say? The people are not half so provoking as you, the retail hawker of their paltry nonsense—you, that with silly acquiescence make men sick of their own opinions by always chiming in with them—you, that pelt us with ill-favoured compliments, till rotten eggs and the pillory would be a recreation in comparison of them—you that—

Sir D. D. Oh dear, oh dear! who could have thought it? now you have driven all I had to say clear out of my head.

Temp. Well, 'tis no loss, if this is a sample of it's contents.

Sir D. D. I cannot for the soul of me get the words together again; though I had conned them over pretty closely, if you had not bounced upon me in such a fashion; but, under favour, I could explain myself to your fair daughter, she is kindly and good-humoured.

Temp. Make your own way with her then as you can, for here she comes.

Enter EMILY.

Well, child, if you can make any thing of this gentleman, it is more than I can; all I understand is, that he has been flattering my patience till he has put me in a passion.

Emily. O fie, Sir David! do not you know you should never speak of patience in my father's company? 'Tis like complimenting a man upon his wife, after he is divorced from her.

Temp. Hussy, is your wit so unmanageable, that it runs foul of your father?—Hark'ye, child, a word in your ear—

Emily. Nothing else, I hope—but, indeed, sir, I am half afraid of you.

Temp. And well you may, you little slut, for you deserve—I'll tell you what you deserve—a better husband than this David Dunce.—Mind now! (but this is a secret) I don't quite insist upon your liking him as well as Harry Woodville.

Emily. No, sir, that would be to debar me from the use of eyes, ears, and understanding.

Temp. And hark'ye!—If you give him a smooth answer, and a civil passport into Monmouthshire, I am not sure, provided you are very penitent, and beg hard, but I shall find in my heart to forgive you. You understand me. [*Exit.*

Sir D. D. O Jubilate! I'm glad to my heart he is gone. Never did I hear such a roysterer in my days. What! does he take me for one of his black negro slaves in Africa? Have not I danced attendance long enough upon his humours, followed him like his shadow, laughed at his jokes, echoed his opinions, put up with his swearing, and been as mute as a fish whilst he rated at the servants? and now to fall upon me like a cat o'mountain on a harmless kid—Oh! if it was not for you, Miss Emily, if my love for you did not keep me cool and calm, I would show him a little of the spirit of the Daws: I should be as hot and snappish as himself—but you don't listen to me, I'm afraid.

Emily. What can this whisper mean? He has had a stranger with him—a coarse, clownish man—but that can argue nothing—Henry he has not seen—

Sir D. D. Will you not let me speak to you?

Emily. Oh! yes, for ever; [EMILY *brings a chair forward*—SIR DAVID *sits down in it.*—*She stares at him; he recollects himself, rises, and brings forward another—then brings the table, which he overturns. Having raised it, they sit.*] Now you may talk without stint or measure; only let me meditate the whilst;

my thoughts won't interrupt you, nor your discourse my thoughts.

Sir D. D. I should hope, lovely charmer—

Emily. Lovely what?

Sir D. D. Lovely charmer was my expression.

Emily. Oh, very well: it's all the same. Go on.

Sir D. D. I should hope, lovely Miss Emily Tempest, (for I won't say charmer) after the long attendance I have paid, and the proofs I have given of my patience, as well as of my passion, that I have now waited the full time that young ladies usually require to make up their minds, whether to say Aye or No to a plain proposal.

Emily. What proposal do you allude to?

Sir D. D. Surely you can't ask that question seriously at this time o'day; surely you must know, that I mean a proposal of marriage!

Emily. Right! very true—I recollect you proposed to marry me—Well! what would you do with me when you had got me?

Sir D. D. Lud-a-mercy! well; what would I do with you? That's comical, i'faith—why, in the first place, I'd whisk you down to the castle—

Emily. Whisk me down to the castle—

Sir D. D. To be sure I would, for why? things are all at sixes and sevens for want of me: nothing like a master's eye; a gentleman, who trusts to servants in his absence, is sure to be cut up.

Emily. Cut up! what's that?

Sir D. D. Why, 'tis a common phrase.

Emily. Indeed! Well, what am I to be done with then?

Sir D. D. Oh! as for that we shall soon set things upon their right bottom again, and then we will be as happy and as merry as the day is long.

Emily. Hold there! I never bargained to be happy.

Sir D. D. Why, what should hinder you, when

every thing, that money can command, shall be purchased to content you? But I'm afraid, Miss Emily, there is a little double-dealing in this business; I suspect your heart inclines to Captain Woodville; and now he is come to England, I suppose I am likely to be cut out.

Emily. Poor man! what between cutting up and cutting out, how you will be mangled? Would not it be better to live single in a whole skin, than marry and be butchered in so barbarous a manner?

[*They rise.*

Sir D. D. I don't know but it might—I won't say but it may be so—if I'm not agreeable to one, I may be agreeable to another—rich folks need not go a-begging.—If Captain Woodville is the man, why then perhaps I don't covet to be the master—if Captain Woodville—Hush! who's coming?

Enter HENRY WOODVILLE.

Emily. Henry!

Sir D. D. Oh Lord! my death warrant. [*Aside.*

Henry. Well may you be surprised to see me here, and your wonder will be increased when I tell you, that I have your father's privilege for my intrusion;—but if you and this gentleman, whom I understand to be Sir David Daw—

Sir D. D. Yes, sir, I am Sir David Daw.

Henry. —Are upon business of consequence, I retire upon the word.

Sir D. D. A very civil person, I must say.

Emily. Sir David, was the business we were upon of any consequence?

Sir D. D. To me of most immediate; how did you consider it, I pray?

Emily. As I do every other harmless common talk; very entertaining whilst it lasts, very soon forgot when it is over; but this gentleman has conversation of a

sort that is apt to drive all other out of my recollection.

Henry. Oh! Emily, Emily! for Heaven's sake—

Emily. Hold your tongue.

Sir D. D. Nay, madam, the gentleman seems to understand himself very properly; but I must think that you, Miss Emily, considering who I am, and how I came here, do not understand me quite so properly; and I must say—

Henry. What must you say? Not a single word to this lady that in the slightest degree borders on disrespect; and now, with that caution for your government, let me hear what it is you must say—

Sir D. D. Nay, nothing more; I think I've said enough—Your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Henry. This absolute repulse of your rich suitor flatters but frightens me. What will your father say? whilst I am wholly in the fault, you will bear all the blame.

Emily. If I am never blamed but for your faults—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
"The hart ungalled play."

Henry. Can you account for his indulgence?

Emily. Can you expound the changes of the moon? Can you explain why, when all other female hearts are fickle, mine alone is fixed?

Henry. Ought I to suffer that? honour should teach me to avoid your presence.

Emily. Yes; but if you practise that honour upon me, I never will forgive you. Come down from these high flights, if you please, and walk upon your feet, as other men do. If you are alarmed at being poor, I'll marry that money-bag, and enrich you with the pillage of it—will that be honourable? No, no! most execrable meanness; therefore away with it! Spinster as I am, I may struggle on to a good old age, and give offence to nobody; but a wife, without

a heart to bestow upon her husband, is a cheat and an impostor.

Henry. Oh! cruel, cruel fortune, why was it my lot to be the son of a gamester?

Emily. Rather say why was it not my lot to be the heiress of Penruddock, instead of that old fusty philosopher, who, when he and the spiders have stood centinels over his coffers, till watching and fasting have worn him to a skeleton, will sink into the grave, and leave his wealth to be bestowed in premiums for discoveries in the moon.

Henry. Come, come, take care how you fall into the same trap as I did: We must suspend opinions of Penruddock.

Emily. Must we? Nay, now I swear there is something in your thoughts; aye, and my father too looks wise, and whispers: well, if you have a secret, and won't tell it me, be it at your peril! I'll keep mine as close as you keep yours.

Henry. I'll compromise with you, and exchange confessions.—Answer me this,—if fortune should turn round and smile upon your poor disconsolate admirer, will you, who sway each movement of my heart, inspire its hopes, allay its fears, animate its ambition, and engross its love!—Will you, oh, Emily—

Emily. Will I do what?

Henry. I dare not ask the question—it is presumptuous, base, dishonourable—

Emily. And very disappointing, let me tell you, to one whose answer was so ready.—Henceforth I've done with you; I shall now retreat into the citadel, and stand upon my defences; when you want another parley, you must treat with the Governor. [*Exeunt.*

A Chamber in SIR GEORGE PENRUDDOCK'S—*Table and chairs.*

PENRUDDOCK *and* WEAZEL *sitting at the table.*

Penrud. Thus then it stands—This house, and all that its voluptuous owner had amassed within it, we doom to instant sale; some modern Lucullus will be found to purchase it; the mourners in black, and the mountebanks in their party-coloured jackets, must be paid their wages, and dismissed—So far we are agreed.

Weazel. Perfectly, sir; and if any young heir is in haste to be rid of his estate, these are the gentlemen that will soonest help him to the end of it.

Penrud. Mrs. Woodville's settlement, which in her husband's desperate necessity she had as desperately resigned to him, is now made over, and secured in trust to her sole use and benefit.

Weazel. The deed is now in hand, and a deed it is, permit me to say, that will make your fame resound to all posterity.

Penrud. Thank Heaven, I shall not hear it! The fame I covet blows no trumpet in my ears; it whispers peace and comfort to my heart. The obligations, bonds, and mortgages, of whatever description, covering the whole of Woodville's property, are now consigned to Henry his son.

Weazel. They are, and give him clear possession of his paternal estate.

Penrud. 'Tis what I mean, and also of the house in town.

Weazel. They are effectual to both purposes; and

take it how you will, good sir, I must and will pronounce it a most noble benefaction.

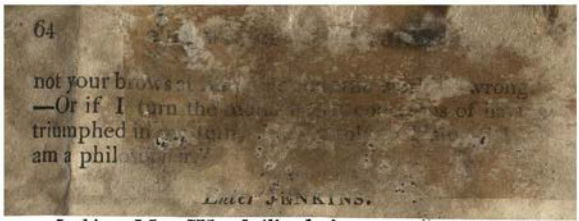
Penrud. [*Rises.*] In this particular I'll not decline your praise; for doing this I've struggled hard against an evil spirit that had seized dominion of my heart, and triumphed over my benevolence—this conquest I may glory in.

Weazel. There yet remains, of solid and original estate, possessions to a great amount.

Penrud. Them I shall husband as untainted stock; I do not cut into the heart of the tree, I only lop off the excrescences and funguses, that weakened and disgraced it. Now, sir, if these points are clearly understood by you, and no difficulties occur that require explanation, we will separate, with your leave, you to Mr. Tempest, and I to my own occupations.

Weazel. Your pardon for one moment—My profession is the law: it has been my lot to execute many honourable and benevolent commissions; some, I confess, have fallen into my hands, that have put my conscience to a little strain, though a man of my sort must not start at trifles; but the instructions you have now honoured me with, exceed all I have ever handled, all I have heard of; and when this charitable deed shall come to be registered in the upper court, I hope my name as witness will go along with it; and if the joy with which I signed it be remembered in my favour, I fancy few attornies will stand a better chance than your humble servant Timothy Weazel. [*Exit* WEAZEL.

Penrud. 'Tis done! the last bad passion in my breast is now expelled, and it no longer rankles with revenge: in the retirement of my cottage I shall have something in store, on which my thoughts may feed with pleasing retrospection; courted by affluence, I resort to solitude by choice, not fly to it for refuge from misfortune and disgust. Now I can say, as I contemplate Nature's bold and frowning face—"Knit



Jenkins. Mrs. Woodville desires—

Penrud. What? Who?

Jenkins. Mrs. Woodville, sir, desires leave to wait on you.

Penrud. Admit the lady.—What do you stand—

[*Exit* JENKINS.

Where is my boasted courage? Oh! that this task was over!

Enter MRS. WOODVILLE.

Your servant, madam.—

Mrs. W. If you are not as totally reversed in nature as you are raised in fortune, I shall not repent of having hazarded a step so humbling to my sex, so agonizing to my feelings; for I am sure it was not in your heart, when I partook of it, to treat a guiltless woman with contempt, or wreak unmanly vengeance on your worst of enemies, when fallen at your feet. Ah, sir! you are greatly agitated. Let me retire; I cannot bear to hurt you.

Penrud. Pray do not leave me: Did you know what struggles I have surmounted, you would say I perform wonders. I could not write to you, judge what it is to see you.

Mrs. W. I thought that these emotions had subsided, and that solitude and study had made you a philosopher.

Penrud. Ah, madam, you see what a philosopher I am. Arabella, you never knew me rightly; I had a heart for friendship and love; I was betrayed by one, and ruined in the other.

Mrs. W. You have been deeply injured, I must

own: I too have been to blame, but I was young and credulous, and caught with glittering snares.

Penrud. Aye, snares they have been; fatal ones, alas!

Mrs. W. I have lived in dissipation, you in calm retirement; how peacefully your hours have passed, how unquietly mine! One only solace cheered my sad heart—my Henry, my son.

Penrud. I have seen him; I have conversed with him: he spoke unguardedly—but disappointment sours the mind; he treated me unjustly—but he resembled you, and I forgave him.

Mrs. W. If you are thus retentive of affection, I must suppose you are no less so of resentment; why then should I repeat my sorrows? You know them.

Penrud. I know them; I have felt them; I have redressed them.

Mrs. W. Redressed them! What is it I hear?

Penrud. What I have done, I have done; I cannot talk of benefits——

Mrs. W. Oh, sir——

Penrud. Nor will I hear acknowledgments. You would have sunk—I could not chuse but save you.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. You must forgive me. Though your servants were drawn up to oppose my entrance, I broke through all their files, forced on by gratitude that nothing could withstand, till I beheld my benefactor.

Penrud. Not much of a benefactor; I have only restored to you what my conscience could not keep.

Mrs. W. In the name of goodness, what is it you have done?

Penrud. [illegible] much for a quiet where [illegible] preferred my [illegible] country house. Henry wanted a wife, a wife wanted a settlement, and I stood in need of neither.—I hope you and Tempest are agreed.

Henry. A word from your lawyer silenced all objection.—Oh! my dear mother, help me to some words that may express my gratitude.

Penrud. No, no, she is mute by compromise: when I am quietly retiring from the stage of this vain world, call me not back to lose the little grace that I have gained: I would not be made a spectacle in my decline and dotage.

Mrs. W. Will you again sequester yourself, and renounce the society even of your most grateful friends?

Penrud. Madam, I have yet perused but half the history of man: the pages are alternate, dark and bright: I have read the former only: let Henry's virtue stand the test, and I have all the pleasurable study still to come.

Enter TEMPEST *and* EMILY.

Temp. I have broke through all forms, worthy sir, in bringing you a saucy girl, who will fancy she is privileged to pay her court to every generous character that does honour to humanity, and is bountiful to her friends.

Penrud. I confess to you, Mr. Tempest, I was ambitious to behold your fair daughter, but did not presume to expect the visit should spring with her.—I hope, madam, there is something here present more amusing to your sight than a crabbed old clown, who happens to have a little more kindness at his heart than he carries in his [illegible]

Emily. True generosity is above grimace; it is not always that the eye, which pities, is accompanied by the hand that bestows: some there are, who can smile without friendship, and weep without charity.

Penrud. Certainly, madam, this world is a great polisher; it makes smooth faces and slippery friendships.—Are you, may I ask, very fond of this fine town?

Emily. My father lives in it; I should be loth to say I had a preference for any other.

Penrud. I suppose, Mr. Tempest, you are one of the vainest men in England.

Temp. One of the happiest I am, and of your making: for Henry Woodville ever had my warmest wishes.

Penrud. And I hope your lovely daughter meets those wishes with all dutiful compliance?

Temp. With the best grace in life; she does not object to take the man of her heart, though I wish to join their hands.

Mrs. W. Now, my Henry, you are, without comparison, the happiest, or, without pity, the most miserable of mankind: here, if you fail in merit, you offend beyond the reach of mercy.

Penrud. True, madam: but the sons of Cornelia did not disgrace their mother.

Temp. There again! that's something out of a book, like Emily's Agamemnon, and if it was treason I could not find it out.—But come, Henry! here, in the presence of your benefactor, I bestow upon you all I am worth [*Joins their hands.*]—a virtuous daughter, the only joy and blessing of my life: money I have none, for I did not understand the arts of government; and when Emily is gone from me, I am without resources: for I cannot, like Mr. Penruddock, take shelter with the sciences; and as for the

arts, damn me if I believe I have genius enough to aspire to the composition of a cabbage-net.

Emily. Oh! my dear father, let me conjure you to believe, that those resources which my duty, my affection, have hitherto supplied, shall be doubled to you in future, when I have so kind a partner in that pleasing task.

Henry. When you are not welcome to me, I must cease to be worthy of my Emily.—If books do not serve for a resource, and ancient history is too remote, we can find heroes in modern times; and you shall fight over your battles as often as you please.

Temp. That is very pleasant, I confess, for there I can come on a little; but then I grow warm with the subject, and Emily snubs me for swearing; which you know, Mr. Penruddock, every soldier is privileged to do.

Penrud. I did not know that was among their privileges; but this, I know, they cannot, in my opinion, have too many! and heartily I wish they had more and better than what you have named.

Enter SYDENHAM.

Syden. I must either have the impudence of the devil, or veneration for your character, Mr. Penruddock, which apologizes for impudence, when I venture to appear in your presence, after what I foolishly said to you in our late conversation.

Penrud. Mr. Sydenham, I cannot allow you to call that language foolish, which springs from a heart that runs over with benevolence: as well you may blaspheme the bounty of the Nile, because it bre[illegible] in its channel, and overflows its [illegible]

[illegible] ou, my dear sir, thank you heartily; [illegible]r as crab-juice with the malice of

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